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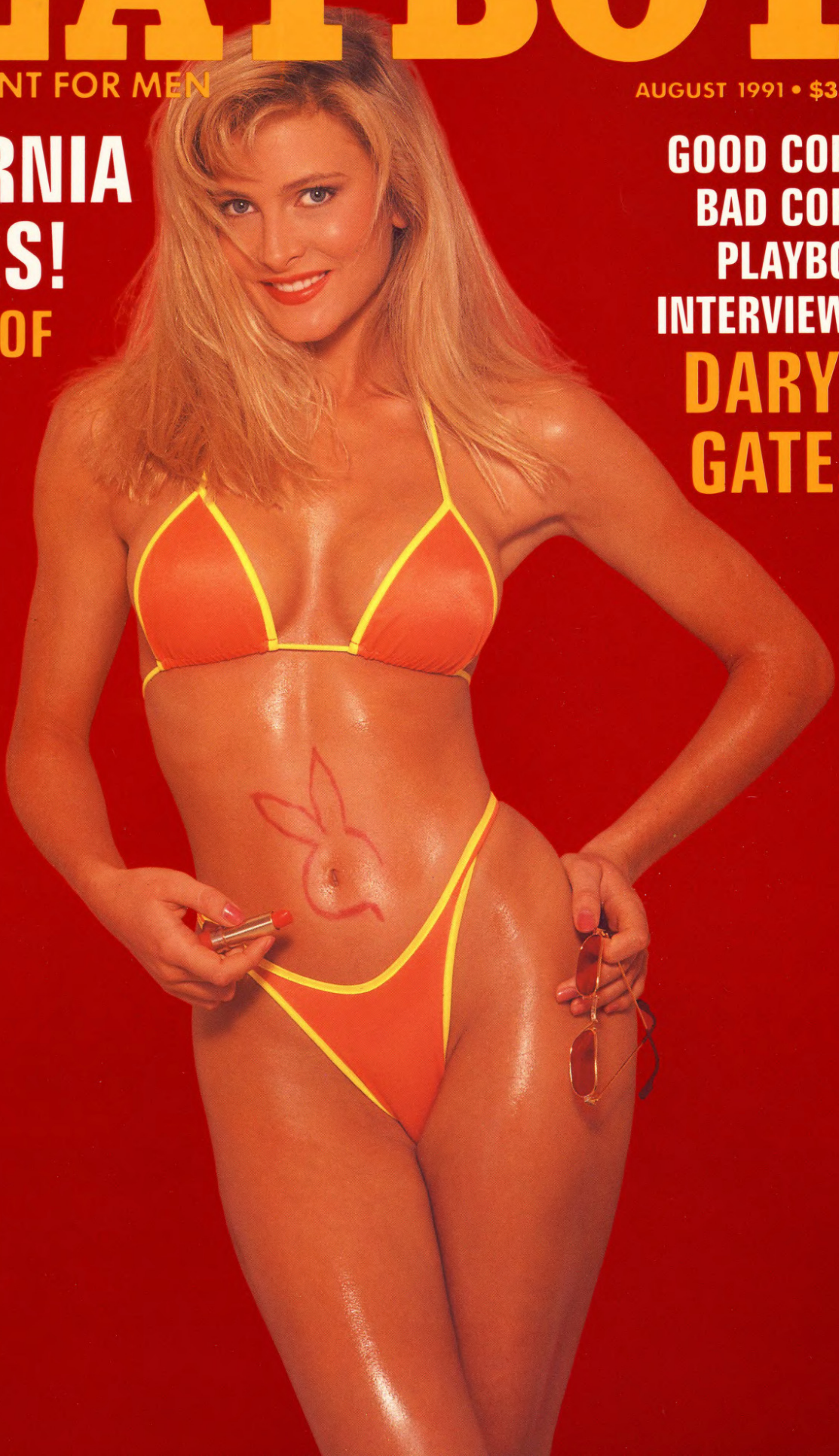
HOW THEY GOT SO SMART

GOOD COP? BAD COP?
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS DARYL GATES



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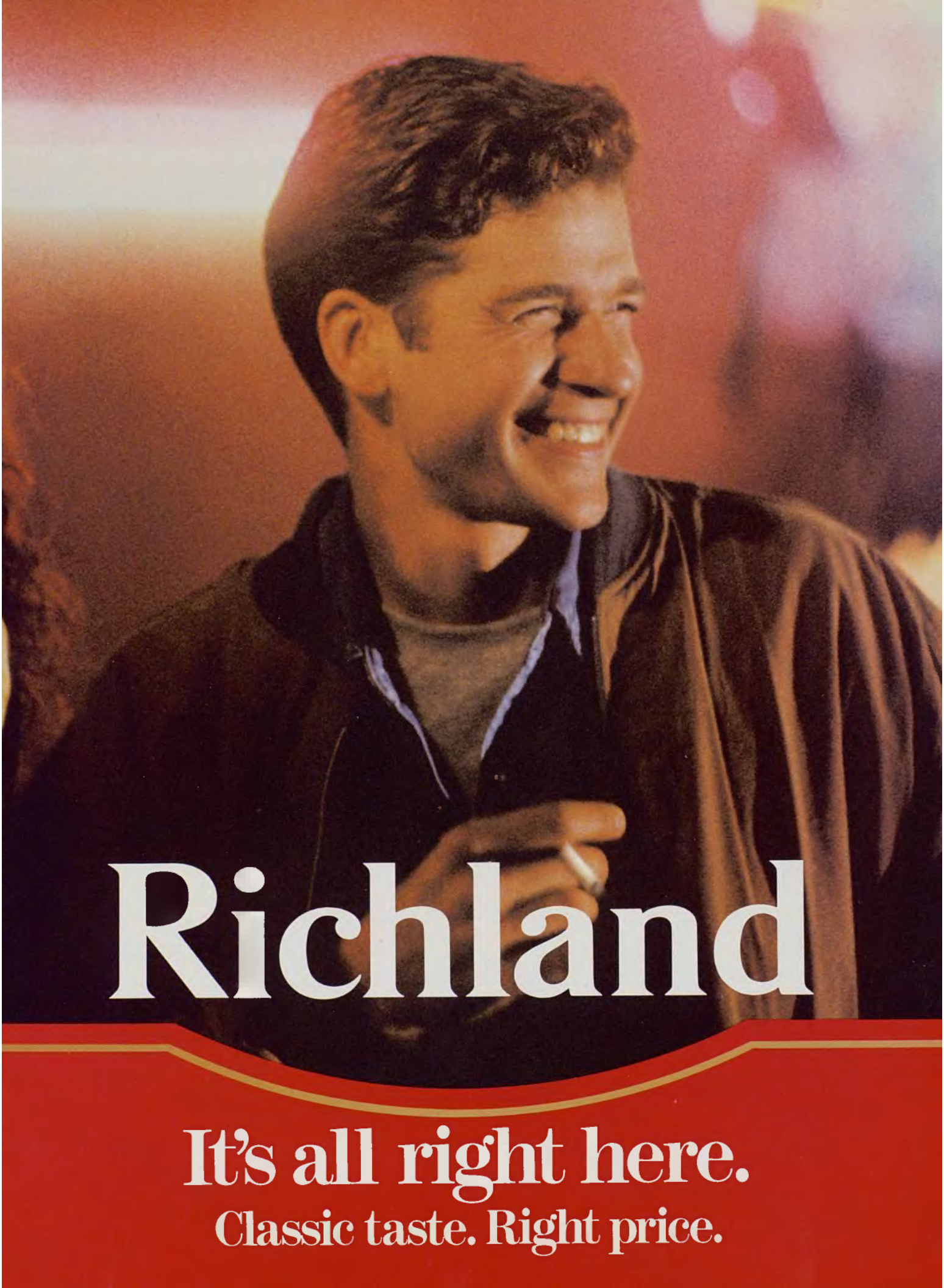
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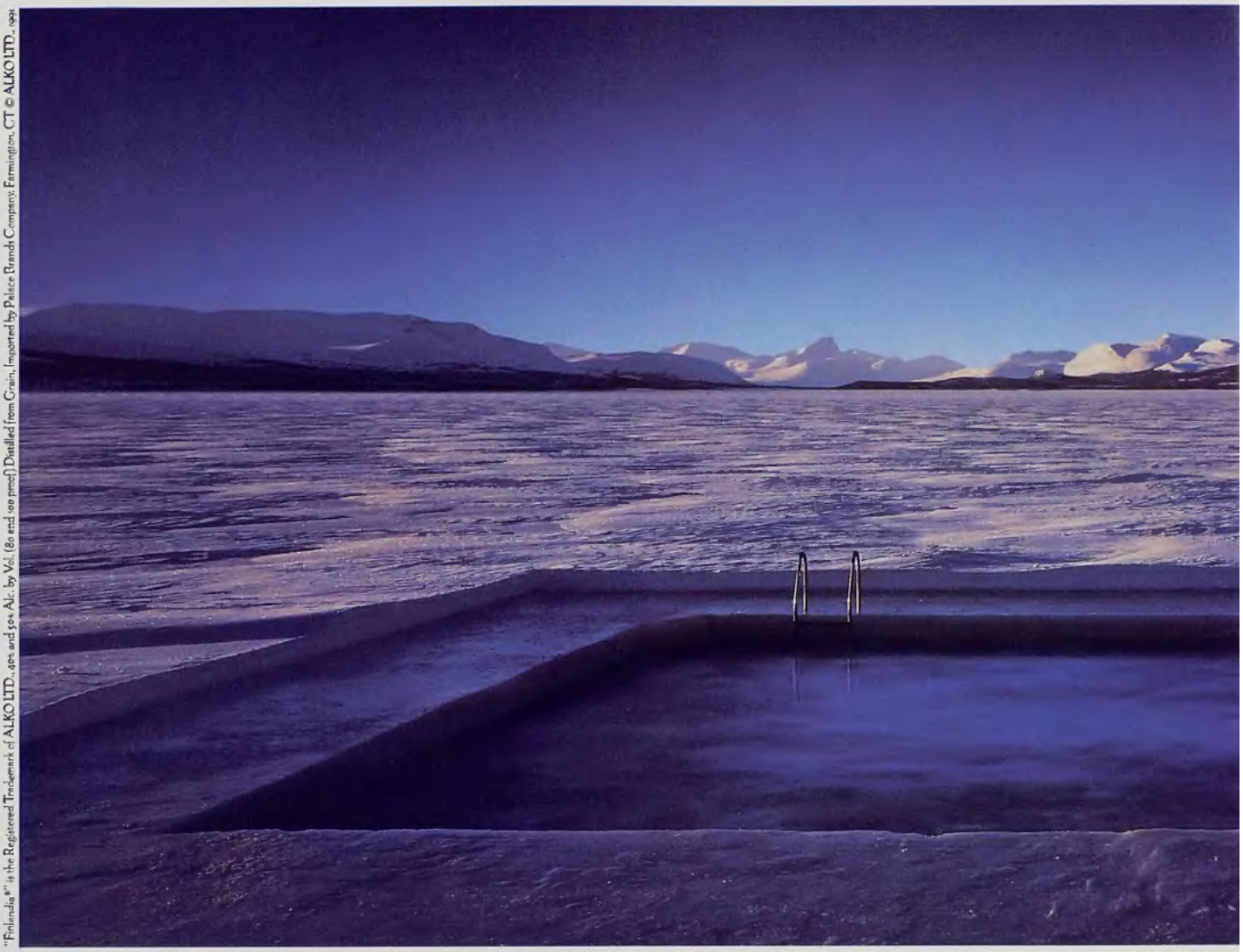

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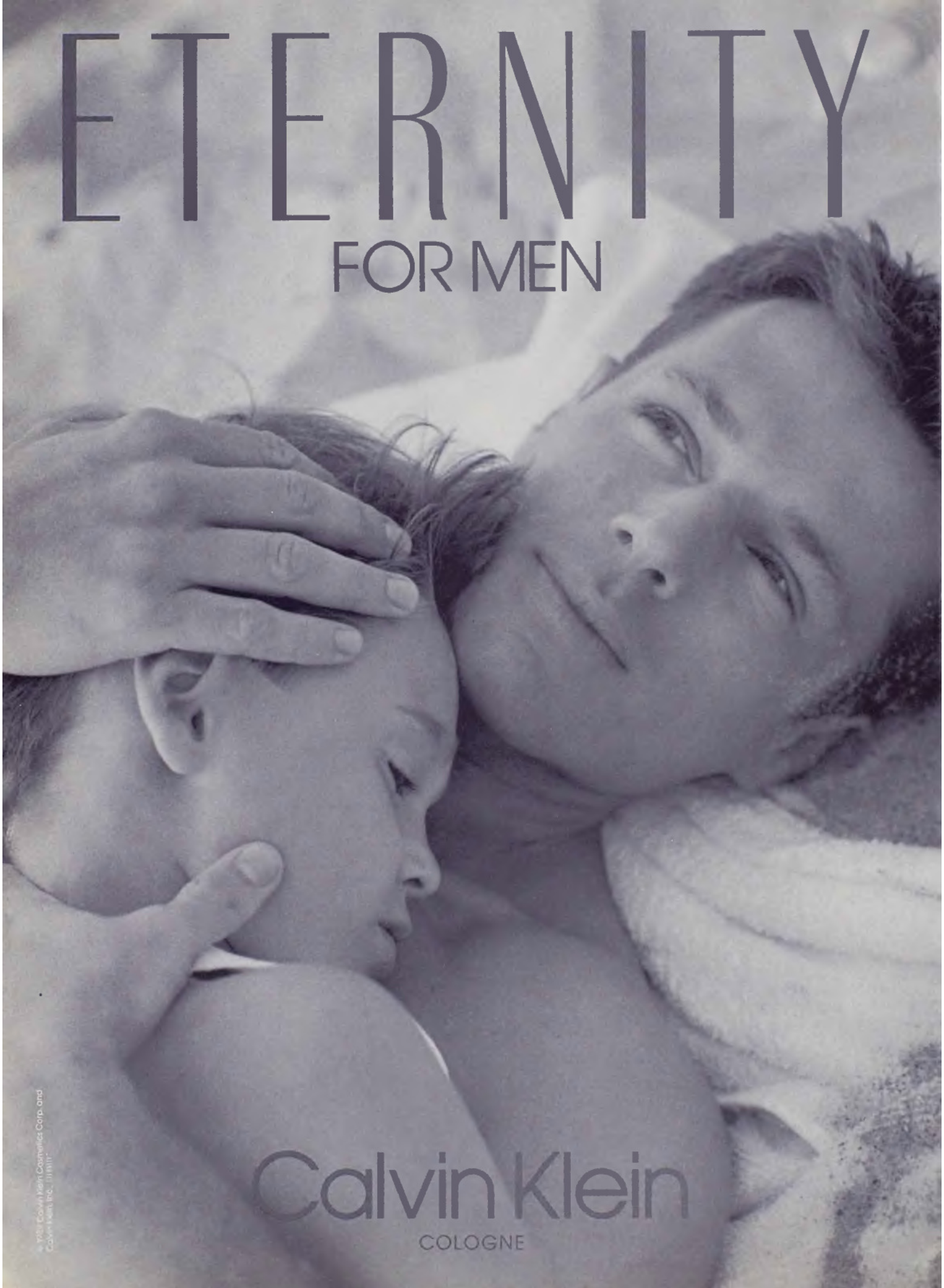
ETERNITY
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PLAYBILL

TWO VIDEO EVENTS jumped out at Americans this year. The first, in mid-January, was the image of smart bombs hitting pinpointed targets in Baghdad with startling precision. The second, every bit as powerful, was the beating of suspect **Rodney King** by Los Angeles policemen in March—video-taped by a civilian trying out his Camcorder. The high-tech, low-U.S.-casualty war against Iraq inspired pride among many Americans; the brutal attack on King stirred up a profound unease.

In this issue, the controversial and outspoken L.A. police chief **Daryl Gates,** the man taking the flak for the King incident, is grilled by **Diane K. Shah** in a *Playboy Interview* you won't want to miss. Half a world away, U.S. success in that short-lived Gulf war was attributed largely to bombs with maps in their nose cones and fighters no one could see. In *The Men from DARPA*, **John Sedgwick** examines the little-known civilian think tank credited with much of the sophisticated military hardware we watched in awe on CNN. **Mike Benny** contributes the illustration.

The aftermath of that war has prompted some to ask, Why did we encourage rebellion and then abandon the rebels, notably the Kurds? The answer comes as no surprise to Contributing Editor **Asa Baber.** In *If You Can't Walk the Walk . . . Don't Talk the Talk*, he finds plenty of precedent for Uncle Sam's spotty loyalty. Another enlightening look at the past is *Lenny Lives!*, a profile of the wild comic genius **Lenny Bruce** by **Joe Morgenstern.** Thirty years ago, Lenny was arrested for obscenity—a sobering thought in today's climate of censorship.

Here at *Playboy*, naturally, we're also mindful that this is summer—and time for leisurely pursuits. Did someone say golf? Did someone not say golf? Obsession with the sport may have reached epidemic proportions, so in *The Golf Crisis*, we offer some help to separate the men from the duffers, including *The Perfect Lesson*, by the pro's pro, **Phil Ritson,** and *Q School Confidential*, **Kevin Cook's** unnerving report on golfers who struggle to make the big time. In *A Conversation with Lee Trevino*, the happy Mexican reveals his partners for an ideal foursome: **Arnold Palmer, Bob Hope** and **Jesus Christ.** The opening and closing illustrations are by **John O'Leary.**

Spotting today's trends is child's play: The big bucks await those who can psych out tomorrow's marketing bonanzas. In *Back-to-the-Future Stuff*, **Malcolm Abrams** and **Harriet Bernstein** do just that, keying us into upcoming goodies that range from holographic food and liquid sunglasses to self-parking cars. It's all from *More Future Stuff* to be published by Viking Penguin; **Georganne Deen** did the artwork. Another man with his finger on the pulse is Contributing Editor **Ken Gross,** who offers good news and bad in *Playboy's Automotive Report*. The good: When it comes to quality deals, consumers are in the driver's seat. The bad: Thanks to a sluggish economy and the Gulf war, the car industry is struggling.

Craig Vetter hits a gusher this month in *Boomtown*, his gripping tale of life at a Wyoming oil rig (excerpted from the forthcoming book *Strike It Rich* from William Morrow & Co.). Considerably less harrowing is **Robert Downey, Jr.,** who reveals how **Molly Ringwald** beat him to the Maalox in a spirited *20 Questions* fired by **David Rensin.**

Just right for this most outdoorsy season is *California Dreamin'*, a batch of the Golden State's stunning sunny best. British actress/model **Amanda de Cadenet,** once celebrated as the "Wild Child," shows us a thing or two about growing up, with help from photographer **Bob Carlos Clarke.** Las Vegas Playmate **Corinna Harney,** a "ten" herself, rolls all sevens as she makes temperatures rise. So find yourself some shade and a comfortable hammock—it's gonna be a scorcher.

SHAH

SEDGWICK

BENNY

BABER

MORGENSTERN

ABRAMS, BERNSTEIN

DEEN

O'LEARY

GROSS

VETTER

RENSIN

CLARKE

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8.3.91

It was really phenomenal at At the end of the last set that there was a lag before applaud. Then it was like until the guys came out

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the JAZZ HOUSE last night.
people were so mesmerized
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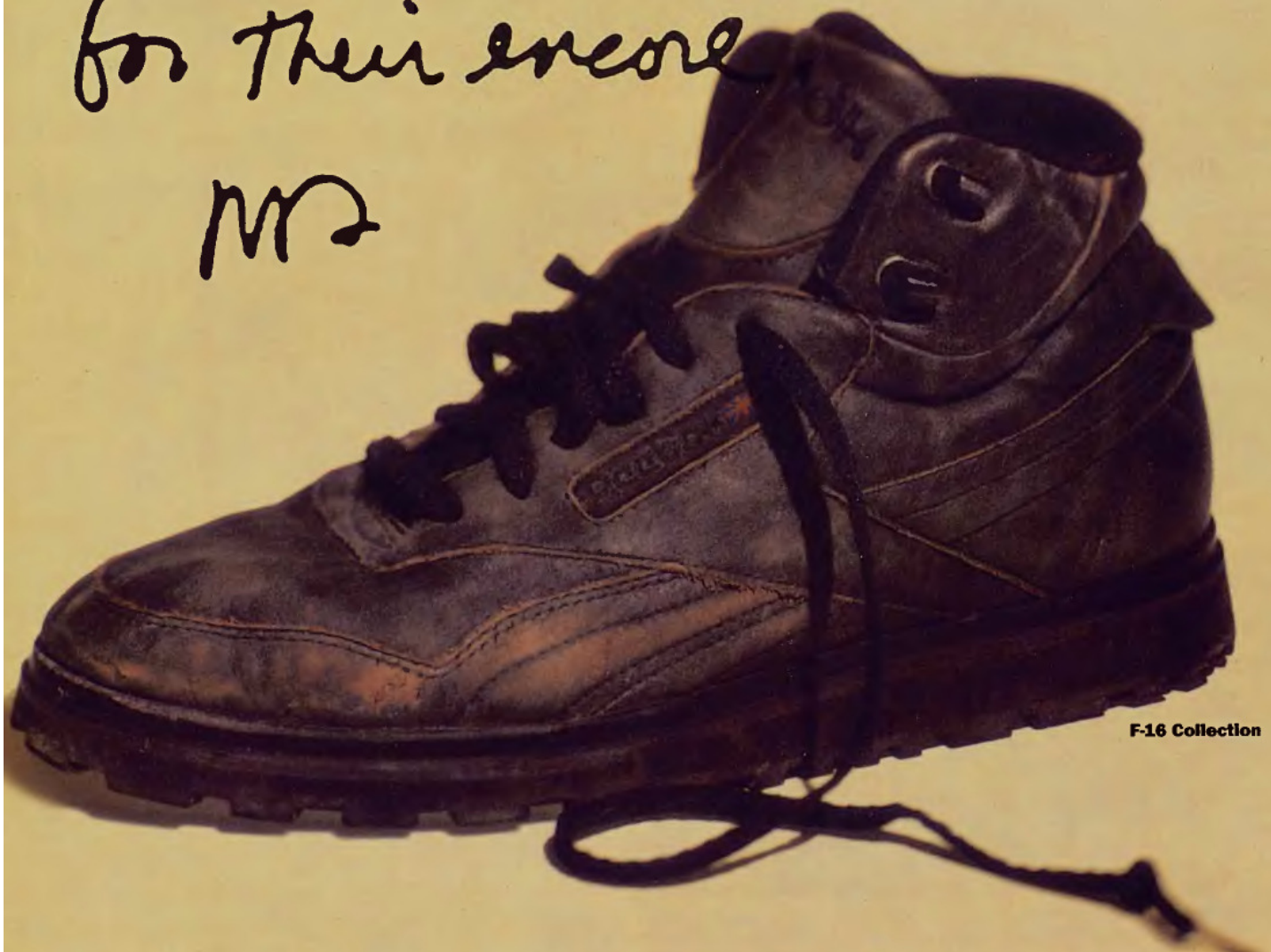
thunder and it went on
for three encore
MJ



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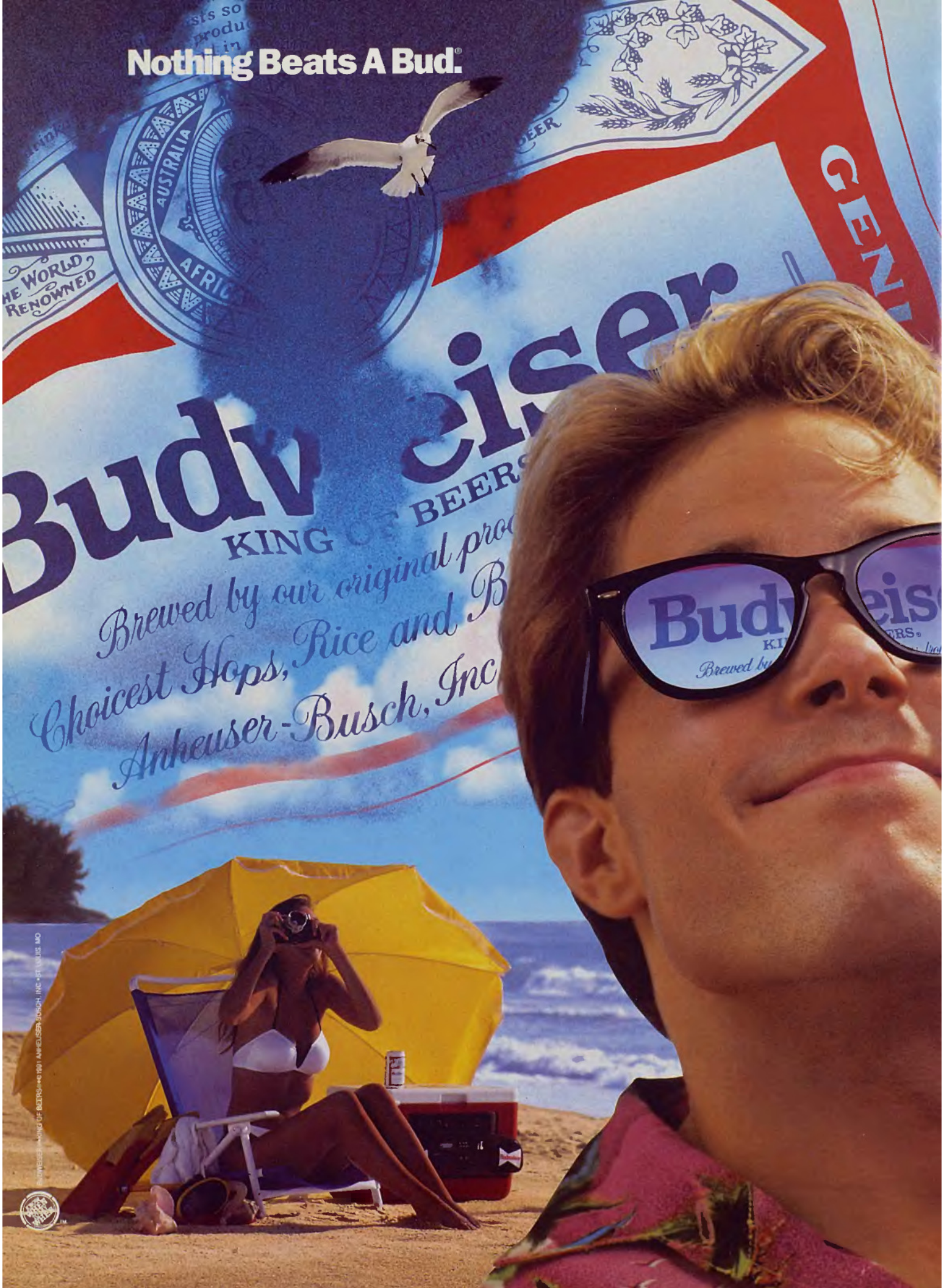
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 38 no. 8—august 1991

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COVER STORY

A ton and lithe Coprice from L.A.'s Flame Models indulges in some Californio dreamin'—and so do we in o *Playboy* pictorial dedicoted to the best and the blondest girls of summer. Our cover wos produced by West Coost Photo Editor Morilyn Grobowski ond shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thonks to Alexis Vogel for styling Caprice's hair ond moke-up ond to Optical Outlook of Los Angeles and Beverly Hills for the Cortier sunglasses.

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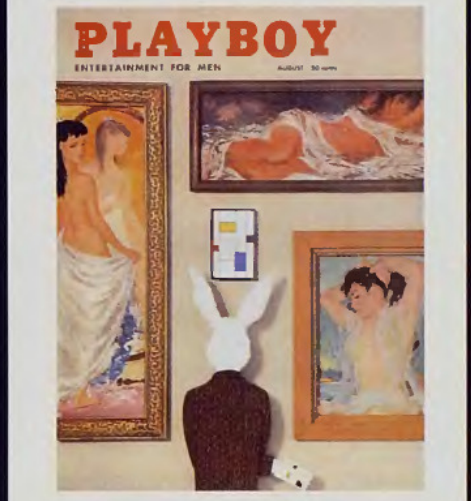

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LETTER FROM THE GENERAL

Playmate of the Year Lisa Matthews received the following letter:

You and the wonderful people of Operation Playmate (*Playboy*, June) were very kind to invite me to attend your 1991 Playmate of the Year party. And I thank you, too, for your unwavering support of Operation Desert Storm. Your letters have been a major morale boost for our troops.

I'd certainly enjoy the visit, but I know you'll understand that my schedule isn't entirely my own these days. We still have much work to accomplish in the region, not to mention ensuring that the men and women of Operation Desert Storm are returned home quickly.

Again, thank you for the thoughtful invitation and please give a special thanks to all those who helped you in Operation Playmate. You are all true patriots.

H. Norman Schwarzkopf, General
U.S. Army
Riyadh, Saudi Arabia

STEINBRENNER A SOFTY?

George Steinbrenner (*Playboy Interview*, May) has been portrayed by the media as a vile ogre, but his benevolent treatment of players, co-owners and fans does not reflect this.

I attended two New York Yankees oldtimers' games in 1987 and 1988, and even the most mediocre players were honored and revered. Steinbrenner even gave every former Yankee a color portrait. Now, how many other owners would do that?

Vance Krites
Kittanning, Pennsylvania

A CASE OF LOATHING

In a publication that caters mainly to heterosexual men, it's enlightening to see such an informative article as *A Case of Loathing* (*Playboy*, May), which will, I hope, shed some light on an important issue, the severity of which some of your readers may not be aware.

Prejudice of any kind is wrong. Violence against another person simply because of his or her color, religion or sexual preference is wrong. If our society continues to foster hatred in its children, as we have in the past, no one will be safe. Today, it's homosexuals; tomorrow (gasp), people who read magazines some people find offensive.

Greg Steele
Hollywood, California

It is standard practice among self-appointed ethical experts to decry bigotry and prejudice, but the question such experts have not bothered to examine is, Are these things really bad? To begin with, the dislike of outsiders—whether racial, religious or any other kind—is more or less universal; so it seems we are treading on thin ice to assume that such a characteristic, which is apparently a product of a long process of social evolution, is bad. Furthermore, there are several obvious advantages to bigotry. Intermarriage with unproven genes is slowed down; the community is less vulnerable to traitors; unknown diseases are less likely to be spread; social institutions are less readily destabilized.

John Bryant
St. Petersburg Beach, Florida

Repeat after us: Prejudice and bigotry are bad. They may be old, but they are bad. We always appreciate the chance to clarify these differences.

"STIR CRAZY"

I agree with Robert Scheer in his *Reporter's Notebook* "Stir Crazy" (*Playboy*, May) that our prison population is exploding and the solution must be crime prevention; but the adage that what we need is job training is an old husbands' tale.

What has allowed criminal behavior to expand into such gigantic proportions is *cash*, pure and simple. Cash, because it is anonymous, encourages criminal

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activity. Instead of using cash, we should conduct all transactions with checks and credit and debit cards, which leave a paper trail easily followed by the police. Drug dealers accept only cash, because a paper trail would cripple them. There is no point in robbing a store if there is no cash in the register. No cash, no crime. It's that easy.

Vito Verga, President
Cash Free America
Deer Park, New York

I enjoyed Robert Scheer's "Stir Crazy" and hope you will continue to write about the alarming and appalling condition of prison overcrowding.

There is a grass-roots movement under way to put an end to this situation by passing what is known as the Fully Informed Jury Act (FIJA). The legislation would require judges to inform juries of their right to judge not only the facts of the case but also the law. Jurors already possess this right, but most of them are unaware of it and judges are loath to inform them.

For example, if you as a juror do not believe drug users should be prosecuted, you have a moral obligation to protect their freedom by finding them not guilty, regardless of whether or not they did, in fact, break the law by using illegal drugs. The more FIJA is discussed and written about, the closer we are to our objective of a sane criminal-justice system.

Brian C. Setzler
Portland, Oregon

FREE AGENT

Thanks for bringing us the pictorial on ex–IRS agent Liz Pasko (*Free Agent*, *Playboy*, May). I hope we can see more of her as a Playmate. If she still represented the IRS, there'd be fewer unpaid taxes.

Steven Nuppenau
Mount Carroll, Illinois

How sad that Liz Pasko is no longer an agent for the IRS. Many thousands of male *Playboy* readers might have eventually made an error or two in their returns in the hope that they'd be audited by Liz—and the resultant penalties imposed by the IRS could have made a significant reduction in our horrendous national debt.

Don J. Owen
Rolling Hills Estates, California

The pictorial on ex–IRS agent Liz Pasko brings to mind an old joke: I'd love to do to her what the IRS has been doing to me for years.

Michael Damato
New York, New York

BOSS TWEEDS

My collection of *Playboy* magazines dates back to 1962, but nothing has so compelled me to write to you as your May pictorial *Boss Tweeds*, starring Shannon and Tracy Tweed. While sisterhood has provided special treats for your readers in the past (Ann and Janice Pennington, Mirjam and Karin van Breeschooten come to mind), never before has such a stunning opportunity presented itself. Shannon is undeniably one of *Playboy*'s most enduring and spellbinding Playmates; certainly, Tracy, who's equally graceful and poised, has proved herself worthy of a chance at the same honor. I believe I speak for many of your readers in stating that it would be an injustice were this lady not to become a Playmate.

Tommy Vorst
Winnipeg, Manitoba

CARRIE MADE HIS BIRTHDAY

Recently, rock radio station KOME-FM in San Jose held a contest: Call in and, in ten seconds or less, explain why you should win a dinner date with May centerfold and hometown girl Carrie Yazel (along with drooling morning d.j.s Jeff Blazy and Bob Lilley).

It was unbelievable. I woke up on my birthday with no big plans and, after winning the contest, found myself dining just 12 hours later with one of the most beautiful women in the world, discussing music, baseball brawls and how a *Playboy* video is made.

Carrie was funny, down to earth, extremely nice and a good dancer. She is an excellent representative of *Playboy* and I wish her the best.

Thanks again, Carrie. It was fun!

Peter Graves
Los Gatos, California

WHITNEY HOUSTON

As a reader of *Playboy* and a Catholic, I must express my disappointment in the *20 Questions* featuring Whitney Houston (*Playboy*, May). It is unfortunate that a woman of her talent is bigoted when it comes to the Catholic Church. Yes, the Church does have its problems; as a human institution, that's to be expected. I can only hope that someday *Playboy* will look into something favorable that the Church has done. The record is there (Mother Teresa is only one of many examples).

Terence J. Smith
Annandale, Virginia

FRUITFUL FEUD

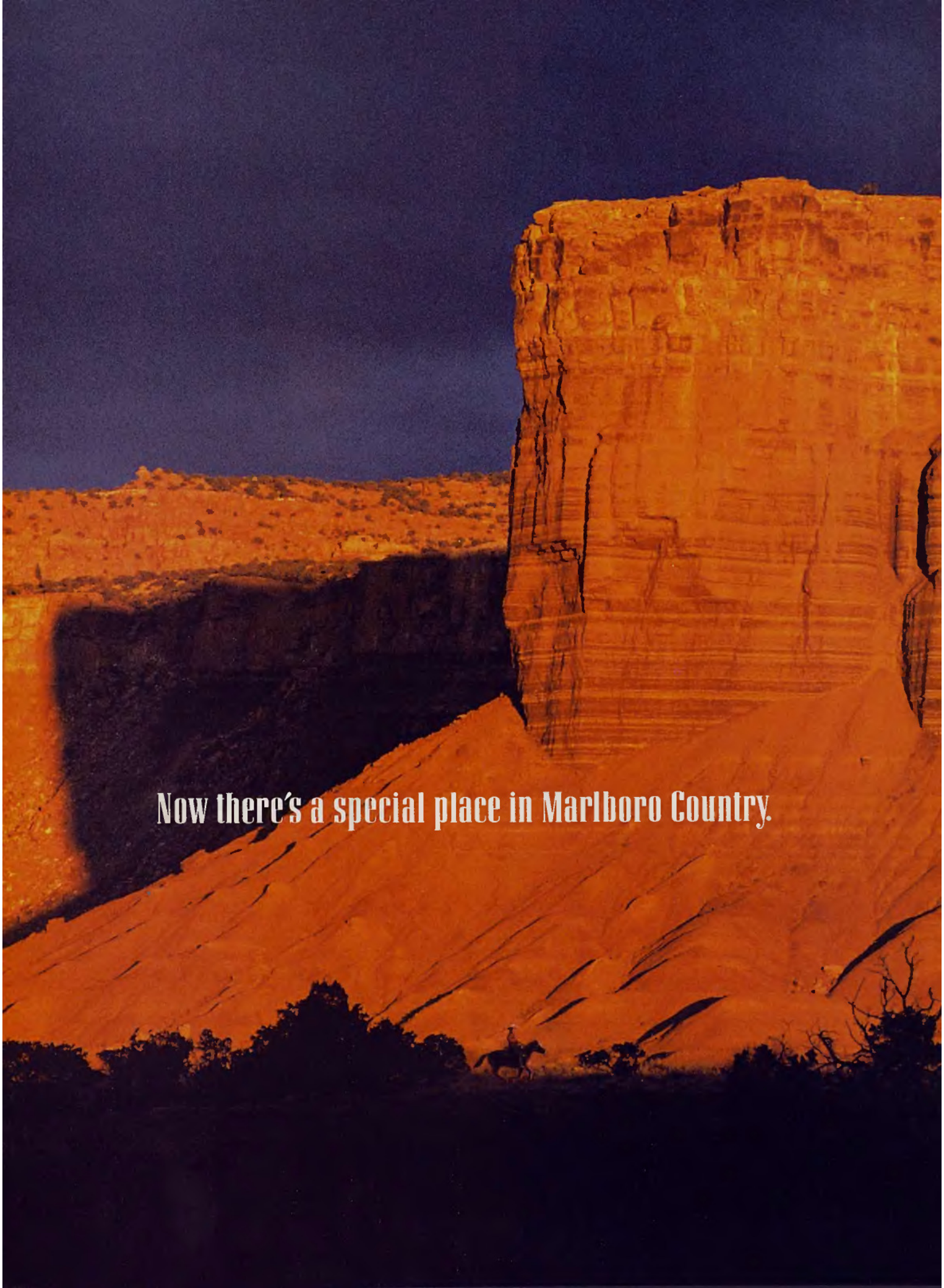
I was delighted to see how well the Playmates did on the television game show *The New Family Feud*, but I was even more delighted to receive the fruits of their labors—a $12,569 check! Thank you so much for your generosity toward the Freedom to Read Foundation.

At its midwinter meeting, our board of trustees voted to use this donation toward developing and promoting the Freedom to Read Foundation.

Thanks again for your support. It is greatly appreciated.

Judith F. Krug, Executive Director
Freedom to Read Foundation
Chicago, Illinois

You're welcome, Judith. Actually, six teams of Playmates—among them this quintet of centerfolds from the Eighties (below, from left), Heidi Sorenson, Devin DeVasquez, Lisa Welch, Karen Foster and Kimberly McArthur, seen here with host Ray Combs—have competed on the show to raise funds for such worthy causes as yours, Operation USA, Children of the Night, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the City of Hope and the American Cinematheque.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Four rare and exclusive photos of the legendary Marilyn in a beautifully designed portfolio.

These photos were taken by famed pinup artist Earl Moran, over a four year period beginning in 1946, when Norma Jean Baker was 19 years old. Moran used the photos as the basis for his trademark charcoal-and-pastel calendar illustrations. Of Marilyn's ability as a model Moran has said, "Emotionally, she did everything right. Her movements, her hands, her body were just perfect." Playboy's portfolio shows the beginnings of the legend that was to become Marilyn .

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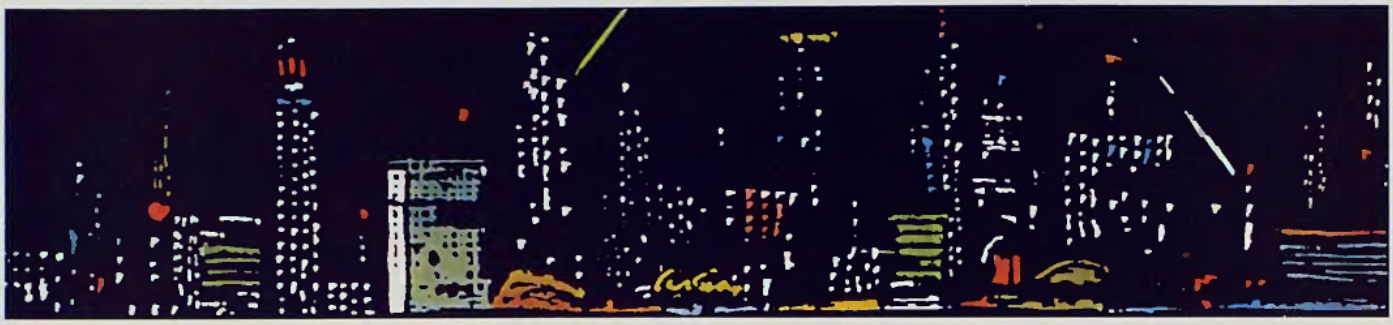
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SLEEP TIGHT

Maybe we simply spent too much time at the beach, but when flying horses and red snakes began dominating our R.E.M. cycles, we reached for *Dreaming: An Illustrated Guide to Remembering and Interpreting Your Dreams*. The news was mixed—red snakes represent an abundance of sexual energy, but flying horses signify a desire to overcome difficulties in bed. But the surprising news was the number of other dream symbols for sex: climbing stairs, playing ball, dancing around a Maypole, losing your pants, catching and mounting a butterfly, hiding in a cave, playing the guitar, eating bananas, asparagus or tomatoes, keying a lock, plowing a field, putting on gloves, lighting fireworks, cracking a jug and swinging; also, the appearance of a train in a tunnel, women's shoes, goats, dragons, bulls or eggs. Representing the penis: hair, cacti, candles, chimneys, snakes, hand tools, fingers, guns, hatchets, horns, knives, spears, tails, nails, pens, flagpoles, rockets, wooden sticks, swords, neckties, towers, worms and corks popping from bottles.

We don't know about you, but we can't wait to hit the sack.

VESTAL VIDEOS

Not long ago, religious women in need of good luck would dance nude at the Erawan Hindu shrine in Bangkok. Not anymore. So many crowds have shown up, according to shrine guardian Thonglor Markmee, that devotees have been reduced to dropping off X-rated videos. Now, that's progress.

TO LIVE AND FLY IN L.A.

In Los Angeles, spying on celebrities has become an art form. You can stand in front of Morton's restaurant. You can buy a map to the homes of the stars. You can crash the Oscars.

Or you can hire a helicopter and look down onto famous back yards and swimming pools. That's the service offered by Heli LA, specializing in copter cruises over perfect star-hunting ground—Beverly Hills, Bel Air, Brentwood or Malibu. Feeling voyeuristic, we climbed into a limo on a warm summer afternoon, sped to Van Nuys Airport and took to the skies in a four-seater. At 500 feet, we inspected Sylvester Stallone's rose garden (our initial thrill at actually spotting Sly turned out to be a bust—it was his gardener, we think); Steven Spielberg's mountaintop escape; Aaron Spelling's palace; and a certain mansion with a zoo in Holmby Hills ("Hiya, Boss!"). Then we thwuck-thwucked downtown between a pair of glittering towers (reminding us of the opening credits on *L.A. Law*) and ultimately touched down on the helipad atop the TransAmerica building. As part of the package, we dined one story below at the skyscraper's Tower Restaurant. Deluxe nighttime tours similar to ours cost about $299. The boiler-plate chopper rides start at $89, which is about what a salad costs at Morton's.

VAN HAILIN'

The personal ad read: "WANTED—Female, 35–45, must like children, camping, quiet times, pets. Hard-working man; lots of attention. Call. It don't hurt to talk." Thing was, John Koehler of Upstate New York placed the ad on the back of his van. Bingo! He received hundreds of letters and calls from women throughout the country and met more than *90* before settling on Bobbi Zirbel, a divorced mother of two. Said Koehler, "It was like winning the New York lottery of women."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

SHOW US YOUR TATTS

The last time Cher flaunted a tiny new tattoo on her ass, tabloids heralded it as a sign of a trend. But this year, the real action was at the National Tattoo Association's annual convention. The four-day marathon drew thousands of illustrated men and women to the beige confines of the Hyatt Regency Alicante in Garden Grove, California (land of the strip mall). Even to our jaded eyes, there were some notable standouts:

The Stud: Ron Walker, a 31-year-old restaurant manager from Sacramento. He cruised the Grand Ballroom in a thong bikini, revealing a dragon uncoiling from his knees to his shoulders.

The Dud: Ashley ("Don't use my last name") from Pomona. Inked on his forearms were U.S. SKINHEAD and WHITE POWER, a flag, an eagle and a hooded Klansman pointing a smoking pistol. And what did the bleached-blond 23-year-old want to be when he grew up? "A dictator," he said with a smirk.

The Dish: Iconoclast Jill Jordan, caught wandering among the more classically painted (roses, hearts, MOM, chicks with big tits, crosses, skulls, dragons and snakes). An L.A. tattoo artist etched her right arm with a permanent sleeve of fruits and veggies being nibbled by king-sized rats.

Next month: We review the Bowling Hall of Fame.

RX OF THE MONTH

It sounds like the plot of a hard-core sex vid: At a recent meeting of the American Society of Anesthesiologists,

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The conclusion somebody is jumping to is that the Acadia is a love boat, and that's not the case."—LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JEFF SMALLWOOD, ON REPORTS THAT 36 OF THE 360 WOMEN SERVING ABOARD THE NAVY SUPPLY SHIP ACADIA WERE FOUND TO BE PREGNANT DURING DEPLOYMENT IN THE PERSIAN GULF

BATTER UP

Length of time for a major-league fast ball to travel from pitcher to home plate: four tenths of a second.

•

Length of time from beginning of a batter's swing until bat makes contact with the ball: less than two tenths of a second.

•

Duration of collision between bat and ball: one thousandth of a second.

•

Number of rotations made by an optimal fast ball between pitcher and home plate, eight to ten; by the best knuckle ball, one half.

SAVING THE PLANET

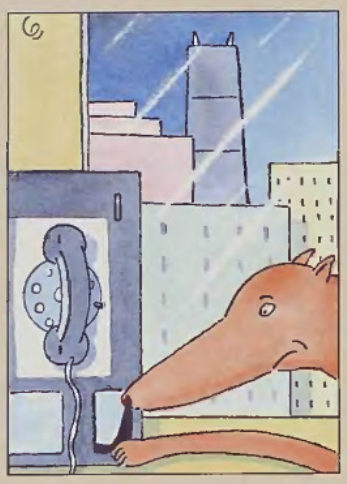
Percentage of Americans who write to politicians on environmental issues, four; who contribute money to environmental groups, eight; who try to cut down on car use, eight.

•

Per car, percentage increase in miles driven yearly in the U.S. from 1986 to 1990: eight.

SIS-BOOM-BAH!

Number of N.B.A. teams that had cheerleaders on the side lines during 1990–1991 season, 18; number that didn't, 9.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to AT&T, the busiest pay phone in the United States is located near the main Greyhound bus station in Chicago. It averages 270 calls per day.

Cumulative winning percentage for 1990–1991 season for teams with cheerleaders, .455; for teams without, .589.

THE BEAT GOES ON

In a study published by *The New England Journal of Medicine*, the percentage of college women surveyed in 1975 who said they were sexually experienced, 88; in 1989, 87.

•

In 1975, percentage who said they had had three or more sex partners in the previous year, 21.6; in 1989, 21.2.

•

In 1975, percentage who had performed fellatio, 79.8; in 1989, 86.3.

•

In 1975, percentage who had cunnilingus performed on them, 63.2; in 1989, 65.2.

•

In 1975, percentage who had engaged in anal intercourse, 10.3; in 1989, 9.1.

•

In 1975, percentage who had used condoms regularly during intercourse, 12; in 1989, 41.

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP

In a survey of 230 C.E.O.s, percentage who are intolerant of dishonesty in an employee, 84; of a poor attitude, 53; of laziness and lack of ambition, 32; of unwillingness to be a team player, 24; of disloyalty, 21.

•

Percentage of C.E.O.s who feel they get less work from their employees than they pay for, nine; more work than they pay for, 35; get what they pay for, 56.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Dr. John W. Dundee of the Queen's University of Belfast announced that Valium and Versed, when combined with other common painkillers, induce in some patients undergoing minor surgery the distinct impression that their genitals are being fondled by the surgeons or nurses. Another drug, the antidepressant fluoxetine, can cause a delayed orgasm in a lucky few. (This phenomenon is similar to that elicited by clomipramine, which, four years ago, was widely reported to trigger an orgasm in users every time they yawned.) In the words of one researcher, "It's slow-release sex. The general rule of thumb is, if it has been more than twenty-four hours since you took fluoxetine, stop waiting."

RIPE REFRAIN

At last—200 years of scholarship have paid off with the unearthing of this unpublished lyric written by Mozart:

During the summer heat,
I eat, with pleasure,
Roots and kraut,
Also butter and radishes,
Making excellent wind,
Which cools me off.

Good thing the maestro had the sense to leave the *Figaro* libretto-writing duties to Da Ponte.

JOHNNY LEGS

We first heard of John Leguizamo by word of *Mambo Mouth*, the one-man show he wrote and now performs off-Broadway. A classically trained actor with film appearances in *Casualties of War* and *Hanging with the Homeboys*, the Colombian-born comic redefines performance art with a raunchy blend of street humor, farce and insight into the Hispanic male psyche.

There's little staging and few props, just seven *Latino* characters who delight and dismay. Agamemnon—a *macho* talk-show host, is a specialist at advising the lovelorn. "A beautiful woman," he notes warmly, "is one I notice. A charming woman is one who notices me." The Crossover King is a Hispanic man pretending to be Japanese ("Why bother trying to be American when you can go straight to the top?"). And the most vivid segment is Leguizamo's dark, wrenching performance as an illegal Mexican caught by U.S. cops.

You can catch Leguizamo introduce some new characters to his repertoire on CTV: The Comedy Network, on July 13. Off-stage and off-screen, he preserves his wicked sense of humor. What's the worst thing a woman ever did to him? "I had messed around on my girl," Leguizamo admits, "so she messed around on me—and left the condom in our bed. That shit drives you crazy. You come home, see those sheets, a new stain, you *know* they're cheating."

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VIDEO

HIGHBROW VIDEO

Fed up with sitcoms? Had it with Hollywood? Give your brain cells a workout with more urbane VCR fare:

Paul Gauguin, The Savage Dream: In this National Gallery of Art production, Donald Sutherland is the voice of the French artist who exiled himself to the South Seas. The paintings: powerful. The photography: fabulous. The guy: a jerk.

¡Guitarra!: In four tapes, guitarist Julian Bream traces his instrument's evolution in Spain from the 16th Century. Scenic locations add color and authenticity, but squeamish viewers may want to F.F. through volume four's bullfight.

Voyage of the Great Southern Ark: The vessel of the title is the continent of Australia, which was once connected to Tibet. Fascinating stuff on geography, flora and fauna, but take a popcorn break: At 139 minutes, it's slooooow.

Toni Morrison: The author of the Pulitzer Prize–winning novel *Beloved* describes with dignity the story behind the book: the true tale of a black woman who attempts to murder her children rather than see them returned to slavery. Extraordinarily moving.

Vienna 1900: A visually handsome view of the waltz capital in the age of Klimt, Freud and Mahler. Tape's only drawback: whiny persecuted-youth narration based on the memoirs of expatriate Anna Rosner.

Turandot: Andrea Dworkin meets the Brothers Grimm? Puccini's final opera pits a man-hating Chinese princess against suitors who must solve three riddles. Fine cast, spectacular outdoor production in the Arena di Verona.

—GRETCHEN EDGREN

(All tapes available from Home Vision/Public Media, 800-262-8600.)

COUCH-POTATO/ TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Don't let the name scare you: *Playboy's Secrets of Making Love to the Same Person Forever* is no downer. Instead, it celebrates the joy of getting naked with the person you love—as demonstrated by attractive couples doing some pretty hot stuff. Psychologist Dr. Joy Davidson narrates. (Produced in association with—and also available from—the Sharper Image.)

LET'S GO TO THE TAPE

Need an all-star break? From the Emmy-award-winning series *Greatest Sports Legends* comes ***Video Sports Cards***—an 89-tape collection crammed with highlights and heroics of history's superstar athletes. The winning line-up:

GREATEST OF THE GREATEST: *Lou Gehrig*. Classic b&w footage shows Gehrig smashing doubles all over Yankee Stadium, smiling ear to ear, hustling for 2130 straight games and a dozen monster seasons (.363, 49 H.R.s, 165 R.B.I.s in 1934). Dissolve to: Lou Gehrig Day, July 4, 1939—the Iron Man is rusting, barely able to walk, telling fans he's "the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

BEST BACKFIELD: *Walter Payton* (yards of highlights set to snazzy jazz to fit the pizzazz of the ferocious Chicago Bear) and *Jim Brown* (the Cleveland Browns legend breaks group tackles like no other. Vidbit: Brown turned down a Casey Stengel invite for a Yanks tryout).

BEST THRILL: *Hugh McElhenny* eludes 11 San Francisco 49ers on eyebrow-raising 32-yard T.D. run for the Minnesota Vikings in 1961.

MOST LEGENDARY MOMENT: *Jesse Owens* wins four golds in 1936 Olympics. Hitler won't shake hands, but Owens crosses finish line and says, "We'll make this a better world."

BEST HOOP FACE-OFF: *Bill Russell* towers over *Wilt Chamberlain*, though Wilt the Stilt (two championship rings and a tape with too much talk) says Russell (11 rings and great raw clips on video) doesn't "come close." Right.

All tapes $7; for more information, call Rotfeld Video, 800-962-2092.

—GARY A. WEINSTEIN

GUEST SHOT

"I don't watch films with a lot of tension," says Broadway's Tony-award-winning director-choreographer-hoofer **Tommy Tune**. "My life is tension-fraught as it is." So Tune tunes out the world via a "terribly eclectic list of videos"—from environmental mood tapes (of the ocean or a field) to "visually splendid foreign films" such as Bertolucci's *The Conformist* or Fellini's *And the Ship Sails On*. "I like foreign movies because I'm from Texas," cracks Tune, "and that's like a foreign country." Other top Tuners include David Byrne's *True Stories*, the "incredibly truthful" *Roger and Me* and the sensuous *Women in Love* ("My skin hurts after watching that one"). What you won't find in Tune's vid collection, however, are adaptations of Broadway musicals. "P.U.," he says, shuddering. "I haven't seen one I liked yet."

—MARK HEALY

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING CONFINED	***Misery*** (Kathy Bates earns Oscar as a bedridden writer's fan from hell; beware the hobbling scene); ***Kindergarten Cop*** (ill-mannered tykes run rings around undercover Schwarzenegger); ***Come See the Paradise*** (interracial marriage shaken by World War Two Japanese internment).
FEELING FEISTY	***The Rookie*** (Clint Eastwood and Charlie Sheen smash sedans to cure outbreak of car theft); ***Lionheart*** (Jean-Claude Van Damme avenges his bro's death in illicit prize fights); ***Popcorn*** (youths at horror-film fete mistake live killings for part of the fun).
FEELING INTENSE	***Edward Scissorhands*** (society embraces, then rejects the freak; gorgeous); ***Reversal of Fortune*** (Jeremy Irons' Oscar turn as wife-o-cide suspect Claus von Bülow); ***The Long Walk Home*** (Whoopi Goldberg honors 1955 Alabama bus boycott—on foot).
FEELING FUNNY	***Look Who's Talking Too*** (Bruce Willis lends voice to tot to save John Travolta's career—again); ***Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed*** (sweet French farce posits an unlikely alliance between an exec and his cleaning lady); ***Road to Rio*** (the Hope, Crosby and Lamour classic at a new low price).

"Jump Up And Kiss Me," I Said.

Of course, I was simply ordering my favorite rum drink.

◆

Ton Ton the bartender made it with Myers's Original Dark Rum. It makes a Jump Up and Kiss Me twice as dark and alluring.

◆

"Why the monkey?" I asked.

◆

"He peels the bananas for my daiquiris," said Ton Ton. "I pay him peanuts."

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MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

"TOLD YA, you shoulda killed me last year," Ice-T says at the beginning and at the end of ***O.G. Original Gangster*** (Sire). The first time, it sounds like an idle threat, the kind of nonsense that has made him rap's Original Gangster. By the end, his words are chilling, a realistic possibility—this is one genuinely dangerous dude. He tells the truth.

Ice-T uses rap basics the way everybody from Chuck Berry to Bruce Springsteen used rock and roll—as a platform for depicting a world. That world is seductive, dangerous and spelled out here entirely on its own terms. *O.G.* addresses and exemplifies the hip-hop sensibility, from its undeniable sexism to its mythical racism to its replacement of rock as pop music's most important vocabulary, not to mention its nonstop profanity and unapologetic acceptance (sometimes celebration) of the hustler lifestyle. The effects can be scary, hilarious, instructive or all, as on *Straight Up Nigga*.

Musically, Ice-T's approach is dated; he keeps the focus adamantly on verbal content, not musical innovation. But *Body Count*, recorded with a speed-metal group, pulls off a rap-rock fusion that, for my money, outstrips even Run-DMC's *Walk This Way*. Still, what's most important *is* the story Ice-T has to tell, and as a teller of tales, he's a sheer street-corner genius. Ignore him at your peril.

VIC GARBARINI

With the notable exception of Prince, it often seemed that black pop in the Eighties had split into two polarized factions. Melody and craftsmanship were co-opted by the Luther Vandross/Whitney Houston school of upwardly mobile escapism, while the rap camp ruled in the rhythm, intensity and street-honest department. Fishbone's latest, ***The Reality of My Surroundings*** (Columbia), is the most effective attempt to put the pieces of the black pop tradition back together since the Purple One began his reign. Living Colour may be the new face of black rock, but Fishbone has tossed jazz elements and the missing funk back into the mix with an intensity that recalls Funkadelic in cosmic overdrive or Sly and the Family Stone at their peak. In fact, *Everyday Sunshine* is exactly what you would hope Sly would sound like today, including a hook that could be removed only by major surgery. *Sunless Saturday* is the other side of the emotional coin, with phased acoustic guitar and trumpet framing the chorus rather than samples or synths. And *Fight the Youth* melds the metal crunch of Living Colour with the dense aggressiveness of Public Enemy. Lyrically, these guys are beyond either inchoate rage or cloying escapism. Articulate anger, laced with biting humor, insight and a merciful lack of clichés, informs their take on reality, and it's refreshing. So's the fact that you can hum the melodies while you dance.

Rap's *Original Gangster*.

A taste of Fishbone, chilling Ice-T and soul from the Godfather.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Morrissey is a U.S. cult hero and Robert Forster isn't, but neither of them is as famous as the group he came up with: the Smiths and the Go-Betweens. But chart-topping bands get old just like unjustly neglected ones—faster when led by egomaniacs like Morrissey. And only rarely is the fickle public enraptured by the self-expression that ensues.

The Smiths broke up just as adulthood was swallowing their faithful fans, who will never forgive Morrissey for breaking up with guitarist Johnny Marr and wouldn't have forgiven him for trading his self-pity for sarcasm, anyway. As an adult who always found the Smiths too too, I prefer Morrisey sarcastic—*Every Day Is Like Sunday*, on the singles collection ***Bona Drag*** (Sire/Reprise), is one of the funniest celebrations of teen miserabilism ever recorded, and on *Kill Uncle*, the dish keeps on coming (in fits and starts) right up to the crowning *There's a Place in Hell for Me and My Friends*.

Even though the we-can-work-it-out-and-up-plea *Baby Stones* is his greatest song, the title of Forster's more mature LP ***Danger in the Past*** (Beggar's Banquet/RCA) sums up his current state. I hope the band retrospective ***1978–1990*** (Capitol), half greatest nonhits and half outtakes and B sides, isn't too late to clue in the clueless to him and old partner Grant McLennan. Maybe Forster could hook up with Johnny Marr.

NELSON GEORGE

Why is James Brown the most important influence on contemporary dance music and, with the exception of maybe Elvis, the most imitated performer of the post–World War Two era? For the

GUEST SHOT

FOR 30 YEARS, **Walter Williams** *has been singing and writing with the legendary O'Jays, contributing to such classic hits as "Backstabbers" and "Love Train." Currently, the trio is adding to its hit list with songs from the new LP "Emotionally Yours." Naturally, Williams was curious about the sound track of Robert Townsend's "The Five Heartbeats," the film based loosely on the career of the Dells, friends and stylistic brethren to the O'Jays.*

"Robert Townsend did a brave thing, trying to capture old Motown and other R&B sounds of the Sixties in this movie. For most of the sound track, he succeeds. The Dells' biggest hit, *Stay in My Corner*, was fabulous in its original rendition, and this new version is just as good. Other favorites of mine include *A Heart Is a House for Love*, *Bring Back the Days*, *In the Middle* and the Patti LaBelle cut. A few tracks—*Baby Stop Running Around*, for example—don't seem to know what style they want to be. *I Feel Like Going On* tries to be both traditional and contemporary Gospel and ends up being neither. Overall, though, *The Five Heartbeats* stands. It's one of those records that bring truly good singing back into modern R&B."

answer, slip ***Star Time*** (Polydor) into your CD player. These 72 selections on four discs constitute a mother lode of beats, grooves, rhythms, riffs, chords, syncopation and percussive shouts without which Sly and the Family Stone, Talking Heads, Parliament-Funkadelic, George Michael, M. C. Hammer, Prince, Michael Jackson, Sade, Janet Jackson, Terence Trent D'Arby, Inxs, Bobby Brown, New Kids on the Block, Bell Biv DeVoe, Happy Mondays and Guy, among others, wouldn't have a leg to dance on.

Every funk record, every rap jam and a great many rock songs owe a tremendous debt to the "hardest-working man in show business" (a.k.a. "the Godfather of Soul," a.k.a. "the original disco man," a.k.a. "the most sampled man in music"). But history aside, these tracks are important, because after (in some cases) 30 years, they still possess the drive and vitality to energize any party. Brown records like *Give It Up (Turn It Loose)*, *Sex Machine*, *Say It Loud (I'm Black and I'm Proud)*, *I Feel Good* and *The Big Payback* are internal grooves, records with that magical ability to make people move decades after their creation.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

So George, the guitar player, says to me, "Chuck, you gotta get us on the *Playboy* Rockmeter."

And I say, "Don't you think this is a conflict of interest?"

And he says, "What's the conflict? You didn't think we asked you to join the band because you could actually play the bass, did you?"

I had to agree. Thus, I'm reviewing ***Loud, Fast, and Aging Rapidly*** (Skreamin' Skull/Skyclad, P.O. Box 666, Middlesex, New Jersey 08846), by Iron Prostate, in which yours truly plays the bass. I can report in complete confidence and objectivity that Iron Prostate is no dilettante effort at punk rock. Four of the five of us are unemployed, and we have lots of hostility and angst to authenticate our guitar snarl. Most of the songs have three or four notes, except for *Motorwoman*, which has one note (why change when you've found a good one?), and *Hell Toupee*, which has nine notes that we invariably screw up when we play live. Thanks to the miracle of modern magnetic tape, there are only a few audible screw-ups on the actual record. And we have one perfect song titled *Gilligan*. It's about the sitcom, and every time we play CBGB, the crowd storms the stage to sing along: "I wear a white hat/I wear a red shirt/They all think I'm stupid/One day I'll kill them." If Bob Denver reads this: We want you bad for our video. For the rest of you reading this: *Loud, Fast, and Aging Rapidly* is the greatest album in the history of music.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
James Brown *Star Time*	10	9	10	10	10
Fishbone *The Reality of My Surroundings*	6	9	6	6	8
Ice-T *O.G. Original Gangster*	8	7	8	9	7
Iron Prostate *Loud, Fast, and Aging Rapidly*	5	8	5	3	10
Morrissey *Bona Drag*	7	6	7	2	3

THANK GOD DEPARTMENT: We turned on the radio and heard **LaTour's** dance single *People Are Still Having Sex* and it gave us a laugh. Not too many laughs about sex these days, but lines such as "Lust keeps on lurking/Nothing makes them stop./This AIDS thing's not working./People are still having sex" cheered us up. LaTour is a Chicago radio guy and his self-titled debut album is in the stores.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Pierre Cossette,** producer of the annual Grammy awards, has a movie in the works on the Fifties songwriting team **Jerry Leiber** and **Mike Stoller** called *Only in America*. Leiber and Stoller were responsible for *Leader of the Pack* and *Hound Dog*, among others. . . . Moving on to Sixties music, another movie, *Beautiful Noise*, is being developed about the Brill Building in New York, home to songwriters **Carole King, Neil Sedaka** and **Neil Diamond,** who is involved with the project. . . . And although *The Doors* didn't do socko business, there are lots of rock movies floating around Hollywood that will probably make it to the screen because so many current film makers grew up on rock and roll. The list of subjects being considered for film bios includes **Tina Turner, Phil Spector, Sam Cooke** and **Ray Charles.** . . . **Harry Connick, Jr.,** is set to star in a comedy thriller, *Scutter*, about a country boy accused of murder.

NEWSBREAKS: **Spike Lee** established his own record label with Columbia in January and has signed artists **Lonette McKee** (who stars in Lee's film *Jungle Fever*) and **State of Art,** a funk group. . . . Aside from the already-released *Ringo*, Apple Records will be reissuing other former best sellers on CD, including **Billy Preston, Badfinger** and **James Taylor.** . . . **Barbra Streisand** plans to release a four-CD set for Christmas called *Just for the Record*, which will include 70 unreleased songs. . . . For the first time, the National Association of Recording Merchandisers has established a $500,000 war chest to fight lyric legislation in states that are still considering it. . . . **Paul Simon** will publish his first children's book this fall. . . . Do you have everything? Well, you don't have this: a CD clock for your desk or wall for only $25. For more information or to order one, write to Steve Wallach, 505 Jocelyn Hollow Court, Nashville, Tennessee 37205. . . . We love Zappa: **Frank Zappa** and Rhino Records will be putting out an "official" bootleg of old **Mothers of Invention** stuff that has been around for years, because, says Frank, if collectors want the material, they shouldn't be squeezed by bootleggers, and the artist should benefit, too. . . . A belated sad note: Songwriter **"Doc" Pomus,** who was a friend of everyone who writes about music, was a friend of *Fast Tracks*, too. He died last spring, but he will be remembered every time you play his songs *This Magic Moment* and *Save the Last Dance for Me*. You can say thanks with a donation in his name to the Rhythm and Blues Foundation, 14th Street and Constitution Avenue NW, Room 4603, Washington, DC 20560. . . . Finally, prison rappers the **Lifers Group,** reviewed here last month, have received more recording offers, but they can't pursue them because of prison rules. That's OK with Lifers rapper **Maxwell Melvins,** who says, "We want to start a trend out there . . . by showing the harsh realities of prison life." Melvins should know: He's serving a life sentence. —BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LIKELY TO climb the charts among this summer's hit comedies, ***City Slickers*** (Columbia) is a disarming tale about three New York buddies who begin to grow up—and approach middle age—at just about the same time. Comedian Billy Crystal, who originated the story idea and also serves as executive producer, engagingly plays Mitch, a wisecracking salesman of radio advertising time. Mitch's best friends are a henpecked supermarket manager (Daniel Stern) and a horny sporting-goods salesman (Bruno Kirby), who relieve the tedium of their lives with occasional fantasy vacations—such as running with the bulls in Pamplona. On this getaway, they head for New Mexico to play cowboy by taking part in an actual cattle drive.

"Go and find your smile," says Mitch's wife (warmly played by TV's *thirtysomething* star Patricia Wettig). The only womanly comfort they find out West is with another amateur cowhand (Helen Slater). But they do find *themselves* while learning to ride, shoot, rope cattle and think twice about their attitudes toward damned near everything. Spurts of outright sentimentality—e.g., Crystal showing paternal concern for a newborn calf he has helped deliver—are alleviated by *City Slickers*' witty overview, traceable to a deft screenplay by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel (also the authors of *Splash!* and *Parenthood*). Among the movie's unexpected pleasures is a stampede set off by a portable coffee grinder; another is the wry observation that "women need a *reason* to have sex . . . men just need a place." Jack Palance is the rugged trail boss, casually mocking wild Western ways, while the urban types try hard to master them. The American male's midlife crisis has been dealt with on film before—but seldom on horseback, with such contagious high spirits. ¥¥¥½

●

When boy (Matthew) meets girl (Maria) in the comedy ***Trust*** (Fine Line), Maria is already pregnant. Her angry mom has disowned her because her father has died of a heart attack after learning of her condition. Matthew's father is a nasty bully with a passion for cleanliness. To continue describing the plot of *Trust* would be unfair to a movie full of mood, impudence and cryptic dialog. Writer-director Hal Hartley's previous feature, *The Unbelievable Truth*, was another doggedly upside-down look at middle-class manners. Starred again is Adrienne Shelly, an insouciant waif who can be unself-consciously sexy; Martin Donovan plays her ardent paramour, who carries a hand grenade around with him and ultimately finds a use for it. You may leave *Trust* not quite sure what Hartley is trying to say but appreciating his flair for concocting blithe riddles about the meaning of life. ¥¥¥

Slickers' Crystal, Palance.

Amateur cowboys, professional firemen and a target for Wildmon.

●

Courage under fire is the main concern of ***Backdraft*** (Universal). Director Ron Howard's pell-mell action drama about the lives of Chicago firemen pits two stalwart sibling rivals (Kurt Russell and William Baldwin) against fear, flames and each other. Amid a veritable explosion of special effects, they portray brothers whose dad died a fire fighter. When Russell and Baldwin pause for breath, which isn't often, they get caught up in relatively routine problems with women—Rebecca De Mornay as Russell's ex-wife, Jennifer Jason Leigh in an unrewarding role as the girl Baldwin had left behind before he came home to join the force. The force, represented by Robert De Niro and Scott Glenn as veterans of the department, is definitely with them in a cinespectacular that appears to ignite by spontaneous combustion. ¥¥¥

●

Jennifer Rubin steals every scene she has as a leggy Las Vegas dancer on the road with a hired killer (Kyle Secor) in ***Delusion*** (I.R.S. Releasing), the first feature by Belgian-born writer-director Carl Colpaert. Jim Metzler plays the disgruntled computer genius who foolishly picks up the dangerous twosome while he's driving West with a stash of stolen money in the trunk of his Volvo. Murder, mayhem and cat-and-mouse treachery follow, with Jerry Orbach effectively checking in—and out—as number one on the killer's hit list. Conventional but never dull—and strikingly filmed against Southwestern desert backgrounds—*Delusion* ends with an amusing mockery of an old Western shoot-out, helped along by Rubin's sly characterization as an amoral bimbo who takes everything in stride. ¥¥½

●

Thank the Reverend Donald Wildmon for bringing public attention to ***Poison*** (Zeitgeist), a not-so-shocking independent film made in 16mm for relatively small change. When *Poison* captured the grand prize at Park City, Utah's, Sundance Film Festival this year, the Reverend Wildmon found out that writer-director Todd Haynes's meager financing had included a $25,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Visions of Mapplethorpe and immorality dancing in his head, Wildmon denounced the movie as a threat to his American Family Association. Had he cooled his jets or gone to see the movie, Wildmon might have discovered that *Poison*—though based on several stories by France's Jean Genet, who doted on depravity—runs the gamut from outrageous to downright dull.

In the trio of tall tales, there's a broad, amusing fantasy called *Hero*, about a young boy whose mother insists he flew out a window after killing his father. The second piece, *Horror*, is a fairly inept parody of a B-movie shocker about a leprous sex maniac whose mottled skin keeps changing between attacks—probably because film maker Haynes couldn't afford better make-up effects. The controversial best tale is *Homo*, projecting a typically Genet view of sadomasochistic sexual obsession in a men's prison. The sex acts, though unsettling, are never explicit. Even so, Wildmon went public with his charges and managed to put the movie on the map by opening everyone's eyes to Haynes's vices instead of his virtues. When the smoke clears, he may be seen as a film maker who is exciting, original but not yet entirely accomplished. ¥¥

●

Opening back to back this summer are two connected French movies, ***My Father's Glory*** and ***My Mother's Castle*** (both Orion Classics). Directed by Yves Robert and adapted from Marcel Pagnol's book *Memories of Childhood*, both are sensitive, warm evocations of the author's dreamy recollections of childhood vacations with his family in Provence. Both are also must-see hits in France, but their leisurely pace and absence of real narrative

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thrust make them a shade less compelling over here. The actors—Julien Ciamaca as Pagnol, Victorien Delmare as his kid brother, Philippe Caubère as his father the teacher and Nathalie Roussel as his beautiful mother—are faultless. *Father's Glory* is a worthy introduction to *Mother's Castle*, a luminous memoir in which the most dramatic event is the family's holiday adventure of sneaking through locked gates and past imposing baronial estates to reach their own simple country château. These are rewarding, quiet joys—vintage time travel for viewers willing to sit back and take it easy. My ratings: *Father's Glory* ¥¥½, *Mother's Castle* ¥¥¥

•

Another airy import from France is ***A Tale of Springtime*** (Orion Classics), by writer-director Eric Rohmer, inaugurating the new series of movies he calls "Tales of the Four Seasons." Rohmer nearly always muses about love in a minor key; this time, he follows a young piano student named Natacha (Florence Darel), who meets Jeanne (Anne Teyssedre), an attractive philosophy teacher, and decides that her father, Igor (Huges Quester), would be better off with Jeanne than with the possessive young woman he has been seeing. Natacha arranges a weekend in the country, where everyone—including the jealous mistress—gets so upset that Jeanne and Igor are finally left alone. Nothing much happens, just talk, talk and more talk, subtitled and mostly sexy. Quester is an odd choice for the role of Igor; he seems rather hesitant and full of tics for so seasoned a swinger. But this is France, remember, and Rohmer has a knack for making the most unlikely conversation seem cinematic. ¥¥½

•

Women who do *not* devote their lives to dieting, dishing and fretting over their problems with men may take exception to ***Eating*** (Rainbow). Writer-director Henry Jaglom, a man obsessed (as in *Always* and *New Year's Day*) with transforming his private experience into a kind of confessional cinema, seems focused primarily on dangerously slim to anorexic women whose preoccupation with youth and beauty somehow connects them to Hollywood. On her 40th birthday, a Southern California wife named Helene (Lisa Richards, pulling out all the stops) brings a houseful of friends together to drink, celebrate, suffer and declare their common addiction to food. Helene does not learn right away that her husband may not be coming home and that he has been seeing another woman, perhaps Martine (Nelly Allard), who is one of the party guests. Self-revelation and sheer bitchery are on the day's menu, with Mary Crosby, Gwen Welles and Frances Bergen (yes, Candy's mother) among the actresses serving up outsized portions of rue. Already attracting an eager audience in West Coast venues (L.A. and Seattle, at any rate), *Eating* is weirdly fascinating but rather special except for passionate devotees of Weight Watchers. ¥¥½

You'll be seeing a lot of Snipes.

OFF CAMERA

Since he scored as a baaad Mobster in *New Jack City*, **Wesley Snipes,** 29, is fast becoming a household name. He's now on screen in Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever*, in the role of "an architect married to an African-American woman but in love with this white girl. It's not programed as a statement," he notes; "it's about people being influenced by stereotypes."

A Florida native who now lives in New York, Snipes has been trained as an actor since he was 11. He portrays a paraplegic undergoing rehabilitation in the forthcoming *Water Dance*, and his next gig is a movie called *White Men Can't Jump*, in which he's teamed with Woody Harrelson. "I'm a basketball player, working a scam on the street with a white guy. Because in my neighborhood, they think white guys can't play very well." Although he was the sexy sax man in Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues*, Snipes feels that he's been stereotyped as a jock. "I get called whenever they want an athlete. I was a boxer in *Streets of Gold*, a football player in Goldie Hawn's *Wildcats* and a baseball player in *Major League*."

His future plans may include more music. "Spike and I had a conversation the other day about doing a movie musical. So you never know. It all starts with an idea." While enjoying his spot in the public eye, Snipes as a private person—divorced and the father of a young son—has little time left for any kind of steady relationship. "Man, there's too much work to be done. Women are dangerous, very dangerous. And I'm busy, doing so many things. It's like jambalaya."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Backdraft (See review) A Chicago fire, and that's just for starters. ¥¥¥

City Slickers (See review) Some Easterners go way out West. ¥¥¥½

Delusion (See review) Sun, sand, stealth and a moll named Rubin. ¥¥½

Drowning by Numbers (Reviewed 6/91) Women send men to watery graves in a bizarre comedy. ¥¥½

Eating (See review) Hollywood-type females on a jag with Jaglom. ¥¥½

Europa, Europa (7/91) How a Jewish lad survives in a Nazi world. ¥¥¥

Everybody's Fine (7/91) Italian family members, quite confused, as seen through the eyes of Mastroianni. ¥¥½

Hangin' with the Homeboys (6/91) Bronx cheer with a quartet of cruisers. ¥¥¥

Journey of Hope (7/91) Oscar's Best Foreign Film—a harrowing trip. ¥¥¥

Love Without Pity (7/91) Another lady-killer with lots of French flair. ¥¥

Mortal Thoughts (7/91) Hushing up a murder, Demi Moore gets hot. ¥¥½

My Father's Glory (See review) Golden memories of Marcel Pagnol's boyhood in the south of France. ¥¥½

My Mother's Castle (See review) More memories, even warmer. ¥¥¥

Poison (See review) One man's meat—but bad medicine for Wildmon. ¥¥

Prisoners of the Sun (reviewed 7/91 as *Blood Oath*) Bryan Brown takes Japanese war crimes to court. ¥¥¥

A Rage in Harlem (7/91) Givens, Hines and Whitaker make crime pay. ¥¥½

Slacker (Listed only) Off-the-wall sociology in Austin, Texas. ¥¥

Straight Out of Brooklyn (7/91) It's surely the wrong side of town, and you wouldn't want to live there. ¥¥

Strangers in Good Company (6/91) Some grand old women, stranded on a bus tour and well worth your time. ¥¥¥½

Sweet Talker (7/91) Bryan Brown returns as a winning Aussie con man. ¥¥

A Tale of Springtime (See review) It's *l'amour* with a sly French twist. ¥¥½

Tatie Danielle (5/91) This Gallic crone has more than her share of gall. ¥¥¥

Thelma & Louise (5/91) Hitting the road with Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis, revved up all the way. ¥¥¥¥

Truly, Madly, Deeply (6/91) A deceased musician comes back to play. ¥¥¥

Trust (See review) Something a little different in romantic comedies. ¥¥¥

Truth or Dare (7/91) Touring with Madonna, whose normal travel seems close to the speed of sound. ¥¥¥½

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

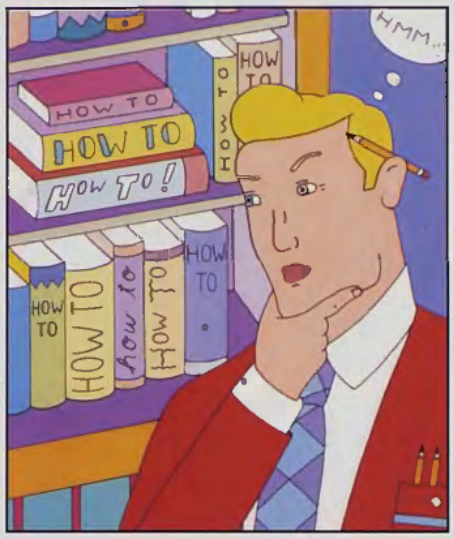
ONE OF THE tests of manhood in this new era of the Nineties is domestic competence. Once you have proved yourself brave, thrifty, clean, reverent and a dynamite lover, you will inevitably face the question: Can I fix it? "It" may be anything from a burned-out light bulb to an ailing Maserati, but few of us like to concede ineptitude. Guys are supposed to know how to fix stuff. Well, next time you start to roll up your sleeves, consider saving yourself hours, money and humiliation with a trip to the bookstore.

Although some volumes are now 15 years old, the Time-Life Home Repair and Improvement series is still the novice do-it-yourselfer's most faithful companion. None of the numerous competing series provide the detailed instructions, carefully labeled illustrations and reassuring general commentary contained in the 36 books of this home-repair encyclopedia. For example, ***Basic Wiring*** begins with a quick explanation of how electricity works and the standard safeguards built into most home systems. You learn how to read a blown fuse to determine the cause of a circuit failure and discover simple tricks to set up track lighting. ***Home Security*** guides you from basic locks and bolts to the installation of sophisticated devices to detect intruders.

We've avoided expensive visits from the plumber by following the directions for repair of leaky faucets and gurgling toilets in ***Plumbing.*** Even the mysteries of the pop-up sink plug are unraveled with diagrammatic ease. Time-Life has also created individual volumes on more specific topics such as ***Fireplaces and Wood Stoves, Weatherproofing, Doors and Windows*** and even ***Energy Alternatives.***

A more ambitious realm of do-it-yourself projects awaits you under the heading of remodeling. With Gene and Katie Hamilton's ***Fix It Fast, Fix It Right*** (Rodale) in hand, you can try house painting, wallpapering or insulation. The authors have tested their techniques on 13 houses, and we found their instructions easy to follow and alert to amateur mistakes. Only veteran homeowners such as the Hamiltons will tip you off that a less-than-ten-dollar basin wrench is "worth its weight in gold" when you crawl under that kitchen or bathroom sink.

Once you decide that you are ready to take on a major remodeling job, the first book you should consult is ***A Consumer's Guide to Home Improvement, Renovation & Repair*** (John Wiley), by Robert M. Santucci, Brooke C. Stoddard and Peter Werwath. This book will give you an idea of the size and expense of a job better than anything else we've seen. Each project is analyzed on a spread sheet, with various options for materials and application techniques included; following is a comparison between the fee a professional will charge and the cost of doing it yourself. Each project is rated from one to five for level of difficulty. Don't pick up a hammer without it.



Can you fix it?

The do-it-yourself Nineties man.

Anyone who has ever walked up to the counter and sheepishly asked for a whatchamacallit or a thingamajig will immediately recognize the value of ***The Complete Illustrated Guide to Everything Sold in Hardware Stores*** (Macmillan), by Tom Philbin and Steve Ettlinger. Armed with this reference, you can confidently stride up and demand spokeshaves, Forstner bits, riffler rasps, *ryobas*, *dozukis*, clevis hooks, dado heads and closet augers with the best of them.

Eventually, of course, you will want to go whole hog into this house thing. Perhaps not building it but just imagining it. A remarkably helpful manual for communicating with an architect and translating designese into English is ***A House of One's Own: An Architect's Guide to Designing the House of Your Dreams*** (Clarkson Potter), by James Stageberg and Susan Allen Toth. This book is full of practical advice on how to conjure up your dream house and how to turn that dream into plans.

A few years back, every teenager could get under the hood of his car and practically rebuild the engine. Now that fuel injectors have virtually replaced carburetors and every new automotive part has built-in computer chips, you need a degree in electronic engineering just to read the Chilton manuals. However, if you want to learn the basics, have a few laughs and avoid being ripped off by your local mechanic, pick up a copy of ***Car Talk*** (Dell), by Tom and Ray Magliozzi. These guys are Click and Clack, whose comic call-in talk show on National Public Radio has been a hit since it started in 1976. As they point out in the introduction, "This book is so simple that even an auto mechanic can understand it."

Every summer, any man worth his salt has to toss a few burgers onto the barbecue. If you would like to add a touch of culinary sophistication to your act, try ***The Thrill of the Grill*** (Morrow), by Chris Schlesinger and John Willoughby. These chefs give you tips on the different types of grills, fuels and cooking tools, as well as about 200 recipes with Southern, Latin and Caribbean flavorings. Our favorite is still traditional Missouri-style barbecued ribs.

So what's left in this litany of do-it-yourself chores? Those weedy patches in the lawn, that's what. Suburban life demands a green thumb, and if you don't have one by genetic gift, we advise you to look at ***The Gardener's Home Companion*** (Macmillan). This comprehensive guide provides a crash course in botany and satisfies the requirements of the flowerbed planter and the ambitious home vegetable farmer alike.

BOOK BAG

The Better World Investment Guide (Prentice Hall), by the Council on Economic Priorities: A guide to investing based on social and moral values as well as the bottom line.

Harvey Kurtzman's Strange Adventures (Epic Comics): A creator of *Mad* magazine and *Playboy*'s Little Annie Fanny collaborates with some of America's finest cartoonists to produce seven lampoons.

A Red Death (Norton), by Walter Mosley: Caught in a crunch between an FBI agent in search of Reds and an IRS agent looking for revenge, the hero of this fast-paced sequel to *Devil in a Blue Dress* goes undercover. Mosley delivers a first-rate second novel.

Broken Vessels (David R. Godine), by Andre Dubus: In his first book of nonfiction, Dubus writes about Robin Hood and womanhood, explores his Catholic boyhood and the complexities of human intimacy in 22 personal essays.

Hummers, Knucklers, and Slow Curves (University of Illinois), edited by Don Johnson: Eighty-four baseball poems written over the past four decades pay tribute to the national pastime.

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U2: The Joshua Tree (Island) **53501**

The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) **14742**

Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) **34198**

Traveling Wilburys: Vol. 1 (Warner Bros.) **00711**

Stevie B: Love And Emotion (RCA) **00539**

Concrete Blonde:Bloodletting (I.R.S.) **84212**

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Bette Midler: Some People's Lives (Atlantic) **53568**

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Cinderella: Heartbreak Station (Mercury) **73694**

Paul Simon: Graceland (Warner Bros.) **72315**

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Carreras, Domingo, Pavarotti: 3 Tenors (London) **35078**

Acoustic Alchemy: Reference Point (GRP) **82967**

Music Of Bali (Nonesuch) **44671**

Jane's Addiction: Ritual de lo Habitual (Warner Bros.) **10020**

Paula Abdul: Shut Up And Dance (The Dance Mixes) (Virgin) **80326**

Reba McEntire: Rumor Has It (MCA) **44609**

Endless Love-Great Motown Love Songs (Motown) **10995**

Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) **23385**

Prince: Graffiti Bridge (Paisley Park) **34107**

16 Top Country Hits, Vol. 1 (MCA) **74207**

Warner Bros. Symphony Orchestra: Bugs Bunny On Broadway (Warner Bros.) **70059**

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) **63678**

Vince Gill: Pocket Full Of Gold (MCA) **73599**

Bad Company: Holy Water (Atlantic) **24784**

Replacements: All Shook Down (Warner Bros.) **83585**

Grateful Dead : Built To Last (Arista) **72230**

Patsy Cline: 12 Greatest Hits (MCA) **53849**

Pinnock: Vivaldi, The Four Seasons (Archiv) **15356**

The Mamas & Papas: 16 Of Their Greatest Hits (MCA) **80183** ✲

Elvis Presley: Great Performances (RCA) **60752**

Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) (Atlantic) **12014**

ZZ Top: Recycler (Warner Bros.) **73969**

Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation (A&M) **72386**

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (Atlantic) **30230**

Frank Sinatra: Capitol Collector's Series (Capitol) **64362** ✲

Lynyrd Skynyrd's Innyrds (MCA) **01150**

Foreigner: Records (Atlantic) **53317**

Pretty Woman/Sdtk. (EMI) **34631**

Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) **01112**

Charlie Parker: Bird/ Original Recordings (Verve) **01044**

Depeche Mode: Violator (Sire) **73408**

Anita Baker: Compositions (Elektra) **00921**

Kitaro: Kojiki (Geffen) **43758**

Miles Davis: Birth Of The Cool (Capitol Jazz) **54136** ✲

Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) **44006**

Styx: Edge Of The Century (A&M) **74498**

Mötley Crüe: Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) **33928**

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M) **73924**

Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) **64116**

AC/DC: Back In Black (Atlantic) **13772**

The Judds: Love Can Build A Bridge (RCA) **24549**

Vinnie James: All-American Boy (RCA) **63237**

Clint Black: Put Yourself In My Shoes (RCA) **24690**

The Best Of The Band (Capitol) **34485**

Eagles: Hotel California (Asylum) **30030**

The Cole Porter Songbook (RCA) **54023**

Diane Schuur: Pure Schuur (GRP) **10824**

Guy!: Guy!...The Future (MCA) **14875**

George Strait: The Chill Of An Early Fall (MCA) **53641**

Fleetwood Mac: Rumours (Warner Bros.) **24025**

Father M.C.: Father's Day (MCA) **53724**

Z.Z. Hill: Greatest Hits (Malaco) **64479**

INXS: X (Atlantic) **84378**

Tomita: Snowflakes Are Dancing (RCA) **30763**

Steelheart (MCA) **44528**

Engelbert Humperdinck: Love Is The Reason (Critique) **94103**

Benny Goodman: Yale University Recordings, Vol. 1 (MusicMasters) **93504**

Keith Sweat: I'll Give All My Love To You (Elektra) **51603**

Dave Grusin: Havana/ Sdtk. (GRP) **11082**

Dwight Yoakam: If There Was A Way (Reprise) **64310**

Paul Overstreet : Heroes (RCA) **50526**

Diana Ross & The Supremes: 20 Greatest Hits (Motown) **63867** ✲

Madonna: The Immaculate Collection (Sire) **54164**

Marvin Gaye: 15 Greatest Hits (Motown) **53534** ✲

Damn Yankees (Warner Bros.) **14852**

Styx: 14 Classics (A&M) **14822**

Kronos Quartet: Winter Was Hard (Nonesuch) **00675**

AC/DC: The Razors Edge (ATCO) **33379**

George Benson/ Count Basie Orch.: Big Boss Band (Warner Bros.) **13519**

Nelson: After The Rain (DGC) **74079**

16 Top Country Hits, Vol. 2 (MCA) **34217**

Various Artists: You Can't Hurry Love... (Motown) **10584** ✲

Kenny G: Live (Arista) **64505**

The Best Of Steely Dan: Decade (MCA) **54135** ✲

Mario Lanza: The Great Caruso (RCA) **80259**

Gipsy Kings: Allegria (Elektra) **11178**

Joe Sample: Ashes To Ashes (Warner Bros.) **54092** ✲

K.T. Oslin: Love In A Small Town (RCA) **74372**

Alan Jackson: Here In The Real World (Arista) **53833**

Best Of The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros.) **43738**

Come Dancing With The Kinks (Arista) **60077**

Barry Manilow: Live On Broadway (Arista) **24805**

Kathy Mattea: A Collection Of Hits (Mercury) **10791**

R.E.M.: Eponymous (I.R.S.) **00701**

Very Best Of Cream: Strange Brew (Polydor) **00468**

Al B. Sure!: Private Times And The Whole 9 (Warner Bros.) **84332**

Highway 101: Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) **83480**

King's X: Faith, Hope Love By King's X (Atlantic) **74229**

Ralph Tresvant (MCA) **14889**

Twin Peaks/TV Sdtk. (Warner Bros.) **63540**

Opera Goes To Hell (Angel) **73953**

Tangerine Dream: Melrose (Private Music) **10724** ✲

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-89 (Reprise) **63363**

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) **62264**

The Cure: Mixed Up (Elektra) **74190**

Joni Mitchell: Night Ride Home (OGC) **10731**

Great Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) **20768**

Lorrie Morgan: Something In Red (RCA) **83848**

Yes: Classic Yes (Atlantic) **50248**

George Thorogood & The Destroyers: Live (EMI) **54652**

Best Of Robert Palmer: Addictions (Island) **10619**

Faith No More: The Real Thing (Reprise) **63719**

Spyro Gyra: Fast Forward (GRP) **00829**

Andrew Lloyd Webber: The Premiere Collection (MCA) **53868**

John Coltrane: Giant Steps (Atlantic) **34589** ✲

Chuck Berry: The Great 28 (Chess) **64137**

Eagles: Their Greatest Hits 1971-75 (Asylum) **23481**

Selections From "Cats"/Original Cast (Geffen) **63269**

Gordon Lightfoot: Gord's Gold (Reprise) **24008**

The Best Of The Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) **30125**

Air Supply: Greatest Hits (Arista) **34424**

Bing Crosby's Greatest Hits (MCA) **04709**

Carpenters: Lovelines (A&M) **24763**

The Beach Boys: Pet Sounds (Capitol) **00513**

Take 6: So Much 2 Say (Reprise) **53580**

Poison: Flesh & Blood (Capitol) **50207**

Whitney Houston: I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) **10663**

Randy Travis: Heroes And Friends (Warner Bros.) **74597**

Jackson Browne: Running On Empty Runing (Elektra) **11056**

Trixter (Mechanic/MCA) **61594**

Chick Corea Akoustic Band: Alive (GRP) **10721**

Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) **00547**

Marcus Roberts: Alone With Three Giants (Novus) **54397**

Diane Schuur: Collection (GRP) **63591**

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) **00713**

Traveling Wilburys, Vol. 3 (Warner Bros.) **24817**

Don Henley: End Of The Innocence (Geffen)**01064**

Peggy Lee Sings The Blues (MusicMasters) **43661**

Hank Williams, Jr.: America (The Way I See It) (Warner Bros.) **20612**

Cliburn: My Favorite Chopin (RCA) **10998**

The Best Of Bad Company: 10 From 6 (Atlantic) **60321**

1950's Rock & Roll Revival (Buddah) **11179**

Greatest Gospel Hits (Malaco) **44366**

Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) **42874**

Debbie Gibson: Anything Is Possible (Atlantic) **24815**

Best Of The Blues (Pair) **11140** ✲

Raffi : Evergreen Everblue (MCA) **10492**

Artie Shaw: 1949 (MusicMasters) **73774**

Oklahoma!/Original Cast (MCA) **54115**

The Steve Miller Band: Greatest Hits 1974-1978 (Capitol) **33199**

Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ladyland (Reprise) **23362**

James Galway & Henry Mancini: In The Pink (RCA) **51758**

Count Basie: The Standards (Verve) **80235**

M.C. Hammer: Please Hammer, Don't Hurt 'Em (Capitol) **34791**

Sinéad O'Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) **33512**

David Lee Roth: A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) **10551**

Peter Gabriel: So (Geffen) **14764**

Suzanne Ciani: Pianissimo (Private Music) **11047** ✻

Horowitz At Home (DG) **25211**

Deee-Lite: World Clique (Elektra) **52050**

Jon Bon Jovi: Blaze Of Glory (Mercury) **44490**

Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) **24740**

Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) **70348**

The Civil War/TV Sdtk. (Nonesuch) **14486**

ZZ Top: Recycler (Warner Bros.) **73969**

The Go-Gos : Greatest Hits (I.R.S.) **50315**

Jeffrey Osborne: Only Human (Arista) **00545**

U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) **00596**

Neil Young: Ragged Glory (Reprise) **34621**

Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) **00516**

Def Leppard: Pyromania (Mercury) **70402**

Daryl Hall & John Oates: Change Of Season (Arista) **00543**

Keith Whitley: Greatest Hits (RCA) **10728**

Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (MCA) **63322**

Buddy Holly: From The Original Master Tapes (MCA) **20069** ✻

Michael Feinstein: The MGM Album (Elektra) **10699**

Garth Brooks: No Fences (Capitol) **73266**

Dionne Warwick Sings Cole Porter (Arista) **53326**

Moody Blues: Days Of Future Passed (Threshold) **44245**

Irving Berlin: Always (Verve) **00808**

Bread: Anthology Of Bread (Elektra) **63386**

James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) **23790**

Scorpions: Crazy World (Mercury) **14795**

Johnny Gill (Motown) **00738**

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) **00531**

Winger: In The Heart Of The Young (Atlantic) **00570**

The Best Of The Jets (MCA) **32134**

Jeff Lynne: Armchair Theatre (Reprise) **00803**

Chicago : Twenty 1 (Reprise) **10533**

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) **00933**

Guns N' Roses: GN'R Lies (Geffen) **00805**

The Winans: Return (Qwest) **00530**

The Unforgettable Glenn Miller (Bluebird) 60117 ✻

Neil Diamond: The Jazz Singer (Capitol) **32877**

Vincent Herring: American Experience (MusicMasters) **83701**

The Robert Cray Band: Midnight Stroll (Mercury) **73659**

The Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) **00544**

Najee: Tokyo Blue (EMI) **44482**

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) **00790**

Morrissey: Bona Drag (Sire) **00578**

Vanilla Ice: To The Extreme (SBK) **24669**

Ratt: Detonator (Atlantic) **63335**

Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) **33779**

Don Henley: Building The Perfect Beast (Geffen) **50129**

Garth Brooks (Capitol) **33963**

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw & The Remix (MCA) **53904**

Peter, Paul & Mary: Flowers & Stones (Gold Castle) **84074**

The Alarm: Standards (I.R.S.) **24766**

John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) **80084**

10,000 Maniacs: Hope Chest (Elektra) **44340**

Bob James: Grand Piano Canyon (Warner Bros.) **04899**

Steve Winwood: Refugees Of The Heart (Virgin) **54232**

Dread Zeppelin: Un-Led-Ed (I.R.S.) **63594**

Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Dark (Delicious) **01033**

The Neville Brothers: Brother's Keeper (A&M) **63513**

Whitney Houston: Whitney (Arista) **52854**

Bonnie Raitt Collection (Warner Bros.) **00569**

The Best Of ZZ Top (Warner Bros.) **24040**

Jazz Classics (Compose) **10460**

Vixen: Rev It Up (EMI) **54615**

Patty Loveless: On Down The Line (MCA) **00553**

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) **14187**

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) **42306**

The Oak Ridge Boys: Unstoppable (RCA) **64423**

Marty Stuart: Tempted (MCA) **70076**

Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No.9 (Choral) (Angel) **00467**

Deep Purple: Slaves & Masters (RCA) **11145**

The Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) **34284**

Madonna: I'm Breathless (Sire) **00572**

Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) **44185**

Allman Bros: Eat A Peach (Polydor) **63353**

Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) **44319**

Linda Ronstadt: Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind (Elektra) **52221**

R.E.M.: Green (Warner Bros.) **00715**

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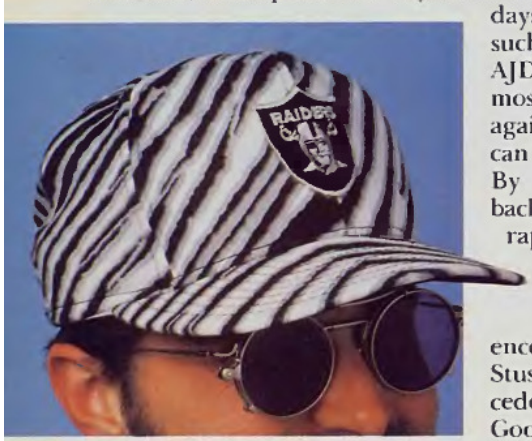
AHTFF AS

STYLE

BATTIN' A THOUSAND

Once worn just by jocks or by guys who didn't feel like messing with their hair, baseball-style caps are now a key item in any man's wardrobe. More than one and a half billion caps, ranging from free promotional incentives to $70 embroidered models, are grabbed up each year in the U.S. Wearing a cap, of course, is the preferred way to flaunt team loyalty. (These days, L.A. Raiders caps, such as the $15 one by AJD shown here, are the most popular.) Then again, how you wear it can be just as important. By turning their hats backward, for example, rappers turned the lowly cap into high street fashion. Their preference? Logo caps by Stussy ($20) or Mercedes-Benz (about $15). Good ol' boys, on the other hand, might go for caps by Jack Daniel's ($12) or Harley-Davidson ($10). Timberland's $16 to $48 caps are perfect for a trip to the country. And for urban hipsters, there's Brooks Brothers logo caps ($25) and embroidered ones by Clayton Patterson ($70). Or check out J. Crew's colorful baseball caps ($16) when you just want to stick to the basics.



HOT SHOPPING: PORTLAND

Portland, Oregon's, historic Old Town district is filled with attractions that you won't find anywhere else: Made in Oregon (Five Northwest Front Street): The name says it all—native products, from silver jewelry to Pendleton blankets. (For discount prices on another local product, check out the Nike Factory Store near the airport.) • The Saturday Market (held on weekends from March through December beneath the Burnside Bridge): Craft and food booths peddling everything from hand-knits to homemade jams. • The 24 Hour Church of Elvis (219 Southwest Ankeny): For a dollar, you can get married, learn about your past lives or maybe even spot the King himself. • Oregon Mountain Community (60 Northwest Davis Street): All the gear and garb you need for a trek to the top of Mount Hood.

VIEWPOINT

Actor, comedian and perennial Oscar emcee **Billy Crystal** says he got rave reviews after this year's ceremony for his two-toned tux, with an eggplant-colored jacket. "I got so many phone calls after the show. People wanted to know where I got it." The answer: Armani. For less formal occasions, Crystal favors Zodiac shoes, "because they look good and are comfortable." He also likes big cotton or cashmere sweaters and anything by Hugo Boss or Bill Robinson. "I've got this great raincoat by Robinson that looks like a grade school slicker." We give it—and him—an A-plus.

STRIPE REVIVAL

Just when the buttondown types have started sporting floral ties, "conversational" prints or other outrageous designs, the newest look out of Europe is that all-American WASP relic, the stripe. These new reps aren't exactly your old school ties, though. Gitman Brothers, for example, has used jumbled blocks of color to add dimension to its striped ties ($55) and has taken the starch out of other models by setting the stripes on washed silks and overdyed iridescent orange grounds ($45). Sophisticated shading and texture add interest to ties by the *veddy* proper Burberrys ($50) and XMI ($65). And while X'Andrini creates tapestry-striped ties highlighted with real 14-kt.-gold threads ($96), Zanzara takes a more contemporary approach, re-forming stripes into free-form geometrics ($60). Call it preppie gone peppy.

SOOTHE YOURSELF

There's nothing like an hourlong massage to take the edge off sore or tense muscles, but these great over-the-counter remedies will do in a pinch. Aramis' $26 Muscle Soothing Soak, with seaweed derivatives and minerals, turns a hot bath into a sea-green spa. . . . Originally developed for the sports medical field, California North's $12 Gizer Gel promises to help "undo the damage" of rigorous workouts.... New West's lightly scented Glacial Gel is a terrific full-body energizer for only $15. . . . For extra pampering, there's The Body Shop's $20 Stress Kit, packed with products such as Rich Massage Lotion and a Hot/Cold Cosmetic Eye Masque.

STYLE METER

BELTS	IN	OUT
STYLE	1½" to 2" widths; braided, nubuck and stomped leather	Thin, webbed or studded conches; skins from endongered species
COLOR	Rich, dark browns; whiskey colors; biscuit and natural tones	Bright reds, greens or blues; shiny pastels and whites
BUCKLES	Simple burnished brass, pewter and silver; leather	Shiny bross or steel; engraved designs; overwrought, showy

Where & How to Buy on page 16B.

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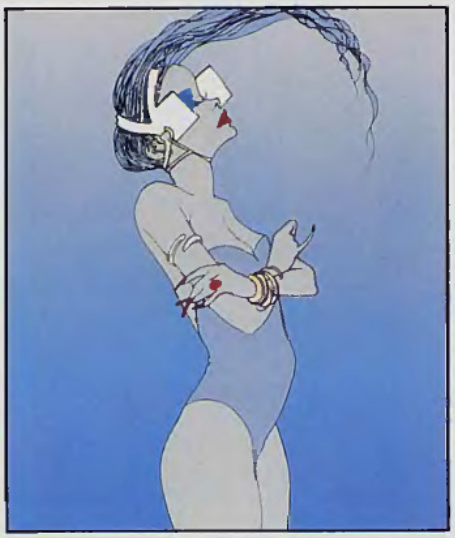
MEN

By ASA BABER



NO MORE REPRINTS, LADIES

Three women, all good friends of mine, all people I truly respect—and each one of them suddenly announces to me *on the same day* that *Playboy* magazine is not something she can easily buy, read or share with her friends.

It is a coincidental series of confessions that leaves me just a little fatigued. I am used to hearing that *Playboy* is offensive to some people; but to these women who are also my friends? What is happening here?

To make things worse, these women are talking about the April issue of the magazine, which happens to contain both a *Men* column ("The 1991 Low-Risk Dating Kit") and an article by me titled *Call of the Wild*, which I hope people will read and take seriously.

My three friends know that *Call of the Wild* is in the April issue. They claim they want to read it, but they say that they are having problems getting to it. They do not like dealing with the nature of *Playboy* itself. To them, for various reasons, it is offensive.

For Jill, the problem is in the pictorial *Give Us a Break! Playboy* went to Daytona Beach, South Padre Island and Palm Springs and took some pictures of college kids on vacation. Not to make the pictorial sound artificially innocent, there are candid pictures of wet-T-shirt contests and topless coeds and beautiful, naked women—you know, all those things that most of us guys hold near and dear to our horny little hearts. But Jill is offended by the photo spread, and she says so in a phone call to me.

"I open the magazine, and what do I see? There is a girl with a sign on her that says, I SUCK DICK. I'm telling you, it made me sick. I had to close the magazine and put it away. I couldn't read your article, Ace."

Now, when people I know and trust are offended by *Playboy*, I am a little surprised. It has been published for almost 40 years, and the legal record is clear: *Playboy* has never once been judged—in any jurisdiction, at any time—to be obscene or in violation of any Federal, state or local law. As Burton Joseph, special counsel to the magazine, wrote not long ago, "First Amendment jurisprudence, the integrity of the magazine and the good judgment of judges and juries have always vindicated *Playboy*."

So I have this problem. I want Jill to read my article, but I also know that by her standards of taste and decorum, she cannot bring herself to open the magazine again.

"Look, I've already got some reprints of the article," I say in my dumb and helpful way. "Text only, no pictures, just black print on a white page, OK? You want me to send a reprint of *Call of the Wild* to you?"

"That would be nice," she says. She is pleased.

"OK," I say. "Consider it done."

After talking with Jill, I look at *Give Us a Break!* I cannot remember seeing a woman with the I SUCK DICK sign. Finally, I spot her. It takes an observant eye to do so. She is taking part in a body-painting contest. She has painted those supposedly offensive words on her tan belly. She looks cute and feisty and fun-loving. She is certainly not offensive to me. What's the problem?

My day is not over. After talking with Jill, I have lunch with Dana. She has been able to read my article, but she has another difficulty. She wants to show the article to the man in her life. "He should read it. He'll get a lot out of it. But I can't show him the magazine, Ace. It's too threatening to me. I'm not one of those young cuties anymore. The pictures threaten me."

"How could they? You are one of the most beautiful women I know, Dana."

"But I don't measure up to the women in that magazine," she says. "And I don't want Joe to start looking at younger women that way."

I don't say, "Dana, he's a man, so he's looking at everything all the time, anyway." I don't say, "Dana, you girls look at men a lot, too. You're just more hidden about it." And I don't say, "Dana, we're talking about pictures, not reality, and guys understand the difference." Nope. I say what I am supposed to say. "OK, I'll send you a reprint."

"That would be nice," Dana says. She is pleased.

The third time's a charm. Lorie hits me with her objections to the April issue in a phone call later that same day. "It's your *Men* column, Ace. I hate it. You're talking about date rape and you're making a joke out of it. I won't read any magazine that makes a joke out of rape."

"I'm writing about how risky it is for men to date today, how vulnerable they are to phony charges of abuse," I say. "I try to show to what ridiculous lengths men would have to go if we were to be completely protected from false allegations of rape and harassment. You know: hire a lawyer, have a dating contract, set up surveillance, have your date sign release forms. I'm telling the male side of the date-rape story."

"I don't care. Your column is very offensive," Lorie says. "Send me a reprint if you want——"

And here, I crack. Here, I stop being the nice guy and I stand up for myself. "No way," I say. "No more reprints."

"Well," Lorie huffs, "you certainly can't expect me to read your article in that context of boobs and butts."

"I don't expect anything from anybody," I say, "but I'm not ashamed of where I publish or what I publish. Read me in the magazine or don't read me at all."

Later, there is a column by Anna Quindlen in *The New York Times* that basically trashes the April issue of *Playboy*. Several of my women friends send me copies of the Quindlen column, just to make sure I read it, I guess.

Funny, though. Quindlen never mentions my article in her critique. And, no, I won't send her a reprint.

PEACHTREE KEY LARGO BLUESBERRY TRIPLE SEC PEPPERMINT SPEARMINT

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QUEEN NANCY

for all her salacious gossip, kitty kelley missed the point. our vampish first lady was the best thing that ever happened to ronald reagan

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Just my luck to enter popular history as an anecdote in a Kitty Kelley biography. It's only a partially true one, as I said to reporters from *People* magazine who called. I *was* present at the birthday party Maureen Reagan threw for her dog Barnae. But I did not hear Maureen and brother Michael chorus, as Kelley reports, that "Nancy is First Dog." Nor do I think they would have, since they were already sporting buttons that read BARNAE FOR FIRST DOG. Maureen observed frequently that they couldn't propose Barnae, who is female, for First Lady, because Nancy was going for that title. In short, the kids were a bit critical of stepmother Nancy—but not as crudely as Kelley suggests.

What I find hard to accept in Kelley's description of Nancy is the view of our former First Lady as a frigid bitch. Frank Sinatra excepted, Kelley has her more interested in women and homosexual men than in heterosexual passion.

Well, we're getting subjective here, but that wasn't the Nancy I observed while covering the Reagan act for more than a quarter of a century, beginning with his first run for governor. Back then, I interviewed him in a motel room in Lake County, California, with Nancy flopped down on a couch nearby. She looked anything but frigid—and he never seemed indifferent to what in his day were called her charms.

Nancy is a turn-on, with her firm butt and still-good legs, and she likes men, starting with her husband and extending to any male in the press corps who appears half-alive. Three Reagan press aides advised me to flirt with her if I wanted an interview with her husband.

I have always thought of the Reagans as quite randy in an in-the-closet Forties way. "I did spend all of those years in Hollywood," he noted with a wink several times in my presence. Because of that, I tended to give them the benefit of the doubt, even later, when Attorney General Edwin Meese was going nuts on censoring sex. I remember Presidential candidate Reagan telling me in a 1980 interview that he was not inclined to puritanism and quoting from Oscar Wilde that anything goes in one's sex life "as long as they don't practice it in the street and frighten the horses."

Let me also add that I have gone to Nancy Reagan's defense. In a *Los Angeles Times* book review about Don Regan's hatchet job on her, I wrote that she was undoubtedly the best thing about the Reagan team. She was the one who ordered the firing of the wild-eyed Alexander Haig, who almost attempted a coup when Ronald was shot, and it was Nancy who pushed for the opening to Gorbachev. From the beginning, I was convinced that the secret to Reagan's success was that he was getting good sex from a wife who laughed at his jokes and endorsed his lies. Not a modern role model for women, but Nancy, as her hair and dress attest, celebrated, rather than denied, being a creature of her time.

The Reagans, the Alfred Bloomingdales and let's even throw in Sinatra are people of the Forties, a decade in which lying about morality was raised to a cinematic art. This was the era of stag movies and falsies but no touching nice girls. Make money fast, play loose with organized crime and as long as you made a show of contributing to charity, everything was fine. Ronald Reagan, remember, was the guy who told us he had liberated a concentration camp, and even though we knew he had fought the war from California, we didn't mind.

But if we're going to get on a soapbox over the Reagans' mendacity, let's do it for a good reason. Elsewhere in the Kelley book, the Reagans and the Bloomingdales storm out of a controversial play at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. Reagan was then governor of California, and Bloomingdale, one of the financiers who bought him that position, was one of his closest friends. The play was *The Devils*, by John Whiting, and it contained references to a nun's erotic fantasies concerning a priest. As Gordon Davidson, the Taper's artistic director, recalls, "The irony of Alfred Bloomingdale's taking such a high moral stand was not fully appreciated at the time. Only when you know about the sadomasochistic games—riding piggyback and then whipping Vicki Morgan, his mistress of so many years—does his righteousness seem amusing."

But it's less amusing when one considers that the Reagans led this country on a merry censorship parade. Thanks to them, we had a climate in which a museum director could be arrested for exhibiting the photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe.

The Kelley book dredges up salacious details, such as Morgan's deposition that Bloomingdale rode her and his other mistresses like horses and derived ultimate sexual pleasure from drooling on them. And Nancy remained a hypocrite, continuing to socialize with the Bloomingdales through the years of sordid revelations, keeping Betsy on the White House A list even as she cut off her own daughter for living with a rock star.

But it's not Nancy's A list that should bother us. It's President Ronald's national-security list. Well after the onset of his wild sex spree, and after years of investigation by the FBI, Bloomingdale was appointed by Reagan to this nation's most sensitive and highest national-security board—the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board—with full clearance to the nation's most guarded secrets.

In the late Sixties, while Bloomingdale acted as one of Reagan's closest financial backers and political advisors, the FBI was investigating Bloomingdale, suspecting a connection with the Las Vegas Mafia. The FBI files further reveal that in 1969, Bloomingdale paid $5000 in blackmail money to safeguard his practice of beating up prostitutes.

Reagan, as President, had access to FBI information; that is presumably why he didn't accede to Bloomingdale's desire to be named an Ambassador and instead offered him the FIAB post. An Ambassador must be confirmed by the Senate, and ugly details would certainly emerge.

So let's get huffy about the right person. It was Ron, not Nancy, who made a career out of national-security lapses, looking for Communists on every Hollywood set, turning over names to the FBI, impugning the patriotism of any liberal Democrat who got in his way. The same fellow who was a lot more tolerant when it came to his drooling friend.

This may be the first and last column I write attacking Ronald Reagan for an excess of sexual tolerance. But it may not be the last time I defend Nancy. As I said, I think the lady is a vamp.

"I go roaring into the lot and bang! I get hit with: '75 cents for each 20 minutes.' Unfortunately, I was going to have to eat it. Showing up late for this job interview could blow the whole deal. So I grabbed the ticket and pulled into a space.

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And then I pulled out and backed it in. Great. I was starting to freak. I checked my hair. 'Fine.' My teeth. 'Okay.' My tie. 'Too late now.' As I looked down I suddenly spotted it.

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ARTICLES LEFT IN VEHICLE. I laughed."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband's 40th birthday is coming up, and I want to do something special for him. He has wanted to try anal intercourse for a long time, but I've always nixed it. I tried it once, long before I met him, and it hurt; hence my reluctance. But, with his birthday around the corner, I checked a sex manual that stressed the need for good lubrication during anal intercourse and realized that my previous experience had been completely unlubricated. This time, I'll have the K-Y handy. But is there anything else I should know about the anal alternative to make it fun for both of us?—Mrs. L. M., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Using lubrication definitely puts you on the right track. Lack of it was probably the major reason you had difficulty the first time. But how you use your lubricant is also important. Apply it generously around the rectum and internally as far as your finger can comfortably reach. Also apply some to your husband's penis—both head and shaft. Some people believe that the penis can be adequately lubricated with saliva during oral foreplay, but in our experience, saliva won't get the job done. Once both of you are ready, try one of two positions: you on your hands and knees at the edge of the bed with your husband standing behind you or you on your stomach with a pillow under your hips and him kneeling behind you. You should control the action from there. Push out with your rectal muscles as you take his erection in hand and guide it in slowly. As you guide him in, breathe deeply to keep yourself relaxed. There's no need to take in his entire erection in one motion. Accept the head of his penis, pause, then work his shaft in slowly, a half inch or so at a time. You may feel comfortable taking it all the way in. Or, beyond a certain point, you may begin to experience discomfort no matter how well lubricated you both are. Let him know when you've reached your comfort limit. Then let go of his penis and invite him to move. At first, he should move very slowly, but as you get used to the motion, let him know when he can move more freely. As either of you approaches climax, let the other know. That's when he should withdraw part way, because orgasmic hip thrusts may push him in deeper than your comfort limit. Finally, be sure that both of you wash thoroughly before resuming vaginal contact.

Laser-disc players came and went. Now they seem to be back again. How do they compare with VCRs, and where can I find the discs? They don't seem to be readily available.—K. K., Miami, Florida.

If you're serious about collecting movies, the laser disc is the format for you. The 12-inch silver disc, which holds a single two-hour movie on its two sides, looks like a large compact disc and, like a CD, is read by a laser beam. It not only offers a far superior picture—425 lines of resolution compared with 330 for broadcast television and fewer than 250 lines for VHS tape—but also achieves sound quality equal to that of a CD. What's more, some of the new equipment enables you to play both video discs and compact discs. On the down side, you can't record onto laser disc. And, as you mention, the video discs are harder to find than prerecorded video cassettes. If you want to buy the discs, Critics' Choice Video is an excellent source. Call its toll-free number, 800-544-9852, for a free catalog.

Am I doing something wrong? I want to satisfy my girlfriend sexually, but when I ask, "Did you come?" she gets upset.—S. T., Norwalk, Connecticut.

Your heart is in the right place, but this can be a difficult situation. If she did come and you couldn't tell, that's not much of a problem. But if she didn't come and you ask, "Did you come?" she may infer that you expect her to say yes. To say no can cause feelings of sexual inadequacy and resentment. In general, saying no is no fun. A better way to approach this delicate issue is to ask, "Is there anything else I can do for you?" Then, if your lover has not yet climaxed, she can purr a word that's much easier to say—yes.

Will I save money if I buy my new European car overseas and pick it up at the factory? If so, how much can I expect to save and how do I go about it?—J. P., St. Louis, Missouri.

Several European car makers offer overseas-delivery plans, including Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Audi, Porsche, Saab and Volvo. Generally, the programs work like this: You order your car from a U.S. dealer, as though it were to be delivered here. Then you fly to the factory or, in some cases, to delivery depots in several European cities, where you receive your new car. Most auto makers want you to visit their plants, but some companies can accommodate you with another destination. Depending on make and list price, you'll save from eight to 12 percent. You'll also save what you'd pay for a rental car while traveling in Europe. When you're ready to return home, just return your new car to the factory or to a prearranged location. There, it's inspected, then shipped to your U.S. dealer or a port of entry. Figure on four to six weeks for transit. Once in the States, your car is prepped again before delivery to you. Mercedes-Benz' program is one of the best—with special airline and hotel packages to encourage you to take a European vacation in your new purchase. Overseas-delivery programs differ by make, so consult your dealer for details. If you need a new car and want a European vacation, it's a smart way to go.

What does it mean to have snapper organs? Every now and then, my boyfriend will tell me that some of his former girlfriends had them. Even though I know he's not criticizing me, I get the impression that he's missing something.—Miss R. W., Portland, Oregon.

The term snapper organs refers to the ability of the female's pubococcygeus muscles to contract the outer one third to one half of the vagina during intercourse. Developing these muscles requires exercise—and not the kind you find on the latest Jane Fonda video. Commonly known as Kegels, this exercise is painless and can be done almost anywhere. Simply contract your vaginal muscles as if you were holding back your urine. By alternating contractions and relaxations repeatedly 100 times a day, you can strengthen the muscles. Developing them will enable you to grip your boyfriend's penis during intercourse (hence the term snapper organs) and, in turn, enhance his pleasure. It will probably increase the intensity of your own orgasms as well. So go ahead, feel the burn!

I'd like to convert my existing stereo system into a surround home-theater setup. Can I do that, or do I have to throw out my receiver and all my other equipment and start from scratch?—D. W., Boston, Massachusetts.

Don't pitch anything—yet. Most of your stereo gear probably can be worked into a surround system that will make your original investment look (and sound) better than ever. A surround setup can get as complex as you care to make it, but you can also achieve terrific results fairly simply. For instance, your old receiver can continue to serve as the heart of the new layout. You will need to add a couple of things: a second set of speakers for the rear, or ambient, sound and the electronics—a

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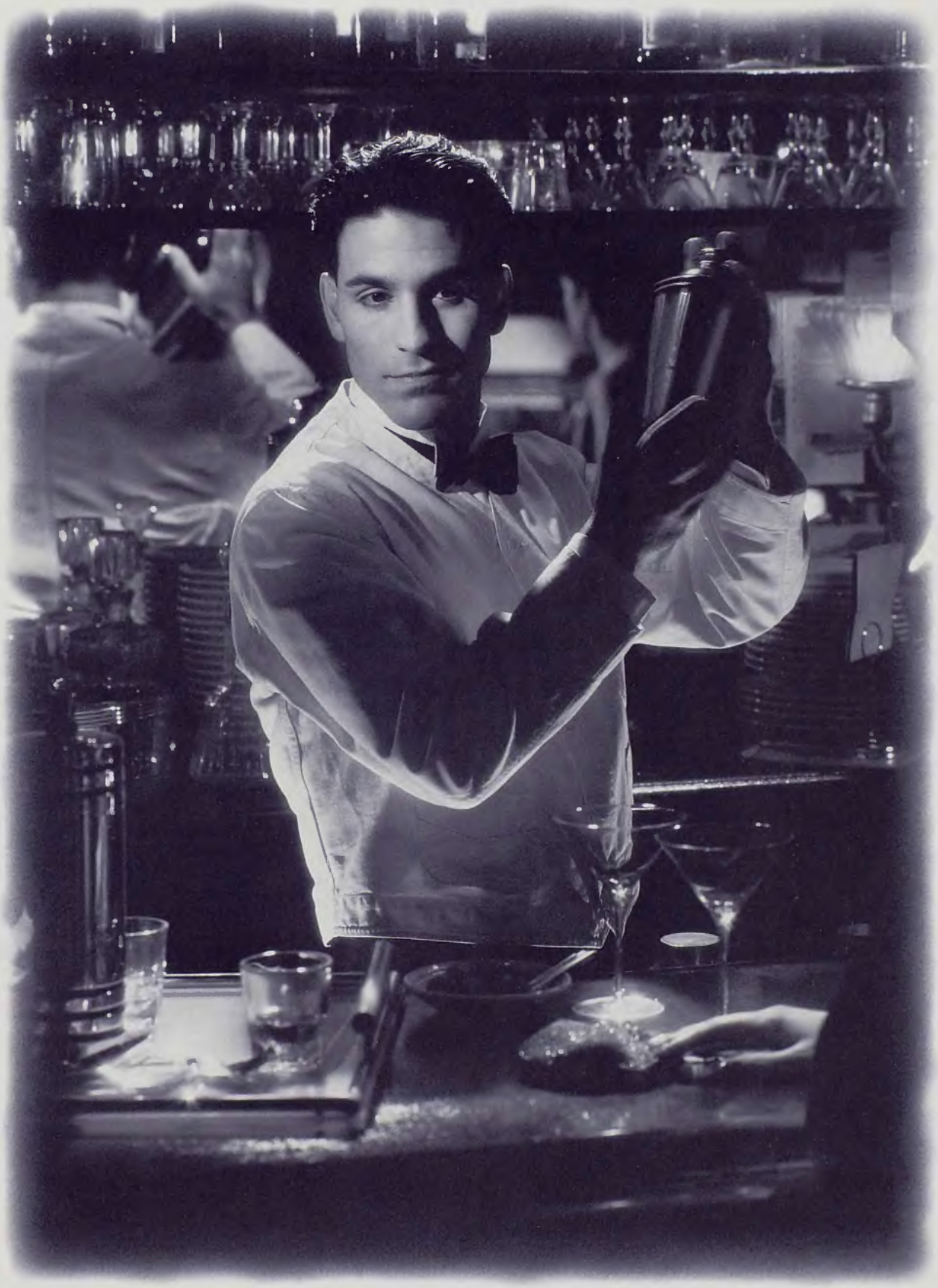

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From the Hotsy Totsy Club in Harlem, To the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood, The Martini was shaking up the nation.

The Twenties may well have been dubbed "The Jazz Age." But by the end of the decade a whole new name had surfaced: "The Cocktail Age."

Oddly, Prohibition not only had increased America's thirst for drink, it turned mixology into a new art form. A new cocktail was welcomed with as much enthusiasm as a new dance or jazz number.

And from Johnny Solon in New York to the legendary Harry Craddock at London's Savoy, the once-lowly bartender was raised to a level of celebrity previously reserved for sports and film stars.

Every evening these stars performed, a polished mahogany counter their stage, a crisp white jacket their costume, a cocktail shaker their orchestra.

Every barkeep had his signature cocktail. But it was still the classic Martini that stood head and swizzle stick above the rest. No drink, then or now, was a better test of a quality gin. And today, no cocktail is seeing such a great renaissance. Along with the classic Martini gin: Gilbey's.

True, Harry Craddock is long retired. And your bartender may well have replaced his crisp white mess jacket with a simple shirt and tie.

But in the 1990's, we assure you, America is heading for another great shake up.

Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

surround processor and a secondary amplifier—required to turn mere stereo into a roomful of thrills. To complete the effect, you'll need a surround-effects component, preferably a digital signal processing (DSP) unit such as the Lexicon CP-3 or the Fosgate-Audionics Model Two. The processor assigns portions of the music signal to the front and rear speakers. Your old amp can handle the front signal, a second amp the back signal. Both of the processors mentioned also offer Dolby Pro Logic, which focuses movie dialog through a center channel speaker (another purchase). Now you're ready to kick back. But don't expect to relax. Those roaring ("Top Gun") jets will keep you looking over your shoulder.

Penises can't be permanently enlarged, but I've noticed that when mine is flaccid, its size changes frequently. Sometimes I'm hung like a horse; other times, like a flea. Is there any way to keep my penis on the large side?—V. J., Biloxi, Mississippi.

How about dating Michelle Pfeiffer? But seriously, you're right. A penis may sometimes look shriveled, while at other times, it appears remarkably well hung. Fortunately, once you get the hang of penis size, so to speak, it's fairly easy to make the most of what the good Lord gave you. According to Michael Castleman, author of "Sexual Solutions: For Men and the Women Who Love Them," flaccid size depends on two factors: relaxation and warmth. Soft or hard, the organ's blood content determines its size. The more blood, the longer the little fella hangs. When you feel relaxed, blood tends to pool in the center of your body, including the penis, and you look well hung. But when you're stressed out or anxious about anything—including penis dimensions—you may trigger the "fight-or-flight" reflex, which sends blood away from the center of your body (and your friend) out to the limbs for self-defense or escape. Then there's warmth. Warm temperatures are relaxing and encourage blood accumulation in the center of your body. But warmth is particularly important to the size of the scrotum, which hangs outside the body to keep the testicles cool. The best temperature for sperm production is a few degrees below normal body temperature. When you feel cold—remember those horribly drafty high school locker rooms?—the scrotum hugs your body for warmth and looks small. But when you feel warm, it hangs lower to keep the testicles cool, and you look more like a stallion. A great way to encourage penile pulchritude is to take a hot bath or shower with your honey. In addition to the warmth and relaxation, it reveals your lover in all her naked splendor and could work wonders for yours.

My girlfriend has taken to wearing my underwear. She owns some very sexy lingerie and I love uncovering her red silk teddies and lacy push-up bras. But lately, she has been parading around in my briefs, boxers and long johns. Help! My supply is running low. What gives?—C. K., Atlanta, Georgia.

Talk about looking a gift horse in the mouth. Go with it. Women do wonders for men's underwear. Our guess is that your girlfriend likes the comfort of your loose-fitting skivvies. We doubt that she has totally given up her teddies, but the sight of a woman in boxers and a cut-off T-shirt definitely beats the sight of one in an old terrycloth robe. And just think of the fun you can have trying to retrieve your stuff.

One evening, my wife and I were fooling around and she asked if she could make up my face. At first, I was a bit hesitant, but who was going to see it but the two of us? She proceeded to use the works: eye liner, mascara, blush, lipstick, eye shadow. The transformation was startling. I didn't recognize myself. While I was examining her handiwork, my wife reached from behind and began fondling my chest through my shirt, much the same way I fondle her breasts. Sensing my arousal, she turned me around and began kissing my rouged lips pretty aggressively. From that point on, the tables were turned. I have never seen my wife act so masculine, and I surprised myself by enjoying my passive role. I have refused to repeat our little scenario, because, frankly, my response made me a little nervous. Does this have anything to do with dormant sexual tendencies?—S. W., Reno, Nevada.

You mean, are you gay? No, but go easy on the Maybelline in public. No man or woman is totally one sex or the other; the female hormone estrogen and the male hormone testosterone are present in all of us. What you experienced was a little role reversal—making contact with those less familiar physiological reactions. You've probably felt a surge of them before (we all do) but refused to acknowledge the sensations (we all do that, too).

The responses of you and your wife are perfectly normal and a healthy addition to the sexual experiences you share. So relax, sit back and pucker up.

Are those duster coats (à la the Marlboro man) really practical, or do they just look good?—L. J., Chicago, Illinois.

The full-length coats you are referring to were originally used by sailors in the 1890s going from Australia to England. Using sailcloth, they waterproofed the material with animal fat and candle wax. The design eventually evolved to a land coat worn by jackaroos (Australian cowboys). The current duster, made of cotton treated with linseed oil, is fully weatherproofed. The extra-long split in the back enables you to straddle a horse (or a Harley) with ease, while the inside leg straps keep the coat fastened to your legs. The double flap down the front, the removable cape and the adjustable cuff closures are features that offer further protection. To clean the coat, all you have to do is hose it down with water and hang it to dry. You may want to reoil it after two or three years with a commercial solution of natural oils, sold wherever you buy your coat. The duster is designed more for rainy-weather protection than for warmth, but the full cut leaves you plenty of room for layering sweaters. Alcala's Western Wear of Chicago (312-226-0152) offers a duster with a removable fleece lining for around $300; unlined, about $200. Call for a free catalog.

My buddy and I have a $100 bet on who invented the dildo. He says they first appeared in 13th Century Japan. I say they were invented by the ancient Egyptians. We've scoured our public library but can't find the answer. Do you know?—A. B., Massapequa, New York.

A sad commentary on the state of our public libraries. Sorry, it wasn't the Egyptians. Your friend's guess is a good one. Centuries before Hitachi came out with the Magic Wand (one of our favorite vibrators), the Land of the Rising Sun was getting a major rise out of sex toys. But, like so many other technologies they've perfected, the Japanese did not invent the dildo. The distinction seems to belong to the ancient Greeks. While Greek men were off inventing geometry, building the Parthenon or playing with young boys, their wives were busy back home buying what the Greeks called olisbos, imported from the birthplace of the dildo, the ancient port of Miletus, on the coast of Asia Minor (now Turkey), north of the island of Kos, where Hippocrates taught medicine. At least that's what cultural historian Reay Tannahill asserts in her book "Sex in History," an illuminating peek under the covers from prehistoric times to our own.

I know that Spanish fly is not an aphrodisiac, but what about yohimbine? A friend says it's for real.—J. K., Silver Spring, Maryland.

For centuries, the African yohimbé tree has enjoyed a reputation as a powerful male sex stimulant. Scientists scoffed at the idea—that is, until the Eighties, when studies showed that an extract of the fabled tree's bark stimulated erections in a significant proportion of impotent men, apparently by increasing blood flow into the penis. Yohimbine is available as a prescription treatment for erection problems under the brand name Yocon, proving that there's a measure of fact to the best folklore.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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GUNS AND FETUSES

is abortion murder? is birth control a capital crime?

There's nothing like a drawn gun to clarify a position.

The gun was drawn last winter when the Utah state legislature hastily enacted what it hoped would be the nation's most restrictive abortion bill. The law outlawed more than 90 percent of abortions, reducing a woman's right to choose to instances of rape, incest, grave personal health threat or grave fetal deformity. Because of an existing law from 1983 that declared it criminal homicide to cause "the death of another human being, including an unborn child," women who had abortions in Utah (and the doctors who performed them) faced the death penalty, which meant death by firing squad or fatal injection.

The A.C.L.U. took out an ad in *The New York Times*, paid in part by a grant from the Playboy Foundation: "In Utah, they know how to punish a woman who has an abortion. Shoot her." The ad appealed for funds to fight the Utah law.

Utah legislators began to backpedal: "We had no intention of holding women liable for abortion," said LeRay McAllister, the Republican who sponsored the bill. "We're being accused of having some hidden agenda, but that's just not true. It was an innocent oversight, and we will correct it." Faced with an A.C.L.U. challenge, the state rewrote the law in April. Women were exempt from any penalty for seeking or obtaining an abortion.

The law rendered women invisible by conferring upon them the status of victim. Columnist Anna Quindlen called attention to the contradiction: "If abortion is truly murder, then women . . . are at the very least accessories. If abortion is truly murder, then the woman who has one has ordered up a contract killing. . . . Ordinary people know that abortion is something between killing and convenience, something not commensurate with either the shooting of another person or a tooth extraction.

"They know that women who ask for, even beg for the procedure are usually as much a part of the process as the doctors who perform it, and that to prosecute one and pardon the other reflects confusion and calculation, not compassion."

In Visalia, California, last March, a rancher named Harry Raymond Bodine walked into Judge Howard Broadman's courtroom and fired a shot at the judge. Broadman—who had offered a woman who had criminally abused two of her four children the choice of three additional years in jail or probation and having Norplant (a contraceptive) implanted in her arm—was, according to Bodine, guilty of trying to "kill innocent babies."

One can make much of the central ironies of the attempted murder. The mother, Darlene Johnson, seems invisible. The Right-to-Life movement views her only as the incubator of the unborn. It seems unconcerned that she whipped her children with belts and electric cords to the point of significantly scarring them. It did not address the issue of the quality of life of Johnson's children.

The A.C.L.U. also challenged Broadman, though not with a drawn gun. It joined Johnson's defense attorney in filing an appeal, arguing that the judge's order was unconstitutional. The state does not have the right to sterilize a woman, or to order her to take birth control pills, any more than it has the right to force a woman to carry a pregnancy to term.

The pro-life movement professes a belief in the rights of the unborn. It ignores the quality of life and the rights of the born. It has no respect for sanctity of life of those who disagree with it.

The battle is not over the unborn. The editors of *Aperture* magazine recently characterized the tumult that is sweeping America: "Today, debates over censorship, reproductive rights, AIDS and domestic violence are growing more and more heated. A powerful effort is under way to define and control expressions of sex and sexuality, and to reinstate the traditional family and institutionalized religious practice as ideals. One can recognize the support that such families and belief systems, at their best, can provide and still feel that to impose any particular way of life as the American norm is to indulge a repressive impulse. What we are, in fact, threatened with is a drive toward a rigid social conformity, with the body as the pawn, or . . . the 'battleground' in struggles between differing conceptions of public morality and individual freedoms."

We used to wonder why Right-to-Lifers were so intent on securing an endless supply of innocents.

The answer seems clear: They need them for target practice.

READER

MORE ON DATE RAPE

I have been a *Playboy* reader since 1972 and have always identified with the magazine's mission to expose the beauty of women in a tasteful fashion. However, during recent months, I have been shocked, dismayed and horrified by the editorial slants that *Playboy* has taken on the topic of date rape. Stephanie Gutmann (author of "Date Rape," *The Playboy Forum*, October) has done more damage to women, and specifically to sexual-abuse survivors, than many of the rapists and sadists I have studied. It appears that Gutmann set out to write an exposé on date rape as the new Yuppie term used universally by young women to relieve themselves of the guilt and shame associated with sexual interactions they did not intend to have. Gutmann attempts to prove that many women experience unwanted sex and try to claim that they've been raped as a way to manage the emotional discomfort that accompanies their actions. This position is nearsighted and malicious. Date rape is the survivor's experience of sexual abuse committed against his/her will, and it generates feelings of disbelief, confusion, fear, anger, sadness and disgust. Moreover, state legislation suggests that physical threat is not a prerequisite for the definition of sexual abuse in any form. More frequently, survivors experience emotional manipulation and coercion that far exceed the threat of physical violence. I can only hope that women and men are prepared to fend off the brutalities committed by those who have developed their views about date rape via Gutmann. The kind of damage she has done by presenting such biased and ignorant opinions to such a broad forum will have tremendous repercussions.

Yvette D. Mitrani, Ph.D.
University of California
at San Diego
La Jolla, California

The author responds:

Mitrani missed the point of my article. If she calmed down and read it again, she might find that we are in agreement about more things than she realizes—certainly, that rape is a traumatic experience. What I set out to do was to unravel one of the media's crises du jour. My main point is that in the past few years, there has been a great noise about the growing incidence of acquaintance rape on campus; but if one asked a few questions (which no one in the mass media seemed to be doing), one would find that what campus administrators, student survivors and date-rape-education organizers were calling rape was not what most of us (or the law) would call rape. The word rape has been stretched to accommodate almost any type of male/female interaction—hence, the increase in reports; hence, the sense of crisis. If you work very hard to inculcate this view of sex with posters, videos, handouts and mandatory seminars, you get increased reports of rape by women who have basically had the classic experience of young adulthood: sex you just feel bad about for some reason or another. The most alarming thing about all of this is that a crisis atmosphere is being used as justification to install all kinds of intrusive policies in students' personal lives—to get college administrations into bedrooms and into minds in a way they have never been before.

Mitrani charges that my article is ignorant, that I have apparently never spoken to a survivor. I researched my subject for about three months, amassed about 90 pages of notes and ended up with a carton of source material. And, yes, I did the obvious: I talked with women who identified themselves as victims of date rape.

Mitrani may be right that under California law, you can commit sexual abuse by exerting emotional manipulation or coercion to make a woman sleep with you. But so what? The point is, under today's more broadly defined laws, it is pretty easy to accuse a man of rape. Far too many women seem far too eager to twist the legal definitions to fit their sexual experiences. It can be done, but why would one want to? It's important to remember that rape is a felony charge, punishable by years in jail and a social stigma that lasts a lifetime. People who surround the sex act with too many legal minefields will make it impossible—or so unerotic it simply won't be worth the trouble. Perhaps that's their goal.

FOR THE RECORD

AMERICA'S SEXIEST HOME VIDEOS

"I think amateur adult videos are very positive, because people are taking into their own hands the redefinition of sexual conduct. They are not letting the priests, the feminists, the therapists tell them what sex should be. These people are rejecting the moralistic Judaeo-Christian attitude toward sex, which is that sex is a problem and the more you can wipe it from yourself, the closer to God you are."

—DR. CAMILLE PAGLIA, AUTHOR OF *Sexual Personae*, COMMENTING ON THE EXPLOSION OF AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS DEVOTED TO THE SEXUAL ESCAPADES OF THE COUPLE NEXT DOOR IN *The New York Times*, MARCH 22, 1991

JUSTICE BY THE NUMBERS

Based on your article on judges acting as "conscientious objectors" ("The Judges Just Say No," *The Playboy Forum*, April), it is apparent that several judges have fully succumbed to the fallacious belief that they are God. It is too bad that judges don't like or agree with many of the cases they are hearing. Unfortunately, no one has informed them that they need not agree with the cases they hear in order to do their job. Their sole purpose is to supervise court proceedings and to ensure that proper lawful procedure is being adhered to by prosecution and defense. They are the custodians of the law, not its

RESPONSE

creators. The passage of Federal mandatory-sentencing guidelines is a long-awaited relief. No longer do we have to worry about bleeding-heart justices, ignorant of what the drug problem is really all about, dispensing inadequate and indefensibly short sentences to drug dealers and high-class drug users. I am not suggesting that the current state of the judicial system is not without its problems. But pouting justices, sulking in the corner or throwing tantrums, is not a way to correct the flaws in the legal system.

Jim Ferris
Edison, New Jersey

Can there be victims in a war on drugs? Can a guilty drug dealer be a victim of the Government's war on drugs? My experience and value system say yes. As an attorney, I honestly believe in shades of criminal activity. I represented an 18-year-old suburban male with no previous criminal record who was guilty of selling drugs to police officers. Along with the man who set up the transaction, my client was indicted on drug charges. Under the current mandatory-sentencing law, he had no opportunity to demonstrate to a court that probation was an appropriate punishment. While awaiting trial, my client, out on bond, entered an adolescent in-patient drug-rehabilitation program for six weeks. He swore off drugs and attended Narcotics Anonymous. He earned his high school–equivalency diploma, attended weekly counseling sessions and submitted to random urinalyses, which were drug-free each time. His codefendant, a known drug user with a previous record, sat in jail and did nothing.

The dealer split town. My client got six years. Codefendant got seven years. Dealer got away. The mandatory sentence's justice by numbers does a serious disservice to the integrity of our judicial system.

Kenneth J. Goldberg
Chicago, Illinois

AIDS AND HIPPOCRATES

Regarding *The Playboy Forum*'s "The Sexual Time Bomb" (May), let us look at it from a slightly different angle in an effort to reduce the devastating story on AIDS. If we in the medical profession do nothing to prolong the life of a hopeless case of AIDS, what happens? The patient lives a shorter life and thereby reduces the number of people exposed to his irreversible—and fatal—disease. These victims, as a general rule, do not change their habits and expect us to handle them as normal human patients. I grew up in the era of leprosy colonies, tuberculosis sanitariums and isolation hospitals for even the common maladies of measles, mumps, etc. So how about it—let us not treat AIDS until we find it is treatable. You don't have to treat everyone to determine that.

Alfred E. Gras, M.D.
South Hero, Vermont

In the decade or so that the AIDS virus has been prevalent, treatment has enabled many AIDS patients to live more physically comfortable lives than was initially thought possible. Some patients have been doctors. Some have been children whose only fault was being born to an infected parent. And most victims do change their habits. As to your approach to these cases, AIDS victims are normal human patients suffering from a fatally debilitating disease. You don't refuse to treat a cancer patient who continues to smoke. The lifestyle of a patient has no bearing on your responsibility to uphold the Hippocratic oath.

THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET

Gauntlet is a feisty, 400-page magazine devoted to censorship. To celebrate its latest edition, the editors sent out a press release with a hit list of the top ten censors in America. Heading the list was Donald Wildmon, who "is to freedom of expression what AIDS is to the gay community."

The magazine bestowed its first Lifetime Achievement Award on the M.P.A.A. and its president, Jack Valenti, for a string of X ratings in 1990, and for believing that parents "are not capable of distinguishing between the good bestiality, necrophilia, incest, sadomasochism and the bad."

***Gauntlet II* is available at independent book and comic stores, or by direct mail. Send a check for $8.95 to *Gauntlet*, 309 Powell Road, Department PR91, Springfield, Pennsylvania 19064.**

ONE TOKE OVER

When the Government discusses the social cost of drugs, it almost never mentions police corruption. We have figures for lost productivity, for stolen goods used to support habits, for children cut down by street warfare. But who keeps a record of cops who betray the badge and who become hooked on the drug of cash?

Robert Leuci, the New York detective whose exposure of corruption in his department was chronicled in the book and movie *Prince of the City*, says, "You could write this story in any city, any town in the country. It used to be a story in Eastern urban centers. But now it's true throughout the U.S."

We decided to test Leuci's theory by doing a Nexis search. Nexis is a data base of newspaper and magazine articles. We asked the computer to lead us to stories that connected police, drugs and corruption. The following are the tip of the iceberg—notable in that they made it to the newspapers, which usually means they have landed the offenders in court.

THE NASTY BOYS

In July 1990, former Hialeah, Florida, police officer Carlos Simon was sentenced to 30 years in prison for civil rights violations in the murder of an alleged drug dealer and his girlfriend.

Herbert Pacheco, a sheriff's deputy in Clark County, Washington, was convicted in July 1990 of conspiracy to commit murder, two counts of conspiracy to deliver cocaine and two counts of attempted cocaine delivery.

Four New York City police officers were convicted in the beating and stun-gun torture of a drug dealer. In March 1988, three were sentenced to prison and one to probation. It was the second time that officers assigned to a unit at the 106th Precinct in Queens had been tried for torturing drug suspects.

THE TOUCHABLES

[At least] 15 Drug Enforcement Administration agents have been convicted of Federal felonies since 1983. For example:

In March of this year, Edward K. O'Brien, a former supervisory special agent for the DEA, faced a life sentence but was given only six years in prison for cocaine smuggling and for embezzling about $140,000 of drug money from the DEA's Springfield, Massachusetts, office, which he supervised. He is the highest-ranking DEA office chief ever to be convicted of drug trafficking.

In August 1990, DEA agents John Jackson and Wayne Countryman pleaded guilty to drug trafficking, then turned state's witnesses on colleague Darnell Garcia.

Garcia, currently on trial for drug trafficking, money laundering and leaking DEA intelligence, claimed his wealth came from smuggling gold chains into the U.S.

> We have figures for children cut down by street warfare. But who keeps a record of cops who betray the badge?

In October 1990, Eddie B. Hill, a DEA supervisor in Washington, D.C., was indicted for embezzling drug money and filing false vouchers and is currently on trial in Los Angeles.

In May 1989, veteran DEA agents Drew Bunnel and Al Iglesias were arrested on charges of taking bribes from a drug suspect.

In April 1989, DEA agent Jorge Villar was indicted in Miami on charges of giving confidential case information from DEA computers and names of confidential informants to drug pushers for cash. When he was arrested by undercover agents, he was driving a red Corvette and carrying a briefcase with $350,000 worth of certificates of deposit.

ROLE MODEL

In June 1990, Brockton, Massachusetts, police chief Richard Sproules was sentenced to seven to ten years in state prison for stealing cocaine from the department's evidence room to support a five-year addiction. Three hundred seventy-five drug cases were dismissed on account of the missing evidence. Sproules told reporters that in 1984, carrying a plastic bag of cocaine—a prop for his evening's antidrug speech—he pushed his finger into the cocaine, lifted it to his nose and snorted. Thus, he said, he became a hopeless drug addict, beginning his constant five-year quest for his next noseful. He snorted cocaine the day he was inaugurated as chief in November 1987. He snorted cocaine the day he testified before a U.S. Senate subcommittee on the need for more law-enforcement resources to fight drug dealers. He snorted cocaine on the two days he was a witness for the prosecution in the trial of an officer accused of stealing a kilogram of cocaine.

In October 1988, Sergeant Tommy Pruitt, former head of the Rome–Floyd County (Georgia) metropolitan drug task force, was sentenced to 15 years in prison after he pleaded guilty to selling protection to a Floyd County drug dealer for at least $10,000. Pruitt had conducted antidrug campaigns in schools.

In January 1990, a Federal judge sentenced four Philadelphia police officers—members of the elite antidrug "Five Squad"—to a total of 50 years in prison for stealing from the drug dealers they arrested.

William Kincaid, Jr., a Baltimore narcotics detective, was sentenced to 20 years and eight months for cocaine conspiracy, possession, attempted possession and weapons charges for a se-

THE LINE

profiles in police corruption

ries of 1989 drug deals. Prosecutors appealed the sentence as too lenient, since it turned out that Kincaid was distributing cocaine while he was out on bail awaiting sentencing in a bank-fraud case.

In Houston, during six weeks in late 1989, one police officer was arrested for heroin possession and two officers' houses were searched as part of a drug investigation. Police officials describe these events (as well as two officers shooting motorists to death after traffic stops, two officers convicted of rape and one officer charged with coercing sex from a prostitute) as consequences of budget cutbacks and low morale. "It's hard to get perfection for twenty-five thousand dollars a year," assistant police chief Thomas G. Koby said.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

In September 1988, part-time inspector for the U.S. Customs Jose Angel Barron, convicted of waving cars and trucks loaded with marijuana through his border station, was sentenced to 17 years in Federal prison and fined $1,700,000. He was believed to have received more than $1,000,000 in bribes. He pleaded guilty to official corruption, possession of more than 1000 kilograms of marijuana and illegal money laundering.

A cocaine scandal unfolded in 1988 in East Chicago, Indiana, beginning with the arrest of Sergeant Ronald Jackson, a 21-year veteran, who resigned from the force and received a pension the day he was indicted by a Federal grand jury. He was later convicted on cocaine-trafficking charges. At least three other officers resigned.

MIAMI VICE

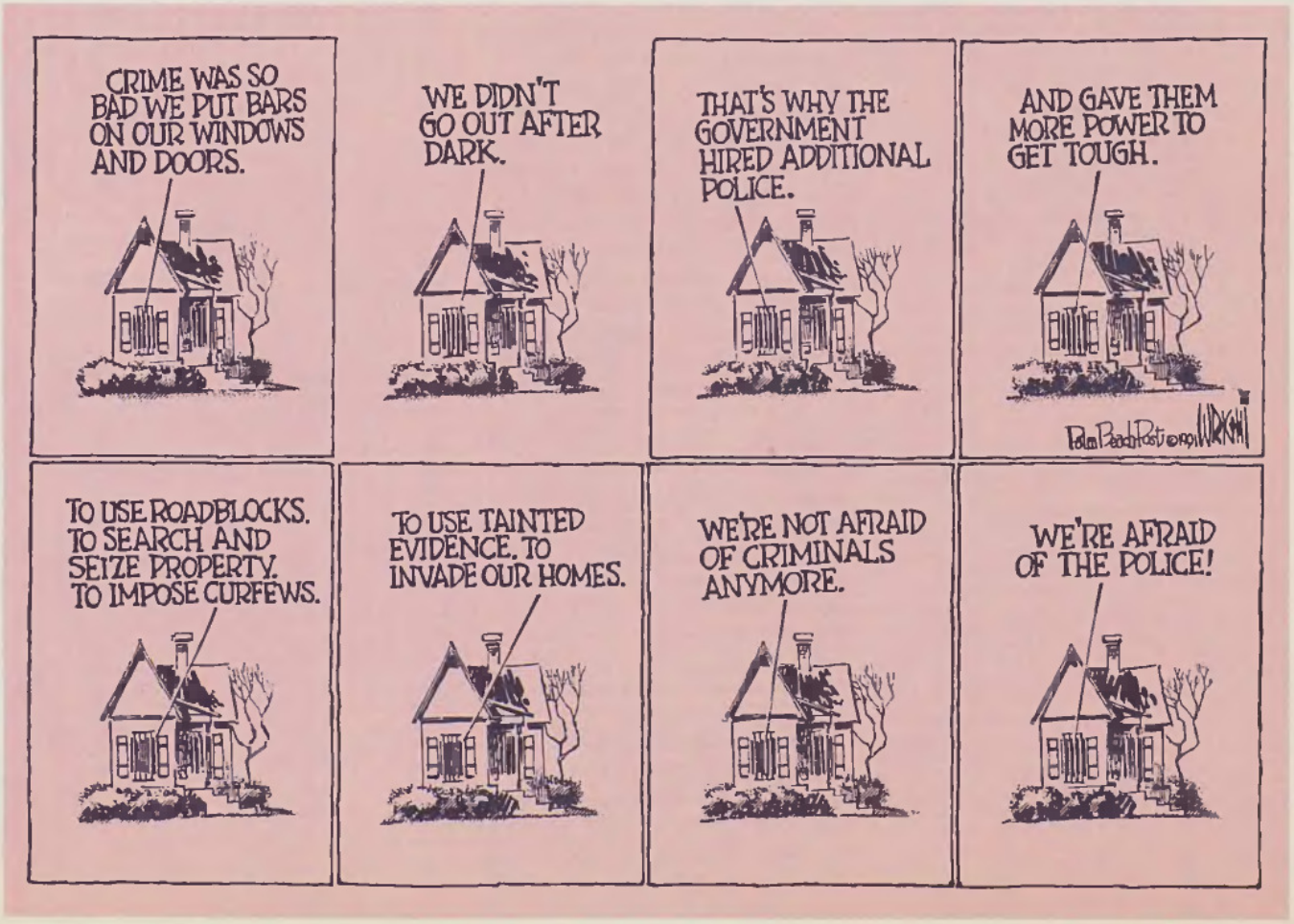
In the Eighties, at least 40 law-enforcement officials in southern Florida were charged with major felonies, many involving drugs. Some highlights:

September 1982: Four metropolitan Dade County officers were convicted of civil rights violations for arresting drug dealers as a favor to rival smugglers.

December 1987: Five Miami policemen (one of whom drove a red Lotus, a car that cost four times his annual salary) went on trial for drug trafficking and racketeering (in which nearly 900 pounds of cocaine were stolen and later sold by the officers) that culminated in the infamous Miami River incident, in which three drug dealers drowned after the officers raided their boat.

December 1988: Miami police chief Clarence Dickson estimated that as many as 100 officers, nearly ten percent of the force, could be involved in some level of corruption.

July 1988: Two former Miami police officers, arrested in a Federal


CRIME WAS SO BAD WE PUT BARS ON OUR WINDOWS AND DOORS.
WE DIDN'T GO OUT AFTER DARK.
THAT'S WHY THE GOVERNMENT HIRED ADDITIONAL POLICE.
AND GAVE THEM MORE POWER TO GET TOUGH.
Palm Beach Post
TO USE ROADBLOCKS. TO SEARCH AND SEIZE PROPERTY. TO IMPOSE CURFEWS.
TO USE TAINTED EVIDENCE. TO INVADE OUR HOMES.
WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF CRIMINALS ANYMORE.
WE'RE AFRAID OF THE POLICE!

Reprinted by permission: Don Wright, *The Palm Beach Post*.

undercover operation on charges of attempting to steal six kilograms of cocaine, were sentenced to 15 years in prison.

DO UNTO OTHERS

In May 1988, a 31-year veteran New York police officer, Detective First Grade Eugene Poulson, was suspended from the force and arraigned for drug possession with intent to sell. As an undercover internal-affairs officer, his own testimony had helped obtain indictments in the 1987 scandal in the 77th Precinct, in which 13 officers were charged with a variety of crimes, including selling cocaine and accepting bribes from undercover officers posing as drug dealers. One officer committed suicide.

In August 1990, Federal agents arrested the sheriffs of four Kentucky counties, as well as a chief of police and a deputy sheriff, on charges of conspiracy to extort money and protect drug shipments in eastern Kentucky and trafficking in more than 220 pounds of cocaine.

In November 1989, former Kansas City police officer Stacey M. Thomas was convicted of conspiring to distribute cocaine. Thomas had resigned from the police department the previous year after he was accused of taking money from a reputed drug house.

In May 1988, Salt Lake City police officer Gary Dean Coonradt, 35, was arrested and fired from the department for allegedly stealing 19 grams of cocaine and $375 from a briefcase planted by undercover officers. He entered a guilty plea for felony theft in exchange for dropping the drug charge.

CAREER MOVES

A three-year drug-corruption investigation in Milwaukee had by late 1988 led to criminal charges against 24 people, including seven police officers. Five officers were convicted of a series of drug-and-narcotics-trafficking charges, while three other officers resigned to avoid prosecution.

A Riverhead, New York, 16-year veteran police officer, Vincent Gianni, was suspended without pay for 30 days while facing 14 departmental charges accusing him of using illicit drugs while on duty, twice tipping off a girlfriend to impending drug raids and supplying drugs to several people. In June 1989, Gianni resigned, avoiding a town hearing and protecting his pension rights.

The point? The lessons of Prohibition have been forgotten. When you criminalize drugs, you create huge profits, and huge amounts of ready cash create corruption. Now we have two problems—those associated with drug use and those associated with the profits of an illegal-drug trade. Our policy has created a war on two fronts, one doomed to failure.

Opportunity Narcs for Others, Too

Police aren't the only ones who seem to benefit from the drug war.

In February of this year, New Orleans Federal district judge Robert F. Collins pleaded innocent on charges of sharing a $100,000 bribe from a drug-trafficking defendant working as an FBI informer. The case is pending as of presstime.

In the FBI's Operation Greylord of the mid-Eighties, 15 Cook County, Illinois, judges were convicted of similar charges. Judges elsewhere have been convicted of fixing drug and other cases for tens of thousands of dollars a hit.

In September 1990, New York authorities indicted the "Nasty Boys," a gang of Federal immigration guards who posed as agents from various agencies to gain access to apartments and homes citywide and then rob them. The gang targeted suspected drug dealers and illegal aliens, believing them unlikely to contact authorities.

In New Jersey, in March 1990, veteran prosecutor's investigators Thomas Gilsenan and Ralph Cicalese were sentenced under RICO to prison terms of 15 and 12 years, respectively, for protecting a murderous drug dealer in exchange for money, drugs and gifts. Gilsenan was also charged with threatening a witness and fabricating evidence. U.S. attorney Samuel A. Alito, Jr., said of the case, "It's always difficult to convict law-enforcement officers of corruption."

In San Francisco, Esther Allen, who had worked as a DEA chemist for 15 years, was sentenced in November 1986 to two years in prison for stealing 35 ounces of cocaine from exhibits she was analyzing in drug cases.

TAG, YOU'RE IT

all's fair in the war on drugs

By John Dentinger

Q:

What are the three major plant sources of drugs?

A:

Biological plants, chemical plants and police plants.

The Nexis search documented a second form of police corruption—one in which police abandon the principles of justice not for profit but from overzealous pursuit of policy. When drugs czars call for beheadings, when police chiefs such as Daryl Gates call for hanging casual drug users from lampposts, it is not surprising that the foot soldiers in the war on drugs start bending the rules.

More than a dozen state and Federal drug cases have been tainted by Los Angeles sheriff's officers' planting drugs on suspects, according to Robert R. Sobel, a former sheriff's narcotics sergeant who turned state's evidence. Sobel's testimony was instrumental in convicting seven sheriff's narcotics deputies of corruption charges. The seven were sentenced this past March to two to five years each in prison. Sobel told the FBI that cocaine was taken illegally from the trunk of a car. It was then planted in a house in Hawthorne, California, in February 1987, with the complicity of four L.A.P.D. officers. Later, seven kilograms of cocaine were planted in the gym bag of a suspect. Sobel alleged that one L.A.P.D. officer carried a kilogram of cocaine in the wheel well of his squad car to plant on a suspect and that officers joked about this. In all, ten sheriff's narcotics officers were indicted and 16 deputies suspended. And five L.A.P.D. narcotics officers found themselves under investigation. Allegations also included claims that narcotics officers falsified police reports, lied to a grand jury, beat suspects and stole money (more than $100,000), valuables and drugs. Five sheriff's officers and one L.A.P.D. officer were indicted on Federal civil rights charges.

In May 1990, both the coordinator of the Toombs, Georgia, judicial drug task force and an investigator on the force were fired for planting rock cocaine in a suspect's refrigerator during a drug raid. No charges were filed

In December 1989, police in Oakland, California, raided the Oakland Housing Authority's security office. The 396-page court affidavit filed to secure the search warrant charged that police of the Oakland Housing Authority were planting drugs near suspects, beating them, stealing their money and falsifying arrest reports, as well as indulging in sexual assault and extortion. Jonathan Allen, a former patrol officer for the housing authority, claims that he was fired because he repeatedly complained to top officials of widespread corruption in the police force. He said that since his first week on the job, he had overheard officers talk about planting drugs near a suspect to make an arrest.

During a September 1989 sting operation, 21-year veteran L.A.P.D. officer Frederick Charles Fleming was video-taped stopping two undercover officers who were posing as a drug dealer and buyer and planting cocaine on one of them. Fleming resigned from the police department after learning of the sting operation and later faced criminal charges.

In March 1989, three Niles, Michigan, police officers, Lieutenant Scott Campbell and Officers William Veal and Richard Huff,

were charged with conspiring to plant marijuana on a suspect. A fourth officer was suspended for involvement in the alleged scheme but was not criminally charged. These suspensions, plus a fifth unrelated one, reduced the city's 20-member police department by 25 percent.

In a 1989 plea bargain, Donald Ernstmeyer, a reserve deputy with the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department originally charged with conspiring to plant heroin on a woman to whom he owed money, was allowed, instead, to plead guilty to charges of illegal use of a law-enforcement computer.

In 1988, Virginia Beach, Virginia, deputy sheriff Thomas Priest and his brother James, a Norfolk police officer, were convicted for their part in a conspiracy to plant cocaine on a woman so she could be arrested.

In December, 1987, two New York City police officers were suspended on charges of planting evidence on a suspect.

Upton County, Texas, sheriff Glenn Willeford and three deputies were indicted in 1987 for planting marijuana in a suspect's home. Willeford received a fine of $5000 and eight years of probation.

It took Audrey Lewis and Emerson Vereen only 15 years—and a special act of Congress—to receive compensation for a 1972 incident in which a Federal narcotics agent and a Baltimore police detective planted drugs in their apartment and executed a false search warrant, resulting in Lewis' wrongful conviction and loss of employment.

To show how the climate has changed: In 1974, Vermont state police undercover narcotics agent Paul Lawrence was arrested for framing suspects in drug cases. He was convicted and sentenced to jail. More than 50 people convicted because of his uncorroborated testimony were pardoned in 1977 by then-governor Thomas Salmon.

By the next decade, with the war on drugs in full rhetorical blitzkrieg, leaders were less inclined to take responsibility for the actions of corrupt police. When an investigation showed that some Portland, Oregon, officers had planted drugs on suspects, taken personal property from them and lied to obtain search warrants, the district attorney asked then-governor Vic Atiyeh to pardon 56 people whose records were thus tainted.

The governor declined, telling the victims to seek new trials.

Today, a drug czar would have these innocents taken out and billy-clubbed on general principle.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BONE OF CONTENTION

ORLAND PARK, ILLINOIS—*School authorities required a 16-year-old high school junior to disrobe to prove that the bulge in his crotch was not drugs, which students com-*

monly stash in their pants. The subject was found innocent of concealing anything other than himself. In trying to explain to the student's mother how the mistake had been made, a teacher apparently made matters worse by saying, "I don't know how to put this to you delicately, but have you ever heard of John Holmes?" The mother has filed a lawsuit seeking $225,000 for an unreasonable search of her son.

JUDGE WHO CARES

NEW YORK CITY—*Troubled by New York's "revolving-door" approach to prostitution, Gustin L. Reichbach, a judge temporarily assigned to Manhattan's arraignment court, has tried an educational approach of offering hookers on-the-spot AIDS counseling, a blood test and a supply of free condoms. Almost half of the women accepted the offer. One suspect thanked His Honor, saying, "I've been in and out of here seems like a hundred times and this is the first time anyone ever treated me like I was a human being."*

CAMPUS CRIME

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI—*A Federal judge has ruled that colleges and universities cannot use privacy laws to deny access to campus crime reports. The suit was brought by a college-newspaper editor at Southwest Missouri State University with the assistance of the Student Press Law Center in Washington, D.C., and the Playboy Foundation. The victory will aid student journalists and newspaper reporters who investigate crime at image-conscious schools that have been treating such information with the same confidentiality as they do educational records.*

GEORGIA CRACKERS

ATLANTA—*A $200,000 study will test every baby born in the state of Georgia in a one-year period to measure drug use among pregnant women. Funded largely through the March of Dimes and intended only to develop reliable statistics, the research will use the blood samples that are routinely taken from newborns to detect genetic abnormalities and screen them anonymously for the presence of cocaine.*

SLAPP HAPPY

DENVER—*Scholars from The National Science Foundation warn that the libel suit is becoming an effective tactic for silencing the critics of large corporations or organizations. In a study conducted for the N.S.F., a Denver law school professor found more than 1000 legal actions in the past ten years in which protests of one kind or another were met with large suits for damages, a phenomenon the researchers dubbed SLAPP (for Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation). Although most of the cases are eventually thrown out of court on First Amendment or other legal grounds, it seems that corporate attorneys have found that the threat of costly litigation can serve as a deterrent to troublemakers.*

VIRGIN BIRTH

LONDON—*Britain's Pregnancy Advisory Service plans to artificially inseminate a woman in her 20s who has no intention of ever getting married or having sex. The medical, theological and political communities have questioned the wisdom of science's arranging a virgin birth, but the service says it sees no difference between helping women who are virgins and others who are single, married, heterosexual or lesbian who want to get pregnant. Government officials are reluctant to ban conceptions, conventional or otherwise, but one Tory legislator grumped that "one virgin birth for eternity is enough."*

PORN TAX

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—*After a similar measure was vetoed by the governor in 1989, the state legislature is again trying to destroy porn by taxing it. Senate Bill 5845 proposes an 18.5 percent tax on each book, magazine or newspaper that is "primarily oriented to an interest in sex," in spite of a U.S. Supreme Court ruling that expressly forbids special taxes on publications. The Media Coalition, which opposes the bill, said that such a law would violate First Amendment rights by requiring creation of a list of taxable books and magazines that wholesalers and booksellers would shy away from as adult-entertainment materials.*

BE TRUE TO YOUR SCHOOL

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA—*With the increasing emphasis on safe sex, the idea of Trojans marching onto a playing field can conjure up the wrong image. Accordingly,*

some members of Elmhurst High School want to trade in their Trojans for a team name that isn't synonymous with condoms. However, the majority of students consider their Trojans too much of a school tradition to abandon because of a few snickers.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DARYL GATES

a candid conversation with l.a.'s controversial top cop about police brutality, his fight to keep his job and the time tommy lasorda wanted a ticket fixed

Over the weekend, he had been in Washington, attending Attorney General Richard Thornburgh's crime summit, which would conclude on Tuesday with a luncheon at the White House. But in one of those curious quirks of fate, as President George Bush was addressing the law-enforcement officials, telling them if they wanted to look at a real American hero, they should look at Los Angeles chief of police Daryl Gates, Gates was already back in Los Angeles becoming, it seemed, an all-American scapegoat.

Stepping off the plane Monday night in L.A., Gates got the news. Just after midnight on Sunday, a black motorist, Rodney King, had been stopped for speeding and, in an incident that has become infamous, was badly beaten by at least four L.A. cops while as many as 23 other officers stood nearby. A resident of a nearby apartment building taped the attack with his new video camera, and it first aired on TV shortly before Gates landed. "Chief, it's really bad," his driver said.

No one could imagine how bad. The Rodney King incident was to turn Los Angeles inside out and become a nationwide scandal. Black activists and civil libertarians held daily press conferences denouncing Gates. The Los Angeles Times *attacked him with unusually aggressive coverage and editorials. Gates appointed an independent commission to look into police practices, only to be one-upped by Mayor Tom Bradley, who appointed a commission of his own. From then on, the mayor and the police chief, longtime rivals who speak to each other only when necessary, began plotting their moves like Kasparov and Karpov. The mayor publicly suggested that Gates resign. From there, the controversy mushroomed, splitting the city's political power structure in two. The chief refused to quit, the police commission (chosen by the mayor) suspended him and the city council—acting out of a combination of support for Gates and antipathy toward Bradley—went to court to get Gates his job back. Meanwhile, it seemed that the entire city was consumed in the good-cop/bad-cop problem. Community groups organized recall campaigns—some aimed at Gates, others at Bradley. By the time a judge ruled that Gates could keep his job, almost every branch of city government had been involved in the controversy.*

Tall, tan and obsessively fit, Gates, who turns 65 in August, is experienced when it comes to being in the center of a storm. From the moment he took over as chief of police in 1978, he repeatedly managed to stun vast subgroups of the L.A. population with his seemingly thoughtless remarks.

Latinos, he joked, rose slowly through the ranks of the L.A.P.D., possibly because they were "lazy." Women had their place but not as officers of the L.A.P.D. As far as recruiting more gays—who'd want to work with one? And—worst of all—the reason black suspects were dying from vigorous application of the choke hold, Gates once volunteered, might be that "veins or arteries of blacks do not open as fast as they do in normal people."

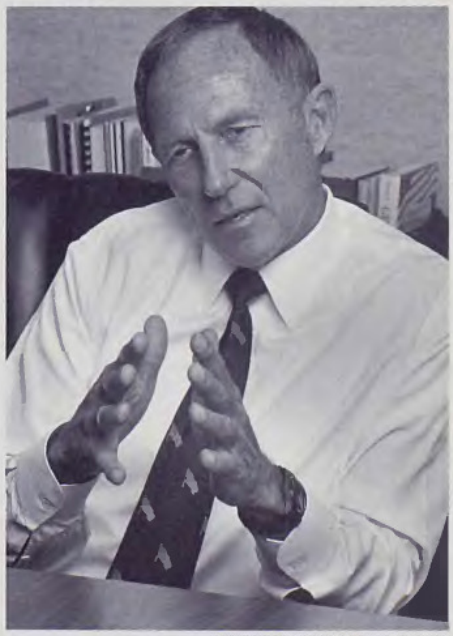
There was more. Last fall, Gates told a Congressional committee, "All casual drug users ought to be taken out and shot."

Almost always, the chief deflected blame for his remarks to his nemesis, the L.A. Times. *He claimed he was misquoted, misunderstood, bamboozled.*

Whatever Gates really meant by his perceived slurs, his actions generally spoke louder than his words. Following a court dictum, he drastically changed the complexion of the police department, hiring thousands of women, Latinos and blacks—then defending them, if need be, in the same paternalistic way he defended any of his officers who came under attack. And he continued to run a department of 8300 that was widely considered the finest in the country. His officers adored him, L.A. conservatives made him their hero and even the police commission—which hired

"I was probably one of the original 'Down with women in police work.' Not that I didn't think they had a place; in the right place, they were fine. I don't feel that way any longer. I've seen too many women do an outstanding job."

"What they're implying is that I should take all the blame and retire. That is not what 'The buck stops here' means. I will take the flak until I find that somebody else is wrong—and then I'll go after him, with a vengeance."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

"Our people are not perfect; we don't sign them up on some far-off planet and bring them into police service. They are products of society, and let me tell you, the human product today often is pretty weak."

Gates and would later try to suspend him—gave him consistently high marks. Popularity polls named him the most respected Republican in Los Angeles.

Gates's biggest problem, it seemed, was that he had come from a time and place that were no longer relevant. Born in 1926, he grew up in Highland Park, a blue-collar suburb near Los Angeles, where men were white, boys would be boys and women had their place. Although his family was poor, Gates likes to point out, it never occurred to him to steal somebody's bottle of milk—so much for the theory that poverty leads to crime.

After serving two years in the Navy during World War Two, Gates returned home to be a lawyer. But after completing three years at USC, and needing a job to support his pregnant wife, he heard that the police academy was recruiting officers. Thinking it would be easy work for a while, he signed up.

As a rookie, Gates was noticed right away by William Parker, the new, no-nonsense chief of police who cleaned up the department's corrupt ways and set its us-against-them tone for the decades to follow. Gates became his driver and bodyguard and climbed the ranks fast.

Among law-enforcement professionals, Gates is considered an innovator. He developed the concept for SWAT (Special Weapons and Tactics), which is now used around the world as an offense against terrorist tactics. In 1983, he also persuaded the board of education to devise a drug-education program that his police officers could teach in schools. Called DARE (Drug Abuse Resistance Education), that program is now offered throughout the U.S.

Despite attempts by Gates and his lieutenants to keep pace with the rapidly changing landscape of Los Angeles, disturbing trends continued. The L.A.P.D., unlike any other police force in America, is accountable to no one. The chief of police may serve as long as he wishes. He can be removed, according to city charter, only if caught committing a crime.

The department seemed untouchable, as well. For decades, district attorneys, liberal-minded politicians and even the mayor rarely spoke above a whisper when outraged by what seemed another incident of excessive force by the L.A.P.D. The L.A.P.D. responded to these charges, saying they were part of the department's attempt to attack crime before it happened. If, occasionally, they beat up the wrong guy, this was the price society had to pay.

And, in truth, as street violence and gang warfare grew worse, most Angelenos grudgingly preferred a strong police force.

And so it went—until a plumber with a camcorder caught a scene that horrified and galvanized Americans more than anything they had seen on TV since the Gulf war.

Months before, hoping to get some straight talk on crime in America, Playboy *had sent* **Diane K. Shah** *to interview Gates. A journalist and novelist, Shah was winding up her extensive talks with Gates when the Rodney King beating stormed the airwaves. Her report:*

"The first time I met 'the chief,' as he likes to be called, was the morning after the death of Tina Kerbrat, L.A.'s first female police officer to be killed in the line of duty. He walked into a press conference and angrily attacked the man who shot her, calling him, 'an El Salvadoran asshole' and, in true Gates fashion, stirred up a storm of protest. But later that morning, as we talked, he seemed visibly shaken by Kerbrat's death, and after our three-hour interview, he thanked me for taking his mind off the tragedy.

"He was, as always, impeccably turned out. His suits are beautifully tailored. Often, he wears a pocket kerchief. Always a DARE pin. There was no hint that morning, in either his appearance or his responses, that he had been up all night at the hospital, comforting Kerbrat's husband and her distraught partner. Nor did he mention it.

"The chief has often been called charming, even by his enemies. If that is the correct word, it is not displayed in a slick, gushing manner. Rather, Gates is soft-spoken, somewhat shy, self-deprecating and able to poke fun at himself. His manner, though, can belie his words. One of the most striking things about him is that you can talk with him and find yourself appreciating his intelligence, the rationale behind his thinking—even if you don't necessarily agree with it—and his deep concerns about today's troubled society. But when confronted with the transcripts of those conversations—the black-and-white words stripped of their low-key delivery—what you have, at times, sounds like the ravings of a narrow-minded, stubborn, unenlightened despot. It is those words, appearing in print, that have often caused the chief so much grief.

"We spoke three times after the King incident. The first time was two days after the video tape hit the airwaves. All day, a steady stream of officials had paraded in and out of Gates's office, as public outrage over the sadistic beating began to heat up. It was questionable, however, whether Gates fully understood the impact the incident would have. Even when we talked again, he was stubbornly blaming his enemies for many of his troubles."

"He certainly didn't deserve what occurred. On the other hand, I don't think he deserves this picture of a model citizen."

PLAYBOY: You looked at the Rodney King tapes for the first time yesterday morning. What are your thoughts?

GATES: It's an example of many things that probably should be dealt with. Clearly, we have a situation that has caused great concern—outrage is the word that's been used most often. And I think the most critical comments have come from civil libertarians, particularly the American Civil Liberties Union. And the statements are alarming to me. Because what they are saying, in effect, is a repudiation of everything I thought the A.C.L.U. stood for—due process, presumed innocence and right to a fair trial before you're lynched. And what they are calling for is a lynching.

PLAYBOY: You yourself said that you were horrified when you saw the tapes.

GATES: I was. But I said we ought not to make any judgments. Particularly, *I* ought not to. I tried to explain that by saying, "I am the one who will make the final decision on these officers."

PLAYBOY: Still, people were genuinely horrified by what they saw.

GATES: I'm more horrified by some of the reaction I see this week. It's not that we're not used to violence. Violence happens. And it's not that we're not used to an errant police officer here and there. But I'm horrified by the indictment of the good work of more than eight thousand police officers, day in, day out, trudging along, doing a wonderful job—five of them having been shot just a couple of weeks ago, and one of them losing her life. All of that's forgotten.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to Tina Kerbrat, the first female police officer in L.A. to be killed, and the wounding, in separate incidents, of four other officers.

GATES: I think the vast majority of people are outraged. And they have a right to be. But I think a lot of people are also saying, "C'mon. Let's give them the benefit of the doubt." They're saying, "You know, this wasn't the nicest guy in the world. He's a parolee. Armed robber. Arrested several times for assaulting other people. Driving one hundred fifteen miles an hour, in two thousand pounds of metal, menacing every single person on the street."

PLAYBOY: Has that been established? It's hard to imagine any stretch of road in L.A. where you can go that fast.

GATES: I know. So can you imagine a guy goin' one hundred fifteen miles—a convict—a man on parole? And what did I hear about him? "He had a job. On Monday. And this prevented him from going to his job." How touching. And he has two fine children. I hear those things and I'm amazed, amazed that people won't put this in a proper perspective.

PLAYBOY: Given what was shown on the tape, it's hard to share your perspective.

GATES: We are showing a great deal of sympathy for this guy. And, you know, maybe we ought to. He certainly didn't deserve what occurred. But on the other hand, I don't think he deserves this picture of a model citizen that is being painted. "Cute little kids, and I'm gonna get a job, and all I wanna do is set my life

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straight."

PLAYBOY: Isn't this a justification——

GATES: We polled a lot of people, and some of the good people are saying—shockingly, maybe—"Ah, he probably deserved it. I didn't see anything wrong with all that." See, there are other people on the other side.

[*Three weeks later, as Mayor Tom Bradley was preparing to ask Gates to resign and the police commission was about to suspend him temporarily, Gates was asked if his perceptions had changed.*]

PLAYBOY: In hindsight, was your initial reaction to the incident appropriate?

GATES: People continued to harp on the fact that my initial reaction was so bland. I keep trying to point out that I had to put on my hat as a judge, knowing that this thing ultimately would come to me for adjudication. But, as a matter of fact, a day or two later, when I went before the police commission, I remember saying it was "shocking." I worried about that, thinking, What will happen if I adjudicate these cases? They will take it to court and say, "You made up your mind before you had an investigation."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that if you had said, "This horrifies me; we've got to get rid of these people," you would have changed the course of events?

GATES: Maybe; I'm not so sure. It certainly would have given them less of an opportunity to pick at me. But since then, I don't know how many times I've declared how bad this thing was.

PLAYBOY: Did the message come across?

GATES: By Wednesday, I was able to give my full reaction, because Internal Affairs had investigated the incident. I had been given a report on it and knew the tape was valid—in other words, it had not been tampered with. And by Thursday, on *PrimeTime Live*, I indicated that I had been sickened.

PLAYBOY: Two of the officers present during the attack allegedly falsified their reports. How do you feel about that?

GATES: These are individuals who really don't respect department rules, department procedures or the values of this department. If they beat somebody, well, sure, they're going to falsify the report. And if they've got that kind of mind-set, they don't mind making racial remarks on a tape. If this thing hadn't been video-taped, I can't believe we would not have had a complaint and, ultimately, an investigation. There were enough witnesses, and King's injuries were severe enough, to have taken action against the officers. I really believe that would have taken place had it not been video-taped.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so vehement in your defense of the officers?

GATES: It's instinctive. I do defend my officers until I find out they're wrong. Somebody once said I was paternalistic. I was never offended by that. I'm like a father, in that initially, my reaction is going to be, "Hey, that's not *my* kid. My kid didn't do that." That doesn't mean I don't follow through. When I find they're wrong, I discipline them. Sometimes I shove them from the family. I'm a good father who makes sure that his kids conduct themselves properly. That's my reputation, and I'm very, very proud of that.

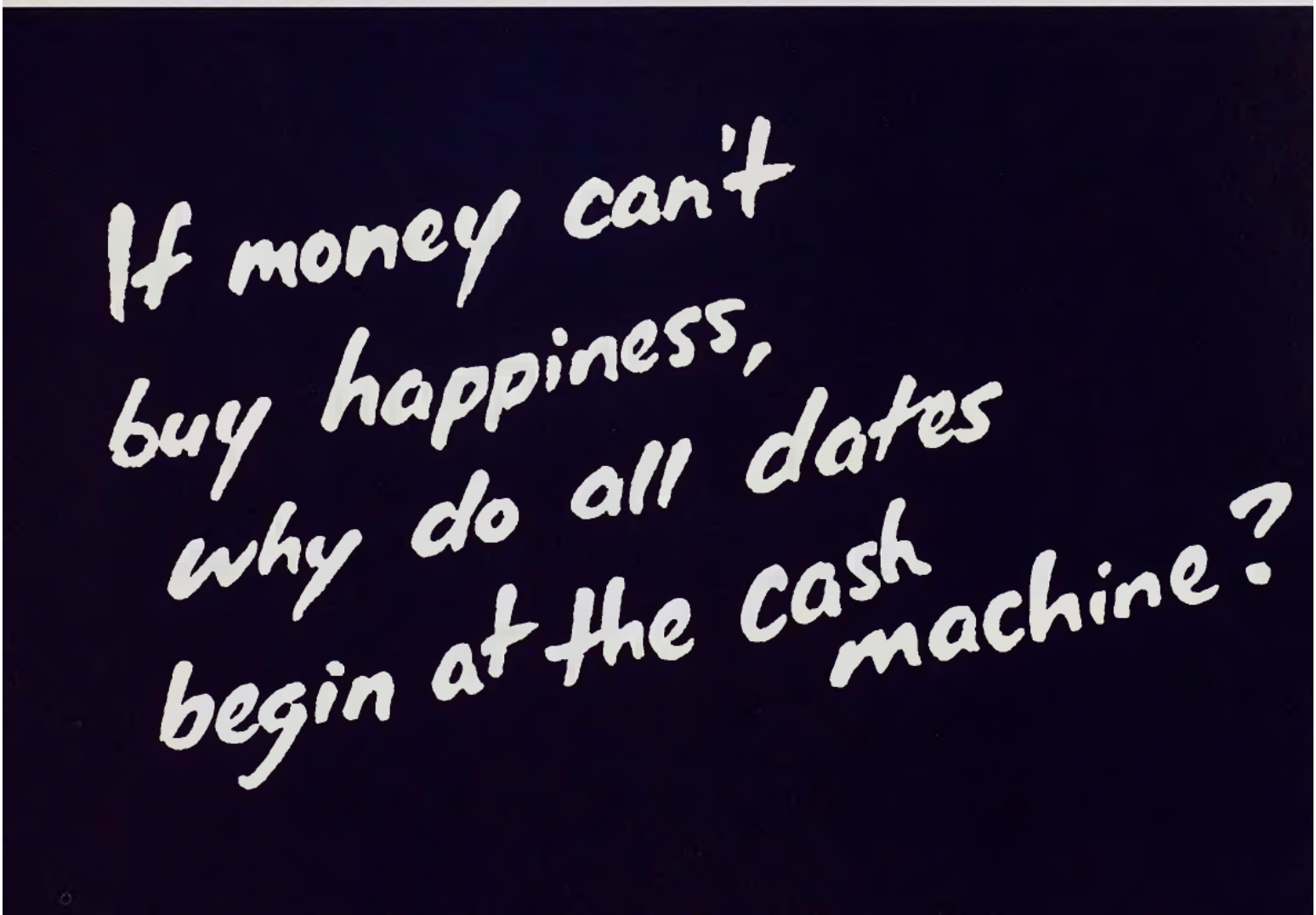
[*After another four weeks, Gates was again asked about the King incident.*]

PLAYBOY: You've had a chance to read the report from your internal-affairs department. Have your feelings changed?

GATES: No. My feelings are exactly what they were in the beginning. They had somebody in a postpursuit situation. He was acting crazy. He was big, very big. Very strong. He rushed the officers. He was Tasered, which was normal procedure. He was struck by a baton. He went down. He tried to get up. Several times, he tried to get up. He was told to stay down. And, at that point, the sergeant lost it. [*Quietly*] In my judgment.

PLAYBOY: How should it have been handled?

GATES: There were enough officers and they should have dealt with it. I think it was the sergeant's responsibility. And the one officer, Laurence M. Powell, I think reacted excessively. Unfortunately, the two others kind of followed along. I feel sorriest for Theodore J. Briseno because of that one kick. I'm not sure he really



meant to do that. He's the one who pushed Powell back the first time.

PLAYBOY: How would you rate the media coverage of the event?

GATES: I've seen several articles about how "the chief doesn't understand that the buck stops with him." How in the hell do they believe the buck *hasn't* stopped with me? I am the one who's taking all the flak and I'm assuming the responsibility to go forward and fix what's wrong. My life has not been a happy one. It would be easy for me to walk away and retire. I've got a big fat retirement, I've got a place at the beach. But I'm staying here to fix the problem. *Time* magazine, *Newsweek*, *The Washington Post*, they all said exactly the same thing: that I don't understand that the buck stops here. What they're implying is that I should take all the blame and retire. That is not, in my judgment, what "The buck stops here" means. It means I take the responsibility to fix what's wrong. And if I find, in a very careful assessment, that someone didn't do his job, then I will take action. But I don't just do it right off the top of my head. I'm fair and I'm objective and thoughtful, and I will take the flak until I find that somebody else is wrong—and then I'll go after him, with a vengeance.

PLAYBOY: Why did this become a nationwide scandal?

GATES: I don't think I have it completely analyzed. But some things come to mind: One, clearly there was a void in the news. The conflict in the Middle East had ended and there was nothing there to fill the tube. They were looking for something startling, and this came along. And it was perfect for television, because it was visual.

PLAYBOY: We'll buy that for about a week.

GATES: New York had a couple of cases even more severe than this one. I'd been reading about those and I thought, Golly, a murder, five officers indicted for killing somebody; and then another case where they pulled a suspect out of a cab and pistol-whipped him. I thought, Gee whiz, that's pretty bad. Why isn't there a focus on New York?

PLAYBOY: Why do you think there isn't?

GATES: I really believe everybody jumped on me because I said the incident was an "aberration." That was a bad word. I've been meaning to look it up in the dictionary to find out why it's such a bad word. I still believe it's an aberration. I think the L.A. reputation was, and has been for such a long time, that of an incorruptible department with tremendous honesty and integrity, high principles and values. It just couldn't happen in Los Angeles—and it did. I think that added to the story. It shocked people. They felt betrayed.

PLAYBOY: But what about the local reaction? Every group in the city has jumped on the police-brutality band wagon.

GATES: I think you have to look at what they're jumping on.

PLAYBOY: You.

GATES: Yeah. I understand that. Well, I don't understand some of it, I understand part of it. I understand the A.C.L.U. They don't like me and have never liked me. I've been critical of them, very critical of them, and this gave them the opportunity to say, "Boy, we're going to get him."

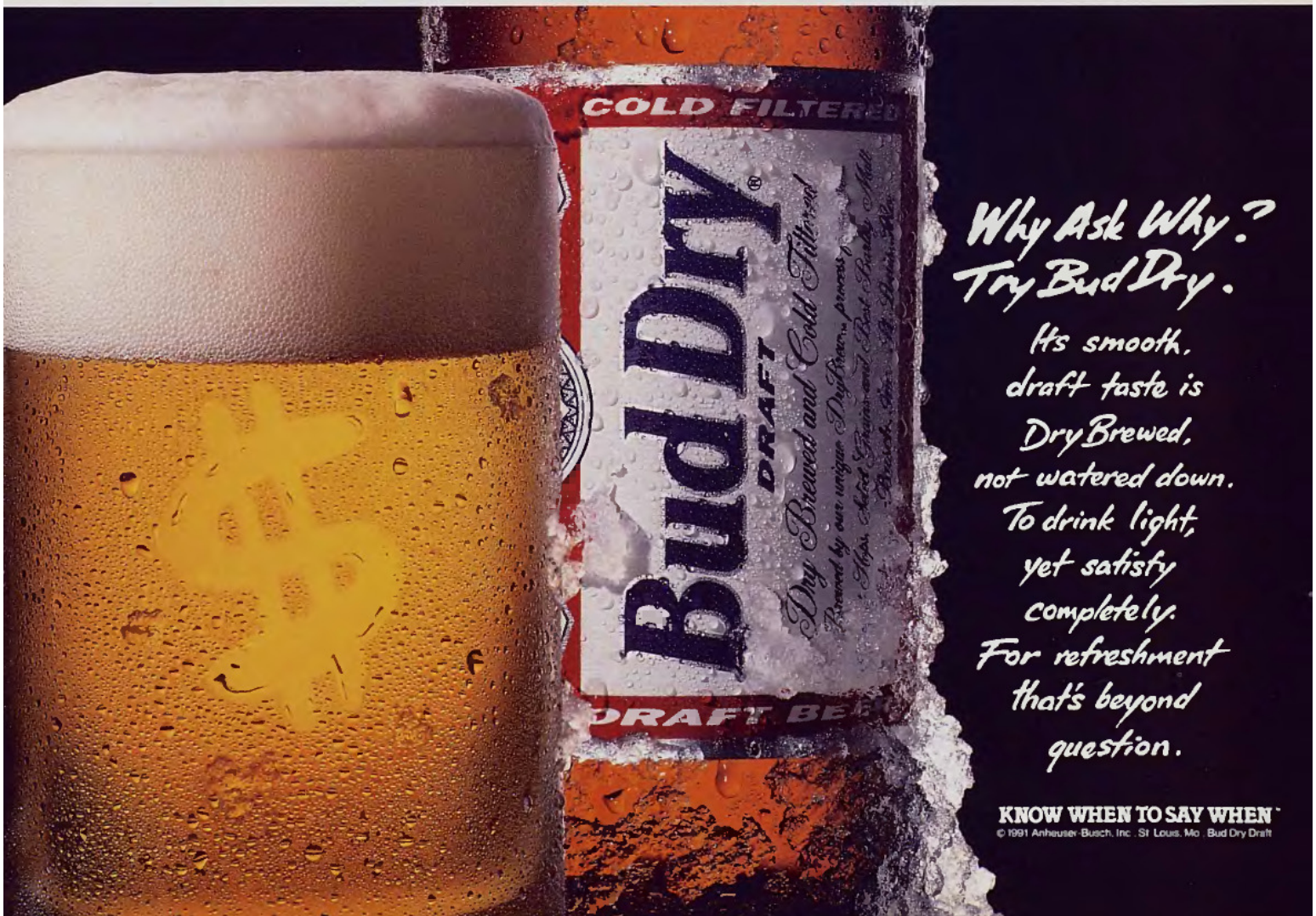
PLAYBOY: Do you think the *L.A. Times* is out to get you, too? It called for your resignation only days after the beating.

GATES: I think the *L.A. Times* is up to here with my criticism of it. I've never given a speech in which I haven't criticized the *L.A. Times*. Although I've praised it as a great newspaper, I've always said that a great newspaper ought to be more careful with the truth. I used to send editors copies of stories from other newspapers, saying, "The problem with your editorials is you read and believe your own newspaper. This is what somebody else said about the same thing." I think they just got fed up, like a lot of other people, and said, "Hey, this is the time: Let's go get him!"

PLAYBOY: Is Mayor Bradley getting back at you, too?

GATES: I think some of the people in his office are.

PLAYBOY: Would this have something to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do with the fact that your department is investigating Bradley for possible financial misconduct?

GATES: Yes, I think that's another "coincidence," if you will. The *L.A. Times* ran a series of articles on Bradley and his financial dealings, and they accused several people from his administration of improper activity. Some of my people came to me and said, "These are in violation of the law. What do we do?" I said, "We do what we always do."

PLAYBOY: Is the investigation into possible wrongdoing still going on?

GATES: We have been proceeding with a complete investigation. We started out with two investigators and we've had to put six people on. It's still ongoing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's why the mayor asked you to resign?

GATES: I hope not, but it's sure coincidental with our investigation. Whether it is or it isn't, what it says is that if political control is obtained by the mayor of this city, there won't be any more investigations by the Los Angeles Police Department—that's for sure.

PLAYBOY: The most consistent complaint against the department is excessive or unreasonable force. It has been a recurring criticism throughout your tenure as chief of police. Not long ago, there was the Thirty-ninth and Dalton incident, in which eighty cops looking for drugs destroyed four apartments in two buildings and terrorized fifty-five citizens. These incidents of brutality crop up repeatedly, and invariably with blacks.

GATES: I think that's your impression. I know of no proof that this is true.

PLAYBOY: Is there more fear in the minds of police officers concerning blacks?

GATES: I think there's more fear when they are in an area where the potential is greater for some kind of violent activity. There are many communities—black communities—where there's not an ounce of fear. There's no violence there. In some communities that are predominantly Caucasian, there is a fear, because of motorcycle gangs, things of that nature. So it's the apprehension that comes from the officer's knowledge of what happens there.

PLAYBOY: Do incidents of brutality happen to white people, and we just don't read about them?

GATES: We have complaints from a broad cross-section of the public. It isn't just one group that complains to us. But it's much more fashionable to say, "Well, it's because there's racism"; that's an easy thing to latch on to. And, unfortunately, it's latched on to all the time, whether there's any truth in it or not.

PLAYBOY: Recently, Jamaal Wilkes, the former L.A. Laker, was hauled out of his car and handcuffed supposedly because the light over his license plate was out. It's hard to recall a white athlete's being removed from his car and handcuffed.

GATES: I don't know that a white athlete would necessarily complain about it. "I was stopped because I was white." What's usually said is, "I was stopped because I was black," regardless of why they're stopped. Or "I was stopped because I was in a fancy car and I'm a kid." I hear that from white kids all the time. We always reach for these excuses, rather than deal in a factual way. I wouldn't know Jamaal Wilkes if I saw him.

PLAYBOY: He's tall.

GATES: Yeah, tall. A lot of tall people out there. Some people have such egos. They say to themselves, "They should have known who I was." Or "Can't they tell the difference between a criminal and a decent person?" How do I know?

PLAYBOY: Yes, but if a police officer asked us to get out of the car—at gunpoint—it's hard to say how decently we would feel like behaving.

GATES: You'd get out of the car. [*Snaps his fingers*] Just like that.

PLAYBOY: But we'd be angry——

GATES: It's all right to be angry. That's not the point. The point is that people believe that an officer ought to be able to tell the difference between a good person and a criminal. We have a policy on the use of force, and our officers are well trained in that. They are judged on all of that. If there's a shooting, they are judged. Full and complete reports. This is a well-run, well-disciplined department. People understand their jobs, and there's no desire to exceed their authority. But they're working in a very difficult world. A very violent world.

PLAYBOY: But officers do exceed their authority sometimes.

GATES: Of course. I mean, people make mistakes in every walk of life. Our people are not perfect; we don't sign them up on some far-off planet and bring them into police service. They are products of society, and let me tell you, the human product today often is pretty weak. A lot of these young people we're bringing on today grew up in a troubled society.

PLAYBOY: Is it a problem finding qualified officers?

GATES: [*Sarcastically*] The two officers involved in this [King] incident are longtime veterans. One's got four years, and the other's got about nine, ten months, you know?

PLAYBOY: Are you saying they were not qualified to be out there?

GATES: It's always a problem in the department. A police officer takes a minimum of four to five years before he's earning his salary. Before he knows where the bathroom is, really.

PLAYBOY: That makes sense. But in the meantime——

GATES: Police officers make mistakes. When you look at the police profession and relate it to almost any other profession, I think you'll find fewer mistakes. We operate in a far more complicated and difficult arena than almost any other profession. Nobody else has to make the kinds of decisions that police officers do. Nobody else has to get his blood pressure and his pulse rate up so high, and then drop it down and make an immediate decision based on a variety of factors. And then we expect perfection.

PLAYBOY: Some people say you're tougher on your own men when discipline or honesty breaks down than you are when they violate the rights of others.

GATES: We do not teach our people to steal, or to cheat, or to be dishonest. We do teach them to use force. We hope that it's been used appropriately and in concert with our policy. But there's a lot of room for discussion in these kinds of things. I recognize that. I pay attention to that. And I can be very hard if I think it's a very wanton act. I'm very, very hard on my people if I think they've just abused somebody. If I think they were doing their very best to deal with a tough situation, and they used some force, and perhaps they got the last whack in—they didn't mean to, but they did. It's tough to distinguish whether the last whack was necessary. I give 'em the benefit of the doubt. I think they deserve it.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, the city of L.A. paid out twenty-three million dollars in damages in the past five years to people who brought suit against the L.A.P.D. for violation of civil rights.

GATES: Right. And even if we're operating in complete good faith, and we don't recognize Jamaal Wilkes when he gets out of his red car, or whatever color car he has, we're immediately suspect. And we get sued.

PLAYBOY: It's suspect why he was stopped in the first place.

GATES: What I understand is that they stopped him because [his license plate] wasn't illuminated. Before he left, they told him, "By the way, your license is about to expire," and then a warrant came up and it appeared he fit the description on the warrant. And he was in a high-crime area.

PLAYBOY: Then they decided, *after* they had handcuffed him, that he didn't fit the description on the warrant.

GATES: In the particular area in which he was stopped, there was a series of robberies going on, and the captain said they were using [traffic] violations as a way of stopping people. As a captain, I used to tell my people, "If you're a good police officer, you look at traffic violations. You look at equipment violations. One, it's in the best interests of traffic safety. Two, it gives you an opportunity to take a look at this person in a high-crime area and make a judgment. You may see something in the car that causes you to be even more suspicious." If people think we have some secret device with which we can suddenly tell who's a criminal and who isn't a criminal, they're

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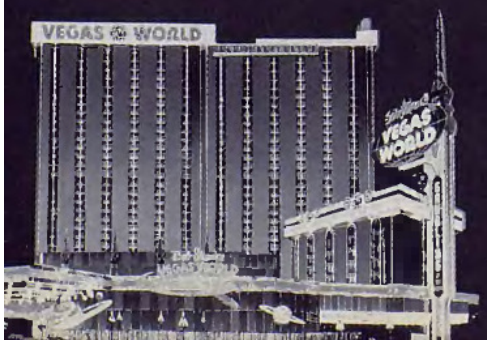

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foolish. We don't.

PLAYBOY: Isn't this kind of a shoot-first, ask-questions-later approach?

GATES: Let me just say this: People have to grapple with the fact that they hire the police to do what the police do. And then they get mad about it.

PLAYBOY: What is the most outraged response you have ever received?

GATES: Oh, boy. I've had a lot of them. I think, maybe, the sheer numbers of telephone calls and mail were from Operation Rescue.

PLAYBOY: The group that organized the anti-abortion demonstration?

GATES: Yeah, when they came here and tried to close down a clinic or two. They didn't like the way we got them to move.

PLAYBOY: How was that?

GATES: First, we asked them to move—we were very nice, actually. When they didn't, we told them they were under arrest and asked them to get up and walk over. And when they refused, we used basic techniques to get them to respond.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like police talk.

GATES: They didn't move, so we used a grip. Nothing very harmful. I guess it was a little painful. In a way, it was kind of comical. They had designed some really fine tactics to thwart law enforcement. Squiggling, doing all kinds of things. And we had developed some tactics, too. We used our horses, we thought, very effectively. We used them to block off those who wanted to come in. And then, horses being horses, they have to take care of bodily functions. So a lot of that was right there on the sidewalk. And as we asked people to move—as we helped them move—many of them would be slid right through that stuff. And you'd see them calculating, Well, I think I'll move. [*Laughs*] I kind of chuckled over that.

PLAYBOY: How many did you arrest?

GATES: I think we arrested three hundred forty the first time and two hundred fifty the next time. We have since convicted almost all of them.

PLAYBOY: On what charges?

GATES: In most cases, it was trespassing. Or resisting arrest. All of the Christian [radio] stations were down on me for doing that. I had Congressmen and state legislators writing to me, telling me what a horrible person I was. They would extol the virtues of these people, saying that they were all good Christians and all good folks, and I ought to recognize that. And, I suppose, I could have done that personally, but I couldn't do that as chief of police. There is something in the Constitution of the United States called equal protection. So if I go out and treat a demonstration by the revolutionary Communist Party, which can get pretty violent, differently, then I would be treating them in a preferential way. I would be saying, "Well, this is a nice group, and this is a bad group, so we'll treat the bad group differently from the way we treat the nice group." I've never been able to get that point across.

PLAYBOY: Still, it seems you're always backtracking. At a press conference, after Tina Kerbrat was killed, you referred to the man who shot her as "an El Salvadoran asshole."

GATES: Oh—did I say that?

PLAYBOY: That and more. You said, "This is an asshole. An absolute no-good son of a bitch asshole."

GATES: Did I say that? [*Laughs*] Hmmm.

PLAYBOY: It seems that you have a pattern of saying something inflammatory, then, when everybody comes after you, it's the media's fault.

GATES: What I criticize people for is the misinterpretation of some of the things I say. And it bothers me, because I'm pretty direct. I think people object to that directness. They want you to be bland. And when you're not bland, they won't make the second inquiry of, "What did you mean by that, Chief?" When I called this man an El Salvadoran asshole, why didn't they ask, "Do you mean that for all El Salvadorans?" They don't ask that. They make the interpretation themselves. I'd be very happy to explain what I said. And this is a good example. I didn't criticize all El Salvadorans. Others are even suggesting I was criticizing all Hispanics. Tina's maiden name was Zapata. She was a Hispanic. You think I would criticize all Hispanics? I was criticizing one individual.

PLAYBOY: Another statement you made resulted in a one-hundred-seventy-thousand-dollar judgment against you personally. A man sued the police for breaking his nose when they searched his home. During the trial, you said, "[He's] lucky that's all he had broken. How much is a broken nose worth? I don't think it's worth anything."

GATES: My statement was totally accurate. Anyway, the statement had nothing to do with the lawsuit.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you sued for making that statement?

GATES: The suit was taking place and I was asked to testify. Which I did. I came out of court. And I was attacked by the media. [*Laughs*] No—I was interviewed. I simply wanted to bring to the public's attention facts that were not brought to the jury's attention. I told the media what I thought of this case—that the award was wrong. The plaintiff's attorney went back into court and read newspaper accounts of what I was alleged to have said to the media. And you know—you're in the media—that it's not always accurate reporting.

PLAYBOY: But you did say it.

GATES: Some of it I may have said, some I didn't say. But they should've gotten me back in there, on the witness stand, *under oath*, and said, "Chief—what did you say? What did you mean when you

said these things?" Never once. I was simply voicing my opinion. And those newspaper clippings, that hearsay evidence, was what the jury used to award a huge amount of damages against me.

PLAYBOY: In California, hasn't the law been changed so that the city will pay, even though the suit is against *you*?

GATES: The city *can* pick up the damages; it doesn't *have* to. Think about the chilling factor in that. I don't have one hundred seventy thousand dollars. I'd have to sell everything I own. Forty years in law enforcement, I'd be ruined. Then I've got to go beg some politicians who don't like me—this is a great opportunity for them to say, "Hey, Chief, you're on your own. We're not gonna pay anything." Think what that does. It says, "Hey, Chief, don't open your mouth—don't tell the public anything. Don't let them know what the real facts are in this case. Don't tell the truth." And what does it tell the police officers? Don't do your work, because you're liable to wind up in court, being sued. That, to me, is probably the most frightening thing that's happening in the United States today.

PLAYBOY: It might be more frightening if police thought they could get away with excessive force.

GATES: We really need some cool heads, and we don't have any. Attorneys are going more and more for punitive damages against police officers. We had a case, a baseball player, Joe Morgan——

PLAYBOY: Police mistook him for a drug courier at the airport, right?

GATES: A jury decided that because of his illegal detention—and it probably didn't take more than five minutes—to award punitive damages of more than five hundred thousand dollars against that police officer. How can they do that?

PLAYBOY: Morgan doesn't have a legitimate complaint?

GATES: For five hundred thousand dollars? Can you really equate that? Juries equate it by saying, "OK, this was an illegal detention. He was embarrassed. He's a baseball player." Is that worth the entire existence of a police officer, everything he's accumulated? What if the city council hadn't picked up that tab?

PLAYBOY: But how do we protect citizens from that kind of treatment?

GATES: Look, you have to ask why the officer did this. We have to say, "He made a mistake. But I can understand. Given the narcotic trafficking at the airport, I want the police out there, doing that kind of work. If that mistake is made, then maybe it's worth a few bucks if I've been injured or embarrassed." Certainly, it's worth a tremendous apology. But five hundred thousand dollars out of the officer's pocket? Baloney.

PLAYBOY: It is difficult, but——

GATES: Let's turn it around. You don't say a word when you go though airport security and they look at your luggage,

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they pat you down. Have you ever had them open up your bag?

PLAYBOY: They do that to everybody.

GATES: How many terrorists have you seen on airplanes? How many times in terms of the number of passenger miles? Very few. How many times have the narcotics been coming through airports? *All* the time.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the suit against you, the city council did vote to pay the one-hundred-seventy-thousand-dollar judgment, correct?

GATES: Yeah. But it won't be the last time [that I'll have to ask]. There must be against me right now well over a billion dollars' worth of suits.

PLAYBOY: A *billion*?

GATES: Oh, yeah. At any one time.

PLAYBOY: Well, the city has paid out twenty-three million dollars in five years, which supposedly is the highest record in the nation.

GATES: [*Reading from a sheaf of papers on his desk*] These are the facts. This comes right out of the city attorney's office. This is what was settled in 1990; these are the actual cases. This is a shooting case, a shooting case, pursuit, traffic, pursuit, traffic, pursuit, traffic—an awful lot of them are traffic accidents. We bump into somebody and they file a traffic complaint. And here's one excessive force. This is the big one: the Thirty-ninth and Dalton Street case. This is the one in which we said *mea culpa*, we did it, we are wrong. Three million. This payout is about two point five million dollars more than any possible damage, but the city was trying to do its very best——

PLAYBOY: Four apartments were destroyed, weren't they?

GATES: Yeah, but you could have repaired them all and they could have all bought brand-new cars for five hundred grand and then some.

PLAYBOY: None of the eighty officers who participated in the raid were fired?

GATES: We're still awaiting boards of rights. So far, thirty-eight officers have been disciplined.

PLAYBOY: And four are going to trial?

GATES: Three are in criminal trials. One has pled *nolo contendere*, so there are three more. But I'd like to point out, the number of uses of force came down in 1990; so did the ratio of uses of force to arrests. And in the number of cases where the suspect was injured—only one thousand, eight hundred forty-one out of more than three hundred nine thousand arrests in 1990. What it really means is that for almost two hundred arrests, you get one injury.

PLAYBOY: What criticism has most angered you?

GATES: I think the view that somehow I'm a bigot, a racist or prejudiced against gays or against this group or that group. Because I'm not bigoted, I'm not prejudiced. I say what I think sometimes.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed.

GATES: Yeah. [*Laughs*] Sometimes people get a little perturbed at that, but I think there're too many people who don't say what they think.

PLAYBOY: Your most controversial statement was your explanation of why blacks were dying when officers applied something called the "carotid hold"—a type of choke hold. "It's possible the veins and arteries of blacks' necks don't open as fast as they do in normal people." You said that in 1982 and have been backpedaling on that one ever since.

GATES: I haven't backpedaled on it at all. I have said that the *Times* did a lousy job—the *Times* reporter knew exactly what I was talking about. I will admit, I used some very poor language.

PLAYBOY: But you meant it, all the same?

GATES: We were applying the modified carotid, where we place pressure on the carotid arteries that supply blood to the brain, and we had some individuals who were dying. Most of those individuals were black. So there was a strong feeling that there might be something in some blacks that we didn't know about. Like sickle-cell anemia, which visits blacks almost exclusively, and their very high incidence of heart disease—those kinds of things. And it might have been that we were overlooking something.

PLAYBOY: Or maybe you applied the

CAPTAIN MORGAN ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

carotid hold to a higher number of blacks, right?

GATES: That's exactly what everyone said. But we'd been applying that carotid as long as I can remember and we had no problems with it. Suddenly, it emerged. Since then, I've had doctors write to me and say, "Chief, you are absolutely right. There's a sudden-death syndrome in blacks that no one understands." There's still research being conducted in that area by the military. No one wants to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: How is the carotid applied? You push on both sides of the neck?

GATES: Right. With the forearm and the biceps. You bring them together and it cuts off the blood supply to the brain.

PLAYBOY: When did you get the doctors' research that backed up your statement?

GATES: Some of it came in at that time, and some of it's been going on. I read articles not too long ago—[*Suddenly, the lights go out in Gates's office. Unperturbed, he continues talking until the lights just as mysteriously go back on*]—articles about the military finding this sudden-death syndrome among blacks. That blacks just would die after a lot of physical exertion. There was no real explanation for it. I was not speaking with racial bias. It was nothing more than great compassion for our not knowing something that might be creating a hazard to a group. I was talking about a normally functioning body. The reporter knew exactly what I meant. And he turned it into a racist statement. I underwent a hell of a barrage over that, and I will never forget some of the people who barraged me. I'm serious. I will never, ever forget.

PLAYBOY: Do you hold grudges?

GATES: For that one, I will always hold a grudge. Always. I'll always hold a grudge against the *Times*, against that reporter. I will always hold a grudge against many people who spoke at a police-commission hearing. I will hold grudges against all of them. Because I think they were way outa line. Way outa line.

PLAYBOY: Last fall, you made headlines again when you testified before Congress and said, "All casual drug users ought to be taken out and shot."

GATES: I wanted to make a point. And I knew if I'd said, "Oh, casual drug users—we oughta put those people in jail," [*laughs*] no one would've ever heard that statement.

PLAYBOY: So what were you trying to say?

GATES: I was trying to say, I'd take them out and shoot 'em. [*Laughs*] The more I say it, the more I like it.

PLAYBOY: What about the drug pushers, aren't they the real problem?

GATES: Do you really believe we have people *pushing* drugs? No way. You don't have to push something when you've got a willing market, when you've got people out there *looking* for them, *grasping* for them, paying whatever the price is. We don't have to have pushers. We do have some sellers.

PLAYBOY: The point being, what?

GATES: The pushers in America have become the casual drug users who are saying, "No big deal. You can use drugs and get by." That's the casual drug user. And that's the real pusher in America, and has been for a long time. These casual drug users use for only one purpose: *They want to party*. And most of them don't stay casual, because they can't.

PLAYBOY: You believe all drug users are addicts?

GATES: I'm not sure there *is* such a thing as a casual drug user. I really believe that anyone who's involved in drugs has some fundamental addiction.

PLAYBOY: What kind of reaction did you get to your statement?

GATES: All the marijuana users were mad at me. And the parents whose kids use marijuana. "Gonna take my kid out and shoot him? That's terrible." I got some of the worst letters I've ever gotten from—obviously—pot smokers.

PLAYBOY: Your son has been arrested on drug charges, hasn't he?

GATES: Yes. When he was arrested, there was a great deal of publicity. Of course, it was a big story, because I was chief of police. I don't blame anyone for it. Except my son.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out that he had a drug problem?

GATES: It's a long, sad story. He's been involved in narcotics and drugs for a long time.

PLAYBOY: He started as a casual user?

GATES: Sure.

PLAYBOY: In high school?

GATES: Oh, probably before high school. And I was in a state of denial for years. I knew better, but there was no way I could admit it. And when I did, when I took him for treatment, I got the same b.s. that so many got in the late Sixties and early Seventies. Sheer, unadulterated b.s. from psychologists and psychiatrists. "Oh, there's nothing to it. He'll grow out of it." He managed to completely spellbind every psychologist and psychiatrist that he talked to, to the point where he just wrapped them right around his little old drug-using finger. So, as a result, while I knew better, and while I pride myself in probably knowing more about drugs and drug addicts than most who are in the business, by that time, it was too late.

PLAYBOY: Too late for what?

GATES: I don't want to say too late. That's a note of finality. I'm forever hopeful. But I think that with any addict, if you're able to get at it in the early stages, your chances of solving the problem are much greater than if you let it go on. You either have to let it go on—run its course until they burn themselves out or die—or face an almost insurmountable task of curing.

PLAYBOY: How has it affected you?

GATES: One of the things people don't understand about using drugs: It doesn't just hurt the person who's addicted. That's the most asinine view I've ever heard. It hurts the people around them who are sober *far* more, in my judgment, than it hurts the individual who's running around happy, using the damned drugs. I mean, it just destroys families. It's worse than death. Because death ends. The person dies, you have a service and the memories are there always. Usually, the memories are the good things. Not so with drugs. The turmoil is as great. The loss is as great as if the person died, except he hasn't died. And this goes on and on and on. The person continues to hurt you. The person will continue to steal from you, to lie to you, to harm you, to harm others. They're *always* there, doing those kinds of things.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe in rehabilitation, then?

GATES: Oh, I believe in rehabilitation. I believe in it passionately. But what people don't understand is that it is an incredibly difficult thing to do. The loss rate of those in programs is enormous. Most people in rehabilitation won't tell you that, because it's bad for business. The good ones will tell you that.

PLAYBOY: You've often said that drugs are the biggest threat America has faced.

GATES: It's the tragedy of the century. And I'm talking about World War One, World War Two, the Great Depression and all the other terrible disasters that have hit this nation. I think drug use has done more to this nation, to its young people, to its psyche and to its soul—if it has a soul—than any of the other crises we've ever had. That's why it's been part of my agenda, to see if we can't change that. And the change is so simple.

PLAYBOY: Is it?

GATES: Sure! Don't use drugs, for God's sakes! [*Laughs*] I mean, that's so simple. It really is.

PLAYBOY: Is there any hope?

GATES: We're seeing, I think, a new generation that is going to grow up and largely say no to drugs. I see that as the first shining ray of hope. It's one of the reasons that I'm so abusive about casual drug users. I see them as the people who are undermining the whole effort.

PLAYBOY: Assuming drugs are the number-one problem you face, what is number two?

GATES: Violence. That's what people fear the most. This is a very violent society. And we seem to, in many respects, look at violence as a wonderful thing.

PLAYBOY: Wonderful?

GATES: Well, we do. We go to a *Dirty Harry* movie, and everybody jumps up and claps. The Stallone movies are very violent. We seem to eat that stuff up. It

seems we need to take a look at that.

PLAYBOY: Have you raised these issues in the entertainment industry?

GATES: I have on the drug issue and they responded well. But they really flinch when you talk about violence. And I understand. That's where they make their money. What they're saying is, "We're giving the public what they have an appetite for." Which is true. I just think somewhere along the line, the country has to recognize that movies contribute to the amount of violence we have.

PLAYBOY: One of the things you did that surprised and enraged a lot of people was to advocate banning the sale of assault weapons in California. How do you feel about banning handguns as well?

GATES: What we have done in California, in terms of placing a restriction on buying handguns, as well as any guns now, is to have a fifteen-day waiting period. This allows us to look at those who have some mental problem or suspected mental problem; we were never able to do that in the past. I would add something else: I believe that carrying a concealed weapon ought to be a felony. It's not. It's a misdemeanor, and it's treated very lightly by the courts of this state. Having said that, I would not impose any additional restrictions on handguns. I think you have a right to own one.

PLAYBOY: In the press conference concerning Officer Kerbrat's death, you said, "Is this a civilized society any longer? We're beginning to question that." Were you referring to all of Los Angeles or to a certain element within it?

GATES: An element. Unfortunately, the element is much larger than it ought to be. And we're not doing what we need to do to control it. We can't even define that element. We as a nation can't even go out and tell you what that group consists of. We don't know.

PLAYBOY: What can you do about it?

GATES: I think a lot of things could be done, in terms of being harsher in developing a control mechanism for those who don't want to live by society's rules. And we have not done a job in placing adequate controls on those individuals.

PLAYBOY: What would be adequate?

GATES: I think we have to completely shift our system and our thinking about it. Because, right now, criminals own the whole system. A crime is committed. We go out, we investigate the crime, we pick up the suspect, we build a case, we prosecute that individual, jury hears it, judge makes a decision, some action is taken. And that action has never been adequate. If it were, we would be slowly getting ourselves out of this; instead, the problem is getting worse.

PLAYBOY: What else is wrong with the system?

GATES: The whole parole system.

PLAYBOY: Are convicts breaking parole or are they just not being rehabilitated?

GATES: Nobody gets rehabilitated. Well, I shouldn't say no one; some of them die. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Ouch.

GATES: Look, very little gets done in the way of rehabilitation. When I came on the department, there was a study on probation and parole. It said it wasn't working; all we were doing was recycling them. The study showed, I think, that in twenty-four months, sixty-six percent, two thirds, of the people violated their parole, committed crimes. All these intervening years, we didn't learn from that. Not long ago, there was another study. What did they find out? Precisely the same thing.

PLAYBOY: So what's the answer?

GATES: I would do away with probation and parole. When you're convicted of a crime, you would be a prisoner. You would be an in-prisoner or an out-prisoner. Until they complete their sentence, they ought to be a prisoner. They would have conditions placed on that status.

PLAYBOY: What would be an example?

GATES: OK, you are now convicted and we're gonna let you go home.

"I'm paid to produce peace on the streets. I'm very aggressive at that. Then people often are upset with my aggressiveness."

PLAYBOY: Is this after serving time in jail?

GATES: I think, yeah. I think you have to give almost anybody—even a first offender—you've got to whack 'em. That means some time in prison. And then you say, "OK, now, part of the sentence is going to be, you're gonna get a chance to be an out-prisoner."

PLAYBOY: You like the term out-prisoner.

GATES: Like an outpatient. You're an out-prisoner. And these are the conditions: You will be in your home from nine o'clock in the evening till seven in the morning. You will be out of your home only to go to work, to school, to the market and to do just what is essential to your survival. And if you do anything other than that, you will go back to prison and you will serve the entire term. There will be no second chance.

PLAYBOY: Then what happens?

GATES: I'd eliminate all the probation officers. Totally out. Through my out-prisoner status, the conditions aren't tailored to the individual. That means any police officer who finds you in violation of the conditions of out-prisoner status can take you right back to court—*any* court—and you will go back to prison. You're back to an in-prison status. So what you have, in effect, is that every police officer is a prison guard.

PLAYBOY: Have you discussed these ideas with other law-enforcement people?

GATES: All the time.

PLAYBOY: How do they respond to them?

GATES: Kind of like you. Glassy-eyed. [*Laughs*] But they've done that before on things I've recommended. I can remember one—we were putting SWAT together. I got the same glassy-eyed look from a lot of people who said, "What's he talking about? I mean, that's crazy."

PLAYBOY: Much of your time and money have been spent on gang violence. Are you making any progress?

GATES: We did this cul-de-sac thing and we got two hundred kids to go back to school.

PLAYBOY: They were afraid they would be hurt going to school?

GATES: They were scared to death. It was a dangerous, dangerous thing to traverse from the homes to the school. So the principal said, "Funny thing is happening. We've got two hundred *more* people in school today than we had before you started this project." That's been rather consistent. And we're finding, as we've gone to other schools and tried to establish some safe zones—a very intensive policing in those zones—that in every case, the truancy has dropped off. It really wasn't truancy; it was kids staying out of school because they were afraid.

PLAYBOY: How does the cul-de-sac work?

GATES: This area happened to be very flat and had a lot of drive-by shootings. We made a cul-de-sac by putting up some barricades, so that they couldn't drive through. They would have to turn around and go back.

PLAYBOY: So you're not concerned only with punishment?

GATES: No, no, no. Though everyone thinks I am. And that's all right. I'm paid to produce peace on the streets. I'm very aggressive at that. Then people often are upset with my aggressiveness. We're aggressive because the rest of the system is not. It does not do what it ought to do. Because the rest of the system is so inadequate, we have turned to what in our free society? The police. And what do people want? They want more police. I mean, everyone wants a police officer on his block.

PLAYBOY: Maybe two.

GATES: Isn't that an anathema to a free society? To have a police officer looking over your shoulder at everything you do? I mean, we send troops to the Middle East to keep Kuwait free from aggression and oppression. And sometimes, I think we in this country are

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probably the most oppressed people in the world.

PLAYBOY: Why did you become a cop?

GATES: I really didn't want to be a police officer. I didn't have a real high opinion of them. I had a friend who said, "Why don't you become a police officer? They are encouraging new officers to go to school." And they paid the lofty sum of two hundred ninety dollars a month—which was an incredible amount of money in those days. I looked at it and I said, "Hey, that looks like easy work."

PLAYBOY: Did you have any run-ins with the police as a kid?

GATES: Sure. The usual kid things. Fighting, things of that nature. And lots of tickets; lots of citations. So I didn't have a real high regard for police officers. And I had no real interest in being one.

PLAYBOY: Your father had a drinking problem, which he did overcome at some point.

GATES: He did it cold turkey. Lots of will power. And candy bars.

PLAYBOY: Did life change after that in your home?

GATES: To some degree, it did. There were deep scars on all sides.

PLAYBOY: Was he abusive?

GATES: No. Never. Not in the least bit. A very friendly guy, a very funny guy. Not the least bit abusive to any of us, including my mother. I mean, he was tough. When he was sober, he was tough.

PLAYBOY: Did your father's problem influence your own attitudes? You don't drink, do you?

GATES: I have a drink. I can't remember getting drunk in my life, but I suppose I have. I don't drink during the week at all. On Friday night, usually, I'll go home and have a drink before dinner, and there'll be one with dinner. And I might do that on Saturday night, and then that's it. That's my total consumption. I enjoy it. I even enjoy a martini.

PLAYBOY: How do you normally spend your evenings?

GATES: There are so many dinners that I have to go to as part of the job. So what I enjoy most is going home and cooking. I'm a good cook. It's a tremendous diversion for me. Cooking is a way of getting rid of stress. I do a barbecued salmon that is—I mean, it is the best I've ever tasted. Anyone who's ever tasted my barbecued salmon says it's the best.

PLAYBOY: How long is your workday?

GATES: Depends on what's in store for me. I've cut back considerably. For several years, if I didn't have anything else to do, I'd spend twelve hours in the office, at least. And then, if I had a dinner to go to, I'd do that. I've cut back on the dinners and the speeches. I like to speak, but I've gotten a little tired of hearing my own voice.

PLAYBOY: Your first marriage ended in divorce. Could you say you had the police-marriage syndrome?

GATES: Oh, I don't think so. There were just some basic underlying differences between us. I think I worked my fanny off for most of the time we were married, and she had to put up with, as did my children, an awful lot of effort on my part in my job, time taken away from them.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the usual cause of problems in police marriages?

GATES: If I had been in any other field, I would've approached it with the same vigor.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with your three children?

GATES: When we split up, my oldest daughter came to live with me. And I think my youngest daughter wanted to live with me, too, but she—she's so nice, she didn't want to let her mother down.

PLAYBOY: So you were Mr. Mom.

GATES: I'm always Dad.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about whether you were a good dad?

GATES: I was a very good dad. I don't think there's any question about that; I was a good dad. You always think back, you could have done a lot better. You think of all the things you should've said, the things I *should've* done, and all the times I should've been more patient. And that's all true. I could have been more patient, I could've said different things, I could've, perhaps, influenced them in different ways. But that's all hindsight. I was always there when they needed me and I never shunned the responsibility of my children, at any time, ever. I loved them dearly. And I think they love me.

"I didn't have a place to live, so I went back to Mom. I think she began to worry about me. She got me a subscription to 'Playboy.'"

PLAYBOY: The word is that after your marriage broke up, you were quite the ladies' man in town.

GATES: People thought that. But for a long time, I didn't go out. I wanted to maintain my image within the department. I ended up spending a lot of time by myself. So I don't think I was a ladies' man at all. It's kind of a myth. You're single, and you're fairly successful in the department. I had more hair. I was, I think, reasonably decent-looking. So people just made that assumption. I didn't have a place to live when I first split up, so I went back to Mom, lived with her. I think she began to worry about me. [*Laughs*] She got me a subscription to *Playboy*. I guess she figured I could at least look at the pictures.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of women——

GATES: Women? Ohhh, I love women.

PLAYBOY: A long time ago——

GATES: Oh, God.

PLAYBOY: You were bitter about the court's order to increase the number of women on the force. You said that no cop should be under five foot eight, and there would never be enough qualified women to fill the slots.

GATES: Yes. It was my very strong belief that height was an important asset to being a police officer. We did many, many studies on height being a factor whenever you use physical force to try to take somebody into custody. There's no question that it is a valuable asset. And I used to tell women's groups, "It's not that I don't want women. I don't want little men." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: The height requirement was lowered?

GATES: I lowered it myself. I lowered it to five feet. Which leads me to a funny story. There's a film of me at a graduation, doing an inspection. It showed me going down the front line, checking a gun here and moving along. I got down to the end of the line and, for some reason, when I made the turn to go back up the other row, I totally excluded one poor little female. Who I didn't see! She was short and she just didn't come into my line of vision. So everybody kidded me that little people were getting into the department, and they were so small you couldn't even see them. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Did the department have to adjust? You now have more than eleven hundred female officers.

GATES: We did modify some of the physical-agility aspects of the entrance examination. I don't think changing those was any more harmful, if it was harmful at all, than lowering the height limit. You have to be able to handle yourself, whether you're a woman or a man.

PLAYBOY: How hard was it for you, personally, to adjust?

GATES: I was probably one of the original "Down with women in police work." Not that I didn't think they had a place; in the *right* place, they were fine. I don't feel that way any longer. I've seen too many women come into this department and do an outstanding job.

PLAYBOY: In your first years as chief, you also had some words about gays. You said, supposedly, "Who'd want to work with one?"

GATES: I know I've been quoted as saying that. But for the life of me, I don't remember having said that. And if I did, I think it's been taken out of context.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe it?

GATES: As long as I can remember, we have never inquired into anyone's

sexual habits or orientation. There may have been something in the psychiatric exams, there may have been something in the processing for the job—but I'm not aware of that. We have said that, as a police officer, you must act with a certain degree of propriety, on and off the job. We still require that. And as a police officer, whether you're heterosexual or homosexual, you can't display that sexuality without getting yourself in trouble. If a heterosexual is so overheterosexual that every time he writes a citation to a woman, he hits on her, we've got a problem, and we're gonna discipline him for it. But our position on your sexual orientation is one of strict neutrality. We don't care as long as you can do the job.

PLAYBOY: You've made at least one run for public office. Are you still interested in politics?

GATES: [*Laughs*] You mean, "God, is he gonna do something?"

PLAYBOY: Is that still on your mind?

GATES: I don't know how much it's ever been on my mind. The first time I even thought about it was a pure, unadulterated lark. I was angry with the mayor and I wanted to give him a bad time. So I said I'm gonna run for mayor.

PLAYBOY: Was it more of a trial balloon?

GATES: Not even that. Another time, I thought about it and did some polling. I was much more serious about it. I decided I could beat everybody else, but I couldn't beat Tom Bradley. He had that pure image. He no longer has that pure image; he is beatable, in my judgment.

PLAYBOY: Needless to say, you would have run as a Republican.

GATES: I'm not a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. I'm a maverick. I thought I had a lot to say. Then, of course, I got into the great dispute with the arch-conservatives who were probably my best supporters—the Right-to-Lifers—because I arrested them, and the N.R.A. people didn't like my interference with their right to have assault weapons. So it was obvious that I'd lost a big part of my constituency. I haven't given any thought to politics since.

PLAYBOY: What is the funniest request anybody has ever made of you?

GATES: Well, Tommy Lasorda called me one time. And you know Tommy. We go through our pleasantries. He knows my son-in-law, and my son-in-law's Italian, so you go through all that. And then he tells me about a game that he lost someplace. And how horrible the pitching was, and the officiating, and the whole inning-by-inning account. Then he told me about a terrible airplane ride back. Delayed by the weather, and when they got to LAX, they were late, and his wife was going to pick him up. And because they were delayed, she had to drive around LAX two or three times. She parked and they went to get the baggage, and when they came out, they'd gotten a parking citation. So he finally got to it.

PLAYBOY: Aha.

GATES: And Tommy said, "You know, Daryl, I've been so supportive of you guys over the years." He says, "Every time you've ever needed me for anything, I've been there. Golly—to have one of your guys give me a parking citation. And I didn't deserve it. I tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't even talk to me." And I said, "Tommy, that's not our people. That's airport police."

PLAYBOY: He wasted this all on you?

GATES: Wasted this whole thing. He said, "It's not?" And I said, "No, Tommy, it's not us. That's airport police. And they give *me* a ticket out there. It's terrible."

PLAYBOY: Do they really?

GATES: No. But they write those parking citations by the carload. I said, "Tommy, send it to me. I'll see what I can do." So he said, "Well, only one thing. Y' know, my wife—she's Italian, too. And she's very excitable. So the ticket's not in great shape." And I said, "Tommy, just send it to me." So, a couple of days later, I get this envelope and the ticket is in a thousand pieces. [*Laughs*] We had people sitting there, putting this jigsaw puzzle together. We finally got the number. I sent a check and paid Tommy's ticket.

"After all these investigations, that's exactly what they're going to find out: This is a great department."

PLAYBOY: What is your proudest accomplishment?

GATES: My proudest accomplishment is that I've gotten through thirteen years [as chief] in the Los Angeles Police Department. That in itself is a real achievement. Through some of the most tumultuous times in our history. I think, also, having been a person who's been out front, said a lot of controversial things and run a very aggressive police department, to still have a very high popularity rating among people within this community.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting, because you're putting acceptance as one of your top accomplishments. There are other things that one might think of—SWAT, for instance, which you invented, or the DARE program.

GATES: My whole life has been serving the people. So when I say acceptance, I'm saying that they give me high marks for doing what my whole life has been about. Also, to have the vast majority of my police officers totally behind me—that probably means more to me than almost anything else. And maintaining a department free of corruption, with, perhaps, an errant officer here and there. But thirteen years of no corruption.

PLAYBOY: Some days, it must be tough to go to work, particularly lately.

GATES: Ah, I love the job. [*Laughs*] And I love combat. I have to admit.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about becoming the most famous police chief in America for all the wrong reasons?

GATES: The frustrating part of it is to read so many things that I think are so unfair. The easiest thing in the world would be to just duck it, and I could duck it easily. You can't believe how easy it would be for me to just say, "Hey, take this badge and *shove it*."

PLAYBOY: You've thought about it?

GATES: The picture *High Noon* comes into focus all the time. I remember Gary Cooper, after the big gunfight where he got no help whatsoever, and he took his badge and threw it down in the dirt. I've gone to sleep at night saying to myself, "I'm going to take that badge and just *shove it*." Thirteen years of working my fanny off in this department. A super department. After all these investigations, that's exactly what they're going to find out: This is a great department, working harder than any other department in the country, doing more with less, better morale, more enthusiasm. A department I built with racial equality throughout.

PLAYBOY: How has the recent controversy been affecting you personally?

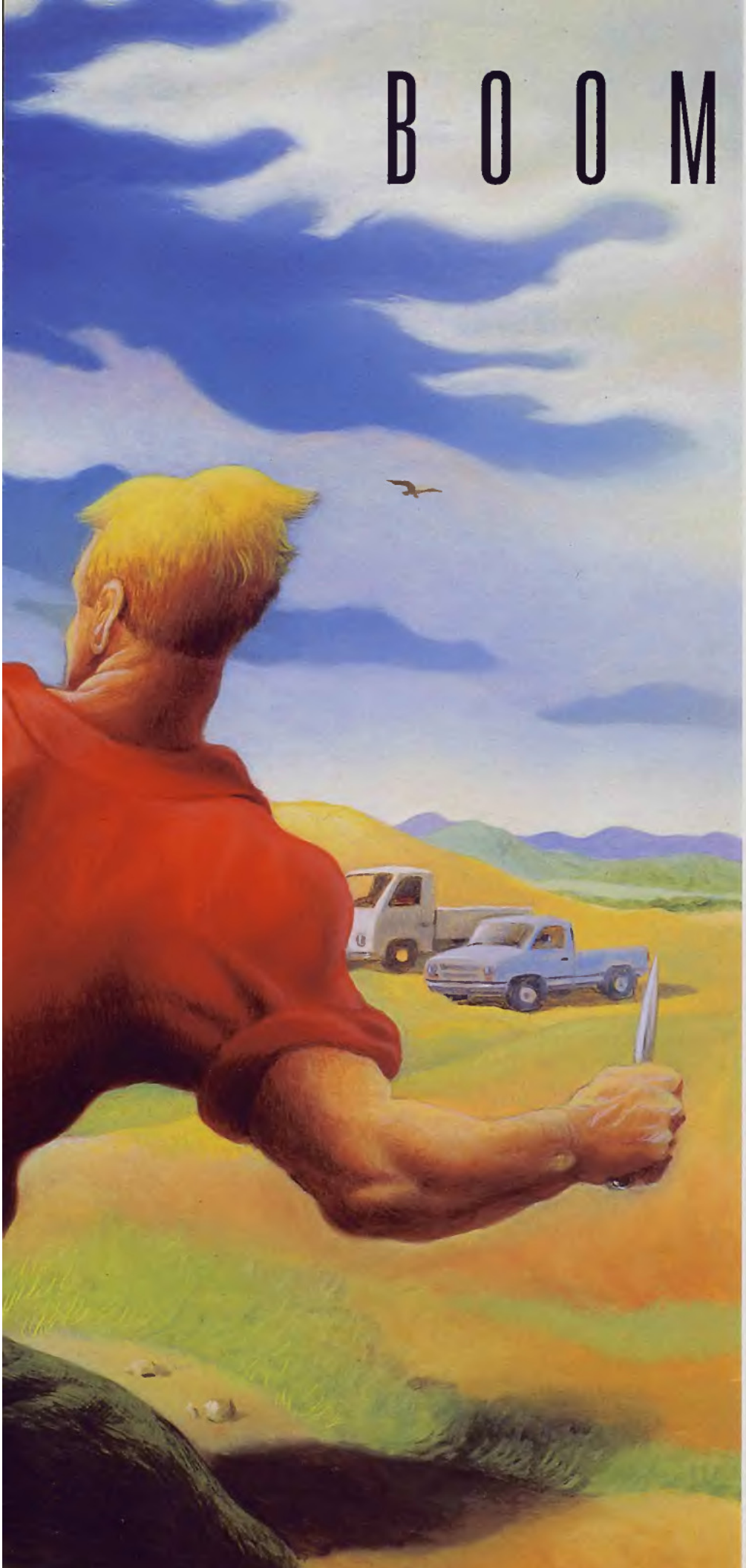
GATES: I don't even know how to answer that. [*Pauses*] I really don't. It's certainly no fun. I would much rather be back where I was just prior to this thing happening, and that was being in a position where the majority of people said I was more believable than any other public official in this city. The police department was held in high esteem throughout the world. The President was saying nice things about me. That's a pretty long way to fall in a couple of days, it really is. All of the hysteria that's connected with this, particularly connected with the hope that somehow I will end it all, has to have some significant impact on me.

PLAYBOY: Can you envision something that would make you voluntarily resign or retire?

GATES: Yeah, I can. If the majority of the officers in the department came to me and said, "Chief, we think it would be to our benefit for you to leave." I'd say, "Fine, I'm gone."

PLAYBOY: Throw down your badge, like Gary Cooper?

GATES: I would even be gracious. Hurt, but gracious. I would do it, for them.



BOOMTOWN

come on, sucker, you want some of this . . . you want to dance?

fiction

By CRAIG VETTER

THE MESA INN in Westin was braced for the evening by the time I got there. A sign at the door set the dress code: NO TORN T-SHIRTS, NO WORK CLOTHES, NO GREASY BOOTS. The bouncer next to it looked like he might be working the job so that he could buy more weights; enough maybe to make the distinction between his neck and his head disappear completely.

About half the saloon-style tables were four and five around with big young men in clean hats and shirts for the evening.

I ordered a double Scotch.

"You new in town?" said a voice next to me. There was a sharp Southern accent to it, and when I turned, I was looking at a round, boyish face under a cap that said MUD on it.

"Came in this afternoon," I told him.

"You looking for work?"

"Yup. Like everybody else in this town, I guess."

"Ever work derrick hand?"

"No," I said. "Never worked anything. This is my first oil field."

"You ain't never been in the patch before? And you come here? Shee-it." He pulled back a bit to get a better look at me. "Tell you what. You could not have picked a worse field to break

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

into. This is the wormiest operation I ever saw, and I seen 'em all over the world since I was thirteen years old, and I'm thirty-five next month."

The bartender asked us if we wanted another drink, and when I said yes, MUD said he'd have another Budweiser and to take mine out of the $20 bill on the bar in front of him. Then he lit a cigarette, looked at me again and shook his head.

"How old are ya?" he said. I told him 33. "What the hell are you doing trying to come into the patch at thirty-three?"

I told him I needed the money. I didn't tell him I was a writer, that I was a mechanical moron, in over my head just sitting at a bar in an oil boomtown.

"Well, you might make some money, all right, if these wormy sombitches don't kill you first." He looked at his beer and dusted an ash off his white jeans. "Course, if somebody broke you in good, you might be all right. I could do that . . . if I wanted . . . if you was worth a shit. I'm a pusher over at D and J." When I asked him what a pusher was, he said, "Boy, you really don't know nothing whatsoever, do ya?"

"Nothing whatsoever," I said.

"Normal thing is for a rig to carry five men," he said. "Worm, motor hand, chain hand, derrick hand and the driller. That's a full crew. Tool pusher's the guy that hires 'em all, then makes sure they stay sober and have everything they need in the way of equipment to keep the rig running. Also sees they don't get lazy or stupid, which they mostly are, anyways." He smoked. "Where'd you come here from?"

"San Francisco."

"Frisco?" he said. "Nothing out there but queers and spears, what I heard."

Which turned out to be about the end of my patience for the nasty string of dirt eaters I'd met that first long day in nowhere Wyoming.

"Tell you what," I said, using his accent. "Why don't you just drink your beer and pick this evening's fight with somebody else." There was a pause while I looked him straight in the face and thought, Oh, shit, here we go.

"Now, don't get all pissed on," he said. "I didn't mean nothing by that. I ain't never been to Frisco. I was just talking. You got a temper, though, don't ya?"

"It's been a bad day," I told him.

"This is a bad place if you ain't got a job. Course, I could line that out for ya right here, if I wanted."

He looked at his beer as if it were my turn to say something. I didn't.

"How much school you got?"

"Too much, probably."

"You got college?"

I nodded.

"How many years?"

"All four," I told him.

"Shit," he said. "And you out of work. Don't make sense. I barely got through ninth grade and I never been outa work except when I wanted to be. My daddy put me in the patch when I was thirteen, me and my brothers. He used to say, 'I could send you to college for ten years and you'd just come out queer.'"

I had my second big Scotch all the way in me when he said that, and I was beginning to see the humor of the entire exchange. There was something about MUD that didn't mean to be hostile, no matter what he said. He was trying to be cocky, but it wasn't quite working. He just wanted to talk to somebody and anybody would have done that night. It occurred to me that his daddy had probably also told him that anybody who drank alone was an alcoholic.

"College boy," he said. "I'll be damned. This place is so full of trash you just don't expect it."

"Strange times," I said.

"You queer?"

"Not yet," I said.

The pretty little bar waitress pulled into the station next to me and ran off a list of drinks that sounded like a takeout order for the James gang. Then she asked the bartender to tell the bouncer that there was a woman at a table in the far corner with a gun in her purse.

"I could hire ya right here and now," said MUD, squinting sideways at me.

"What kind of work?"

"Put you in the yard, break you in right, then get you out worming on one of the rigs. I got a couple of worms I'm gonna be running off in the morning . . . so I got room for ya. I'm just afraid you'll get one pay check and take off. Depends if you're worth a shit."

"I have to check on another job in the morning . . ." I bluffed.

"The hell with that," he said. "You just show up tomorrow morning at eight o'clock in the yard and I'll put you on. You're hired."

"How much does it pay?"

"Eight dollars and twenty-five cents an hour," he said. "I know that don't sound like much, but that's for the first forty hours a week. I'll get you sixty or seventy hours and it's time and a half after forty, so's you'll do all right. Plus, there's other side lights in the patch. You'll make some money, don't worry. If you's worth a shit."

I asked him where the yard was. "You just walk out this door and look west," he said, pointing toward the bandstand. "The tallest derrick you see, right next to the highway, is the one we're rigging right now. Biggest rig in Wyoming—Cooper 750."

He slurred the word biggest.

"I'll be there," I said. "What's your name?"

"Sonny," he said, shaking my hand. "You be there." Then he looked at me sideways. "College boy," he said. "Ain't that a thing."

At first light, I drove to the Outpost for a Styrofoam cup of coffee, then across town to D and J, as Sonny had said I would, by using the huge derrick as a guide. It stood along the highway edge of the yard, and when I drew it into my notebook map, I estimated that it was 100 feet tall. It soared up off the rear of a huge truck like the extended ladder of a fire engine.

Around 7:30, a white pickup with a D and J sticker on the doors pulled into the dirt drive. One of the five men in the crew cab got out and opened the gate. As the truck rolled through, he hopped onto the big steel bumper under the tail gate. When the driver saw him there, he punched it, and a geyser of dust enveloped the rear of the truck, which took off in a series of skidding figure eights that finally spit the clinging man ten feet out of the dirty cloud and rolled him another ten across the hard ground. He got up holding his elbow, and while he walked to retrieve his hard-hat, the fat man who'd stepped from the driver's seat yelled, "You gotta ride to the buzzer or you don't get no points, cowboy." Then he laughed as if it were the little moments like this that made getting up in the morning worth the trouble.

Over the next ten minutes, two bobtail welding trucks drove into the yard, an old Plymouth dropped three hands at the gate and a kid on a motorcycle cruised in. He was followed by a catering truck that blew a couple of bars of *Dixie* on its horn, then parked in the long morning shadow of the derrick. The driver got out, threw open the quilted chrome panels on the sides and shouted, "Java, it's java."

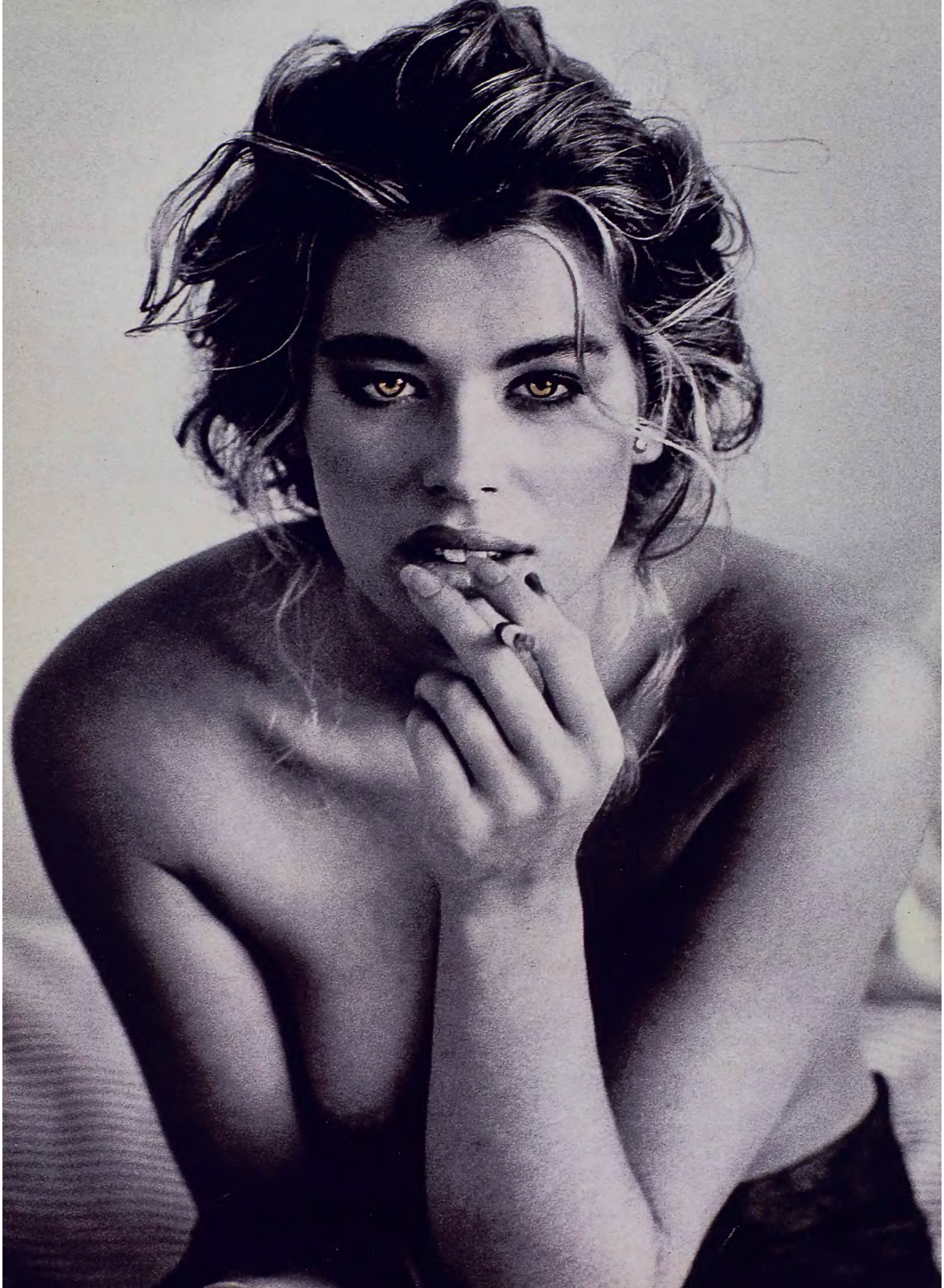
As I started toward the catering truck, another D and J truck came out into the yard as if it were being chased. I got out of its way and saw Sonny behind the wheel as it went by. He didn't look happy. He skidded the truck next to the gathered hands and yelled out the window at the fat man.

"You got nothing to do around here, is that it? Nobody works unless I'm here. I swear to God I'll run you and your whole damn crew off if you don't find things to do around here."

The fat man was looking straight at Sonny, and what he wasn't saying was all over his face: Don't push too far. You're not big enough for the job. His crew was looking away and at the

(continued on page 80)

"What a coincidence. And I've always admired your yard and pool—and everything."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB CARLOS CLARKE

YESTERDAY'S WILD CHILD

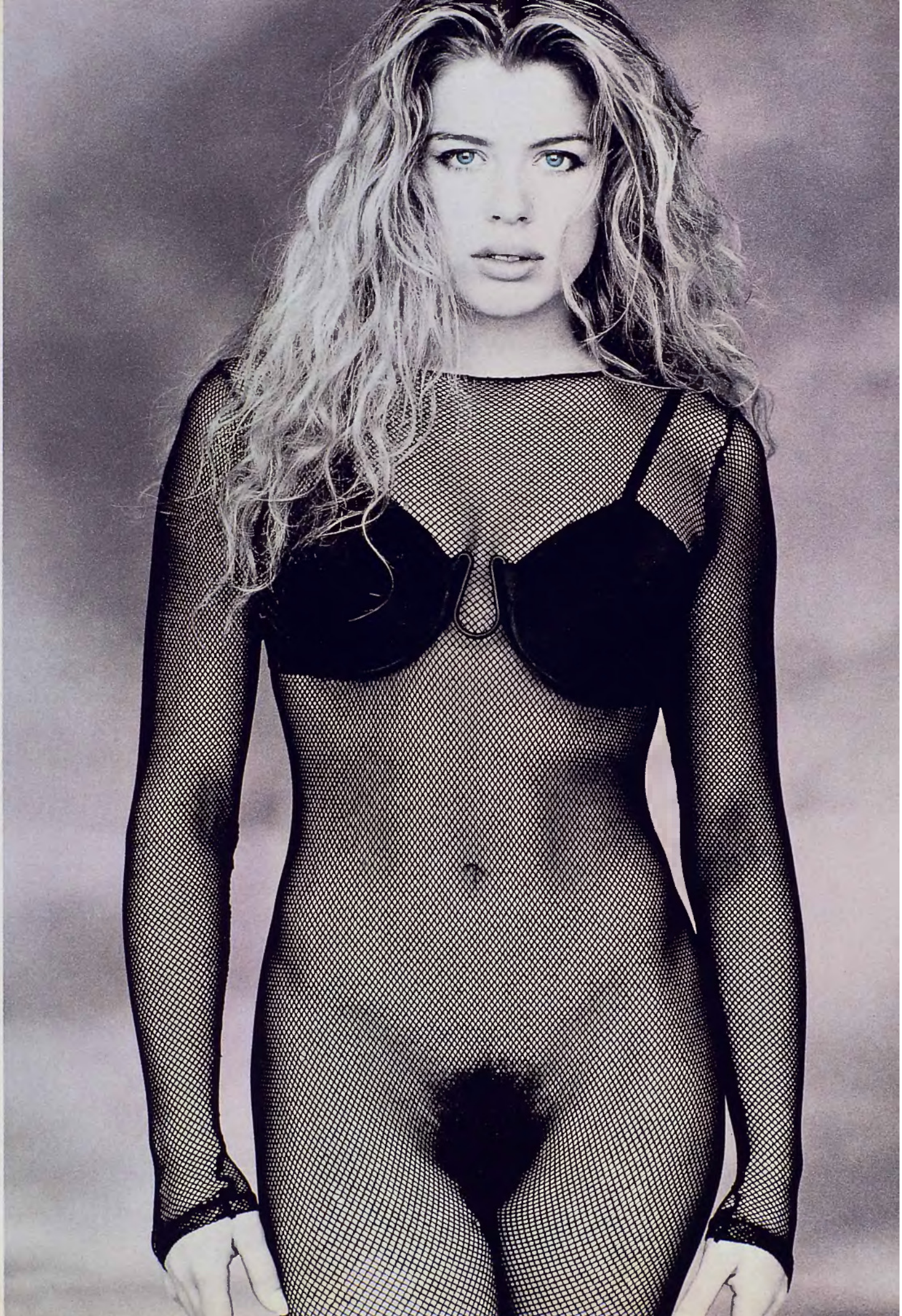
beautiful brit amanda de cadenet grows up

Amanda de Cadenet has long been the darling of Britain's corps of paparazzi, who have caught her (above, from left) with ex-boyfriend Nathan Moore of the rock group Brother Beyond; leaving an exhibit at London's Hamilton Gallery last summer; hand in hand with her fiancé, Duran Duran's John Taylor.

AT THE TENDER AGE of 14, Amanda de Cadenet already had a reputation among Britain's scandal-happy tabloid journalists: They labeled the night-club-hopping teeny-bopper the Wild Child. It's a rap that Amanda, now 19, feels was somewhat exaggerated. "They had to find something to write about, but it got to be a pain in the butt, frankly. But now that I'm working all the time, people take me more seriously." Since last August, she has been the copresenter on *The Word*, a hip television show aimed at younger audiences by Britain's Channel Four; the job followed a similar assignment on satellite TV's Power Station. For the past 18 months, she has also been the significant other for Duran Duran's John Taylor, a relationship she describes as "brilliant, going from strength to strength. We've just sold our house in London and we're getting a bigger one, a family house where there'd be room for a nanny." That *does* sound serious. When she's not working or cooking dinner for John (specialty: "a good Sunday lunch of roast chicken, potatoes and vegetables"), she studies acting. She had a small role in 1989's *The Rachel Papers* but turned down a chance to play Mandy Rice-Davies in *Scandal*. She was only 14 at the time and balked at the nude scenes the character (eventually portrayed by Bridget Fonda) would have to do. "I felt that I was too young then," Amanda explains. "Now I'd do it if the part called for it."

These photos ore the first nudes Amando has ever done. "Bob Corlos Clorke is my favorite photogropher," she soys. "I've worked with him since I wos fourteen, so if I were going to toke my clothes off for onyone besides John, it would be Bob. And I was glad to do it for *Ployboy*, becouse editoriolly, it's o reolly wonderful magazine." What's the significonce of this pose? Amando loughs. "I was octuolly hoving o lunch breok."

As a child, Amanda traveled the world with her dad, Grand Prix driver Alain de Cadenet. When she was 15, she became a model, a career far which she now says, "I'm too opinionated. To be a model, you really have to play dumb." She has been both sweetheart and target of Britain's lively press: A generally positive piece in *Hello!* (opposite) contrasts with that at near left, which she irately describes as "a complete fabrication."



BOOMTOWN (continued from page 72)

"All right, you fat bastard, I thought, watch this: If there's one thing I can do, it's climb."

ground, as were the rest of the hands.

"I want you rigging the brake today," Sonny told the fat man. "And I want your crew to wash the rig real good all the way up."

The fat man nodded slowly, then sent two of his hands for buckets, brushes, soap and rags. When Sonny spotted me, he drove ten feet to where I was standing and said, "Well, College, you made it. That's good. You go ahead and start swabbing the rig with Tom's crew. Be smart up there. Watch where you put your feet. I got to run that other worm off."

I watched him drive another ten feet to a young hand who listened for a minute, then did a little pleading. Finally, Sonny told him, "You was missing two days, and you wasn't worth that much while you was here. Just stop over to the office, get a check and go on down the road." He left the kid standing there and drove out of the yard.

I walked over to the group with the buckets. The fat man was saying something angry about Sonny that he interrupted in midsentence when he saw me. "What are you looking for?" he said.

"Sonny told me to work with your crew today."

"My ass," he said. "I don't need no more crew. You tell Sonny find you something else." He turned to walk away.

"You tell him," I said. He stopped the way a batter stops when he's a few steps toward first base on ball four, then hears the umpire call strike three. He looked at me as if I were the second person he wanted to kill that morning but couldn't; as if I'd be a lot easier to kill than Sonny if it came down to that.

"All right," he said. "You want to wash, you can wash. You can start in the crown." He pointed to the top of the rig. "You get you a bucket and a brush and you climb till you're looking at the sheaves. Then you start washing."

"What are the sheaves?" I asked him.

"Shit," he said. "You ain't too wormy, are you? You ever been on any kind of rig at all? No, you haven't, have you? Well, then, this ought to be real fun for you. If you don't fall down and get yourself dead." He smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. "You go ahead and get on that thing over there with the rungs in it—that's called a ladder—and you keep climbing till you run out of rig and you'll be looking right at the sheaves." Then, without taking his eyes off me, he said, "Get him a bucket, Marlin, and get one for yourself."

Marlin was a big kid with a quiet face, the one who'd been thrown from the bumper of the truck. "Marlin don't much like heights," said the fat man, "but we're going to cure him. He's going to follow you up, then the two of you work your way down."

It seemed as though Marlin might say something, but he didn't. Instead, he looked at me as if the whole thing were my fault, as if I'd somehow drawn the meanness out of the fat man and he'd been splashed by accident.

I took one of the large plastic buckets from him, dropped a stiff brush into the soapy water and carried it to the base of the rig. The bucket was a little over half full and weighed about 15 pounds. The fat man and his crew watched me as I set it down and relaced my boots. All right, you fat bastard, I thought, watch this: I don't know a sheave from a drill bit and I've maybe held a pipe wrench twice in my life, but today's the day I get on this derrick and make you look the fool you are, because if there's one thing I can do, it's climb, and I mean buildings or trees or rocks. And if you think the perfect steel geometry of this stubbly little oil rig holds even small fright for a guy who has clung from a dirty little one-finger crack 15 times as high as your goddamn sheaves, then just watch this.

I swung into it and got about ten rungs up before I had to stop and make some adjustments. The heavy bucket was putting a serious limp in my moves. My rubber-soled boots didn't feel very good on the steel rungs, either.

"You only got a hundred feet to go," said the fat man. "Don't get tired, now."

That pretty much did it. I let the bucket slide into the crook of my right arm so that I could get both hands on the ladder and I started climbing as if anger were muscle. Which it was for a while but not for long on the vertical, and 30 feet up, I felt myself moving into the zone where the bill comes due on what you've spent.

•

The balcony at the top of the rig looked like a work station, probably for the derrick hand, I thought. I wasn't sure what he did, but he had a great view of Westin from up there: the hills, the sawmill, the river and the railroad tracks that cut through town along its banks. The sun was warm, the breeze light, and for the first time, I noticed a beautiful old roundhouse on the western edge of town. It looked to be 100 years old and the railroad was still using it. There were bays for a dozen engines arranged in a circle around the short stretch of track that rotated them in and out of the freight yards. While I watched an engine turn, a lovely, throaty whistle came up and the Amtrak passenger liner from Oakland came out of the hills and slid through the valley, then disappeared through a rocky notch in the east.

I heard the fat man shouting and when I looked down, I saw Marlin standing at the base of the rig with his bucket. Christ, I thought. Hauling a pail of water and a fear of heights up this ladder was going to be an awful piece of work. He stood on the bottom rung anyway, which made me guess that he was more afraid of the fat man than he was of altitude; then he stepped back down and I wondered. The fat man yelled again, and this time, Marlin got onto the ladder and started slowly up. He must need this job worse than I've ever needed one, I thought. The morning was less than an hour old, he had already been thrown from the back of a truck, and now he was making his way up toward what would surely be panic when he passed the point at which the body knows by instinct that a fall could mean death. About ten feet up, he stopped and hugged the ladder. He didn't look up or down. He stayed where he was, breathing badly, till the fat man shouted again, then he began moving, pausing on every rung as if it might be his limit. He stopped again just over 30 feet up, and this time, he almost lost the bucket when he tried to get a full body grip on the ladder. He managed to hang on, but I heard him whimper in a way I'd whimpered myself just before I took a 60-foot screamer off a rock called Royal Arches. It's a pathetic sound that comes up from a place inside that has accepted the inevitability of what's about to happen. The difference was that on Royal Arches, I'd been on a rope that had saved me.

Marlin was clamped to the ladder like a mollusk, which was good, because panic was all over him. If he tried to move, he was going to fall.

"Pour the water out," I shouted.

"I can't," he said without looking up.

"Drop the bucket."

When he didn't answer, I started down. I stopped two rungs above him. "Don't move. Try to relax," I said, even

(continued on page 136)

"My husband's just come home unexpectedly; he's gonna beat the hell out of us—Bachelor Number One, what do we do?"

PLAYBOY PROFILE

LENNY LIVES

IT'S BEEN 30 YEARS SINCE HIS FIRST OBSCENITY ARREST. TODAY, LENNY BRUCE IS STILL THE FUNNIEST DEAD MAN IN AMERICA

SITTING ON A pouf-strewn sofa in the pink living room of her modest Hollywood apartment, Sally Marr, the 84-year-old former dancer and comedian, writes a check for $350, pauses, sighs and tears it out of her checkbook. She hands it to her neighbor, a skinny young man who has recently emigrated from Miami in a black pickup truck with a $1200 paint job to make it as a rock musician in L.A.

The check is to cover what happened when Sally gave the gardener who takes care of the building a couple of dollars to back her 1977 Ford Granada out of the carport so she wouldn't scratch the musician's truck parked alongside. Wouldn't you know, the gardener did the scratching himself and the musician was half-crazed with grief until Sally silenced him by commanding, "Stop it! You're talking to a real person here!" Then she calmed him down, agreed on a settlement and wrote the check, which she can ill afford, except that, as she explains, money doesn't mean anything to her and it shouldn't mean anything to him, because we all come into this world without it and we all leave the same way.

The musician is quick to agree, even though the check, rather than the philosophy, would seem to be the source of his newly regained calm. But he gets excited once again when Sally starts telling him about her son, the legendary comic Lenny Bruce.

"You're his mother?" the musician asks. "That's fantastic! I love comics. Where can I see him work?"

"You can't," Sally says. "He hasn't worked since 1966."

"How come?"

She gestures aloft. "Because he's up there fucking around with Marilyn Monroe."

The musician glances upward, too, as if hoping to catch Marilyn dancing on the ceiling. "I don't get it," he says. "I don't understand what you're saying."

"He *died*, schmuck. You can't see him because he's dead."

•

Thirty years ago this fall, on the evening of October 4, 1961, two cops sauntered into a small San Francisco club called the Jazz Workshop. They approached the comic who had just finished performing and asked him to step outside. Then they arrested him for having violated section 311.6 of California's penal code, which provided, "Every person who knowingly sings or speaks any obscene song, ballad or other words in any public place is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The comic was Lenny Bruce and one of the alleged obscenities was a ten-letter word that, by virtue of his incredulous, then outraged, eventually obsessive but always principled responses to his persecution, found its own special place in the annals of free speech.

The word was cocksucker. You *(continued on page 88)*

By JOE MORGENSTERN

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

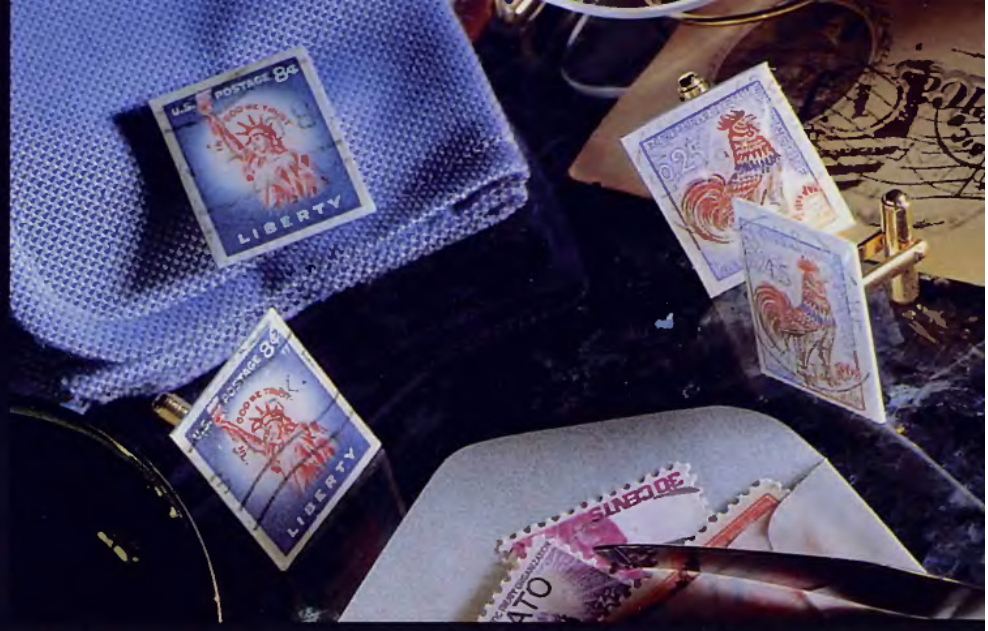
PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Shower yourself in luxury with Kallista's Magnum Spraydome, a dramatic 10"-diameter ceiling-mounted shower fixture that comes in a variety of spiffy metal finishes. The silver-and-gold model shown here, about $4000, is also available in a smaller Semi-Magnum version for $675.

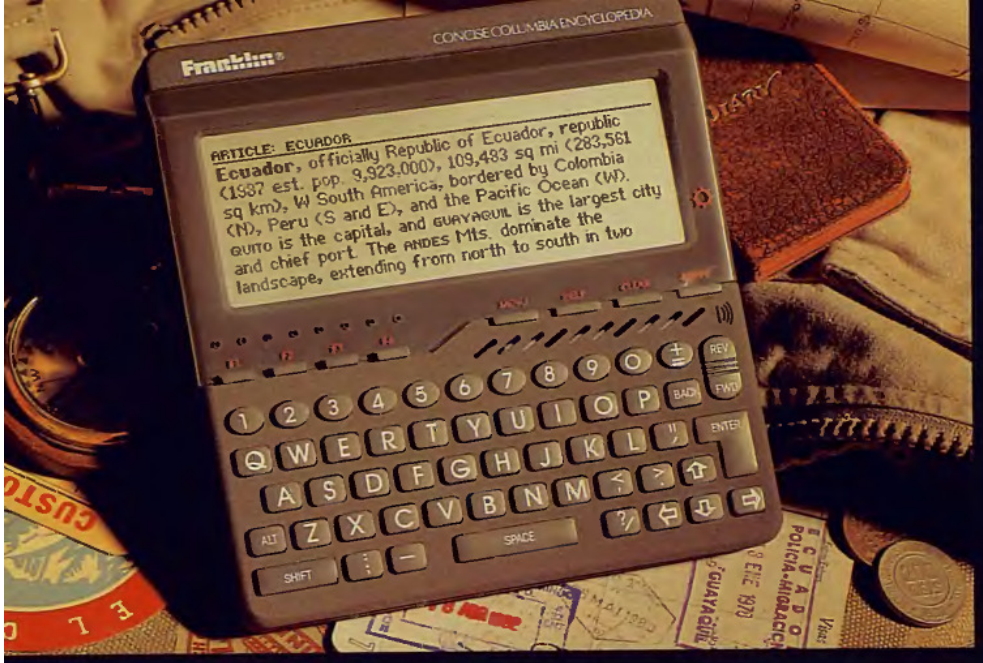
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

RHC for Mails uses more than 100 different postage stamps from around the world to create its first-class collection of handmade resin-coated metol cuff links, $30 a pair.



Harmon Kardon's striking new TL8600 Carousel CD Changer features the company's exclusive 3D Bit Stream technology, about $600, including a 27-key remote control.

These silver-plated business-card cases, with hand-applied decoupage, $22B, say almost as much about you as the cards they carry, from Butler & Wilson, West Hollywood.


Franklin
CONCISE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA
ARTICLE: ECUADOR
Ecuador, officially Republic of Ecuador, republic (1987 est. pop. 9,923,000), 109,483 sq mi (283,561 sq km), W South America, bordered by Colombia (N), Peru (S and E), and the Pacific Ocean (W). Quito is the capital, and GUAYAQUIL is the largest city and chief port. The ANDES Mts. dominate the landscape, extending from north to south in two

Franklin's electronic Concise Columbia Encyclopedia features split-second seorch and cross-referencing capabilities, plus a built-in spell checker and thesaurus, about $400.

Explore the deep and get a great aerobic workout to boot with a pair of high-performance Farce Fins, about $80, and a U.S. Divers' Calypso Mask and Snorkel set, about $30.

If yau're an ace at darts, try Moeller's hand-crafted Viper throwing knives that are made of tempered stainless surgical steel, $70 ta $100, depending an the size and finish.

Where & How to Buy on page 168.

Whether fastened to a wall or placed on a table, Savinelli's handsome burl-veneer pipe cabinet, with brass ventilation holes, is a great way to display up to 18 pipes, about $500.

LENNY LIVES!

(continued from page 82)

"There is no such thing as a dirty word, he liked to say, only scummy thoughts in the listener's mind."

can say it in a public place now without fear of having to endure anything like the two trials, spanning a period of five months, that Lenny went through in San Francisco. I can say it in public print. I can write it twice in the same paragraph, just for the h--- of it. Cocksucker.

We use many words more freely than we did when Lenny was alive. As Sally says, "Lenny lived so that old ladies today can talk like he talked." We will indulge, up to a point, the erratic rants of Andrew Dice Clay. We tune our car radios, with eager anticipation, to the drive-time insults of such shock jocks as Howard Stern and Jay Thomas and their clones across the country. Recently, an FM station in Los Angeles plastered the town with billboards that stated, in a jagged crimson scrawl, SCREW THE RULES. In Lenny's day, the billboards themselves would have been beyond the pale, never mind the station's Arbitron-sanctified loudmouths who do the screwing.

Looking back on the accounts of Lenny Bruce's obscenity trials in San Francisco, which were followed by much lengthier ones in Los Angeles and New York, it's tempting to see them as ancient history, perhaps translated from the original cuneiform characters: the judge in the first San Francisco trial, who found Lenny guilty, declaring with indignant irrelevance that he wouldn't let his grandchildren hear one of Lenny's shows; the jury and spectators in the second trial, which acquitted him, roaring with laughter as the plodding prosecutor asked a witness whether he saw anything funny in the word cocksucker, and the witness replying wryly that, no, he didn't, at least not as the prosecutor had just presented it.

Only last year, though, prosecutors played out an equally ludicrous scene in a Fort Lauderdale, Florida, courtroom, when they put three members of the rap group 2 Live Crew on trial for having sung allegedly obscene lyrics. Here again, the culture gap proved unbridgeable, as a white vice-squad detective took the witness stand and became hopelessly flustered as she tried to translate a scratchy tape of black music that she had recorded on the sly but couldn't begin to comprehend.

This time the jurors asked the judge for permission to laugh, and the judge had the good grace to grant their request, noting that "some of them are having physical pain" from holding their laughter in. This time, as might have been predicted from such a request, the jury laughed the prosecution's ill-conceived, ill-prepared case out of court.

Yet the last laugh doesn't always go to the defendants. Even now, three decades after Lenny's first bust for obscenity, squads of thought police still prowl the land, wrapping themselves in clerical status, political power or simply the flag. They are still trying to peddle their pinched notions of clean and dirty, nasty and nice, and to prosecute fellow citizens who believe, as Lenny did, that the First Amendment means exactly what it says.

•

"Lenny never cared about show business," Sally says. "People would say to us, 'Gee, you're the most unusual thing I've ever seen, a mother comic and a son comic. How come you went into that business?' I'd say, 'We don't even like it. We're not in show business. We have no other skills.'"

•

This is a good time to rediscover Lenny Bruce, assuming that you're old enough to have been aware, as well as alive, when he was in full cry; or to discover him, if you were just checking in as he was checking out. Of course, any time is a good time to connect with Lenny, for his was a wild life—sometimes joyous, often harrowing but, above all, instructive to anyone who cares about what happens when comedy spirals up into the perilous realms of social criticism.

If that sounds like the beginning of a prospectus for an extension school course, why not? "Lenny Bruce: The Seminal Comic," though one cringes at the thought of academics' doing their own stuffy versions of his shtick. (Lenny himself cringed, during his infamous 1964 trial in New York, when Inspector Herbert Ruhe, who had been sent by the city's Department of Licenses to monitor his performance, mimicked his routine in front of three stone-faced judges. "This guy is bombing," Lenny whispered to his attorney, "and I'm going to jail!") The course could be taught late at night, say from midnight to two A.M., and broken down into snappy subtopics such as the following:

Semantics! Lenny was an impassioned believer in language's power to clarify, as well as to offend. There is no such thing as a dirty word, he liked to say, only scummy thoughts in the listener's mind.

Jurisprudence! In the five years between his San Francisco obscenity trials and his death, as the result of a drug overdose, in 1966, Lenny was hounded by the police of other cities, including but not confined to Chicago, Los Angeles and New York, to the point where he'd been stripped of his cabaret license in New York, could no longer work, was almost broke and became possessed, like the most desperate jailhouse lawyer, by a naïve conviction that he could turn the law to his own purposes and set himself free.

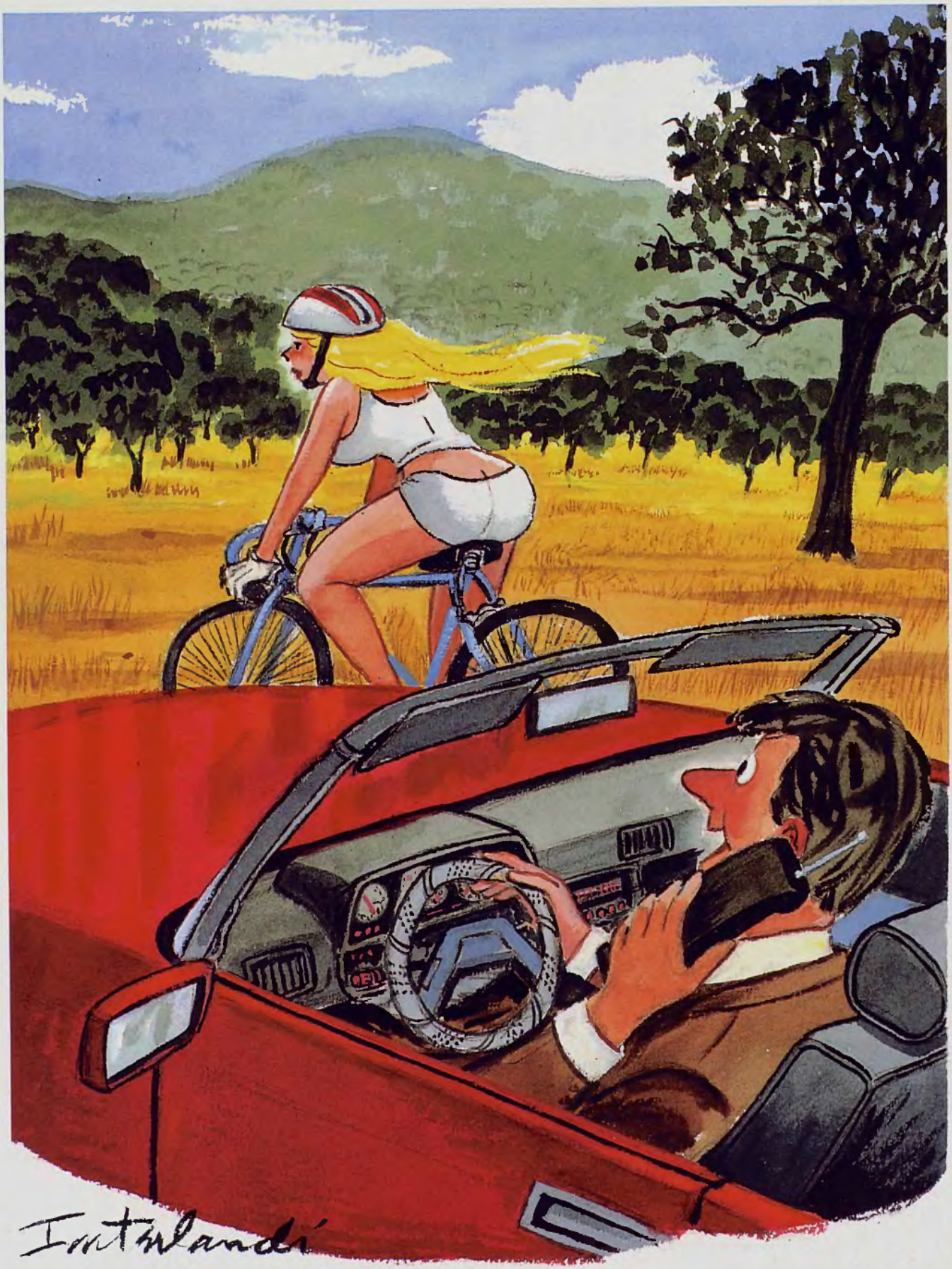
Logic! Lenny, born Leonard Schneider, started out as a hugely gifted but conventional Jewish performer (Jewishness and show business having been the mulch in which his genius sprouted) who found that he could make people laugh by telling the truth about such things as religion, sex and politics. Then he pursued the logic of those truths to astonishing, sometimes shocking extremes.

Psychodynamics! As his career caught fire in the late Fifties, a time of social conformity and political narcolepsy, Bruce sought to shock audiences into an awareness of their follies and hypocrisies. The more he succeeded in this, the more he ran afoul of public fears and hostilities, puritanical cops and self-righteous judges. But high on his enemies list was the enemy within. His gifts for self-destruction were epic, and his weapons of choice were drugs; grass, speed, coke, heroin—you name it and he abused it.

As required reading for such a course, there would be Lenny's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, and Albert Goldman's engrossing biography, *Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce!!* As optional listening for extra credit, *Lenny Bruce Remembered*, Larry Josephson's excellent four-hour documentary that was broadcast on public radio, and which is available for purchase. As optional viewing, the movie *Lenny*, a disjointed, distanced, oddly dispirited affair directed by Bob Fosse in which Dustin Hoffman plays our hero as a wisecracking Christ.

Yet there's a much more immediate way to appreciate Lenny Bruce, for his greatest legacy—more precious than the ghastly details of his persecution, more compelling than the sentimentalized myths of his martyrdom—lies in his humor, in the pieces of the act that put him on the map. Like his soulmate Billie Holiday, who sang so sweetly before drugs, booze and grief ravaged her voice and addled her brain, Lenny

(continued on page 165)



"I was just cruising along and you suddenly came to mind. . . ."

more gadgetry for a turn-of-the-century shopping spree

BACK-TO-THE-FUTURE STUFF

article By MALCOLM ABRAMS and HARRIET BERNSTEIN

FIVE YEARS AGO, who could have predicted that in 1991, we'd be dependent on fax machines, ultra-high-S.P.F. suntan lotion and roller blades? Nobody, not even the people who are getting rich off them right now. Forecasting toys is a tricky business. Two years ago, we gave you a peek at a dozen nifty inventions (*Future Stuff*, *Playboy*, September 1989), many of them set to rock the world by 1991. The list was as odd as it was imaginative: cars that fly; stereos with concert-hall acoustics; surgically implanted "eye rings" that flatten the cornea and eliminate the need for corrective lenses; toilets that wash, dry and perfume you *without* toilet paper; soaring sailboards; gyrating exercise machines; and mood bathing suits that change colors with body temperature. While none of these contraptions has yet made its anticipated splash in the market place (have you seen a mood-suited, eye-ringed babe zipping by in a flying Corvette lately?), busy scientific minds continue to forge ahead, undeterred, blueprinting another batch of gadgets for tomorrow.

Featured below is their A list—from boots that put bounce into aerobics to self-parking cars. But before you start snickering, remember how you laughed at your neighbor when he got a CD player and a car phone. Future stuff has a way of sneaking up on you, and before you know it, you're desperate for the next trendy whatchamacallit. This is the new hardware for the soft life. The inventors swear that their innovations will be for sale as early as next year, but we choose to be a little more realistic: Allow four to six years for delivery. But order *now*.

EXERLOPERS

Odds: 90 percent
E.T.A.: 1993 (available now by mail order)
Price: $199 per pair

Last year, the people of Pittsburgh got a preview of what will likely be the next physical-fitness craze to hit America. And in the true spirit of the Nineties internationalism, its inventor is a Canadian who emigrated from Russia.

The demonstration occurred at the city's Invention/New Product Exposition, as a zany fellow bounded around the convention hall wearing strange skatelike boots. But instead of wheels or blades, the boots had elliptical soles made of two surfaces bowed in opposite directions. Constructed of flexible plastic, the soles were held together by a central bar that acted as a spring.

The weird runner bounced high and far as he cruised up and down the rows of the inventors' convention. It looked easy, it looked like fun and the guy covered a lot of ground with each bound.

Gregory Lekhtman, of Montreal, is the creator of the revolutionary running boot, which he gave the decidedly American-sounding name the Exerloper.

The inventor of a heart monitor and other health accessories, Lekhtman feels that regular running is too jarring on the joints and skeletal system. "We're running to destroy ourselves!" he says in a thick Russian accent. "Bang your hand on the table! That's not exercise, that's destroying!

"If you are standing in a pair of these," Lekhtman continues, "the elliptical sole won't collapse. It will stay curved. Then, when you start running, the sole flattens and bounces, giving your feet a cushioned landing and send-off."

According to Lekhtman, Exerlopers also provide the wearer with quite a workout. "They are four times more cardiovascular than running," he says, because the amount of energy absorbed in the shock of hitting the surface is recycled back into your routine.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGANNE DEEN

PERSONAL SUBMARINE

Odds: 75 percent
E.T.A.: 1993
Price: $100,000, until mass-produced; then $35,000

Like every other boy who followed the exploits of Jacques Cousteau, Tommy Fury fantasized about going on great underwater adventures. He even imagined building his own submarine.

For some boys, dreams die hard. Fury never let go of his, and now, at the age of 48, the former farmer has U.S. patent number 4,841,896—for the SSSV personal submarine.

SSSV stands for Shallow Sight-seeing Submerging Vehicle. "The main complaint with other small subs," says Fury, "has always been the six-inch porthole. So my SSSV has a transparent top and bottom, giving full visibility above and below. It's unique."

Also unlike other minisubs, the SSSV has its own air supply—just like the big boys—so operators needn't wear an oxygen mask inside the cabin. According to Fury, the sub will carry enough air to last for two days.

The egg-shaped craft is 15 feet long and weighs 8000 pounds. It's easy to operate and can be transported on a regular boat trailer. Tracks on its bottom make it possible to drive the sub off the trailer right into the water.

Designed for two to four, the SSSV can dive to 100 feet, making it the perfect vehicle for fish and flora sight-seeing in clear waters. The vehicle's six battery-powered electric engines, similar to those used on small fishing boats, will keep it moving for eight hours. Buoyancy bags are designed to inflate automatically if the craft goes too deep or an emergency develops.

Fury has also patented a novel ballast system for the sub that uses tanks mounted on winglike struts that swing about and push the SSSV wherever the pilot wants it to go.

The craft is steered by a joy stick, which directs the engines. Although the sub is easier to drive than a car with a manual transmission, operators will have to qualify for a license.

SCRAP-HEAP HOMES

Odds: 90 percent
E.T.A.: 1993
Price: $40,000 to $1,000,000

A house built of old tires, earth and aluminum cans isn't exactly where you would expect to find a famous actor making his home. Unless, of course, that actor is an ecological advocate who wants to show the world that we can save what we throw away—and then live in it.

The actor is Dennis (*Gunsmoke*, *McCloud*) Weaver, and his home is a 9000-square-foot, $1,000,000 structure built into a hill near Telluride, Colorado. The house was constructed using 3000 old tires and 200,000 aluminum cans, and everything inside is run by the sun—including the hot tub and the pump that operates the foyer waterfall.

The house was created by 45-year-old visionary architect Michael Reynolds of Taos, New Mexico, who has built more than 50 of these energy-saving structures, which he calls EarthShips.

Nearly 20 years ago, two environmental reports by Walter Cronkite and Charles Kuralt inspired the young Reynolds to create ecologically sound homes. After experimentation, he found that a combination of old tires, cans and earth formed ideal building blocks for his self-sufficient homes.

"The house is like a battery," says Reynolds. "The dense mass of materials—three feet thick—captures and stores energy from either the sun or conventional heat sources."

After a year of warming, Weaver's home holds a constant temperature of 68 to 72 degrees Fahrenheit. The house is not even hooked up to a power line; photovoltaic cells provide the juice for lights.

In the living room, Weaver has a 300-square-foot planter for vegetables and fruit that is irrigated by a system that filters runoff water from five baths and a laundry. "This is a house you don't have to take care of," says Weaver. "It takes care of *you*."

If you don't have $1,000,000 to spend on a scrap-heap home, you can build one of your own using Reynolds' step-by-step guidebook, *EarthShip*. The book teaches the ambitious do-it-yourselfer how to build a 2500-square-foot EarthShip for about $40,000, saving as much as 75 percent on the cost of materials. Reynolds expects entire EarthShip communities to spring up around America in the next six years.

HOLOGRAPHIC FOOD

Odds: 80 percent
E.T.A.: 1992
Price: Same as regular foods

Imagine seeing a cartoon character dancing inside a giant lollipop or watching little canoes race through your corn flakes every morning. Sure, it sounds more exciting than reading the back of a cereal box, but is the world ready for digestive entertainment?

The folks at the Dimensional Foods Corporation in Boston think so. They're busy developing holograms (those wonderful three-dimensional pictures such as the one on your MasterCard) to be embedded into edibles—everything from standard fare to candy bars to pills. And there will be no harmful additives, the company says.

The actual incorporation of the holograms into the food is simple. Workers at Dimensional mold microscopic ridges onto the surface of foods, or, in the case of lollipops, the ridges are molded into edible film that is then embedded into the candy. Light bouncing off these microscopic ridges behaves the same way as light passing through a prism—it bends, then breaks into patterns of different colors.

The specific process being used by Dimensional Foods was developed by the company's president, Eric Begleiter. The difference between his method and the one used by the credit-card companies is that the ridges of the holograms are cast onto the foods themselves, rather than onto Mylar film.

THE SELF-PARKING CAR

Odds: 75 percent
E.T.A.: 1999
Price: N/A

Volkswagen made a big hit at this year's auto show in New York—but not only with its 1991 models. Spectators watched pop-eyed as VW unveiled technology it plans to implement sometime in the next decade: a car that will park itself. Now, *this* is what the future is supposed to be about.

The technology for automatic parking has already been incorporated into a research vehicle called the Futura, a bubble car with two-plus-two seating, gull-wing doors, electronic four-wheel steering and a 1.7-liter, 82-horsepower engine with direct fuel injection. Operation of the self-parking mechanism will be as easy as flicking on the radio. The driver will simply press a button to confirm the maneuver, then sit back while the computerized, sensor-equipped car slips perfectly into the tightest of spaces.

"It was impressive to watch the technology in action," said a reporter who was covering the auto show for a national magazine. "But even more interesting was seeing the satisfied smiles in the crowd. You could tell that this was one invention that would really take off. After all, *everyone* hates parking."

The nuts and bolts of the technology are fascinating. As the car approaches the space, sensors determine whether or not it's adequate. A display panel then indicates a choice of five maneuvers (forward, back, parallel, straight and tail-wagging). The driver confirms the selection by pushing a button and the automatic parking pilot goes into action.

During the actual parking, the space is constantly scanned by the sensors to register any obstacle fore or aft, as well as proximity to the curb. All the maneuvers have been designed to minimize interference with traffic.

The automatic system also leaves the car in the best possible position for a quick, one-move exit, which is also automatic. However, the driver can interrupt the automatic process and resume control of the car at any time during the maneuver.

The sensors that regulate self-parking can also be used during normal driving to measure distances to cars in front and behind, as well as the proximity to other road obstacles. After determining and evaluating the distances and speed, the electronic system issues a visual warning on the dashboard if trouble is imminent. Volkswagen engineers believe this system may help avert "pile-up" accidents.

More than anything else, it is the advances in four-wheel-steering technology that have enabled VW researchers in Germany to develop the ingenious self-parking system. They aggressively pursued this innovation, because the wedge shape on most new cars, while aerodynamically advantageous, was making it more difficult for drivers to see the extremities of the car while trying to park.

Now, if only someone would come up with the removable fire hydrant. . . .

AIRPLANE MODULES

Odds: 50 percent
E.T.A.: 2000
Price: N/A

Ever missed a connecting flight or had your luggage end up in Montserrat instead of Montreal? Take heart. There may soon be a better way.

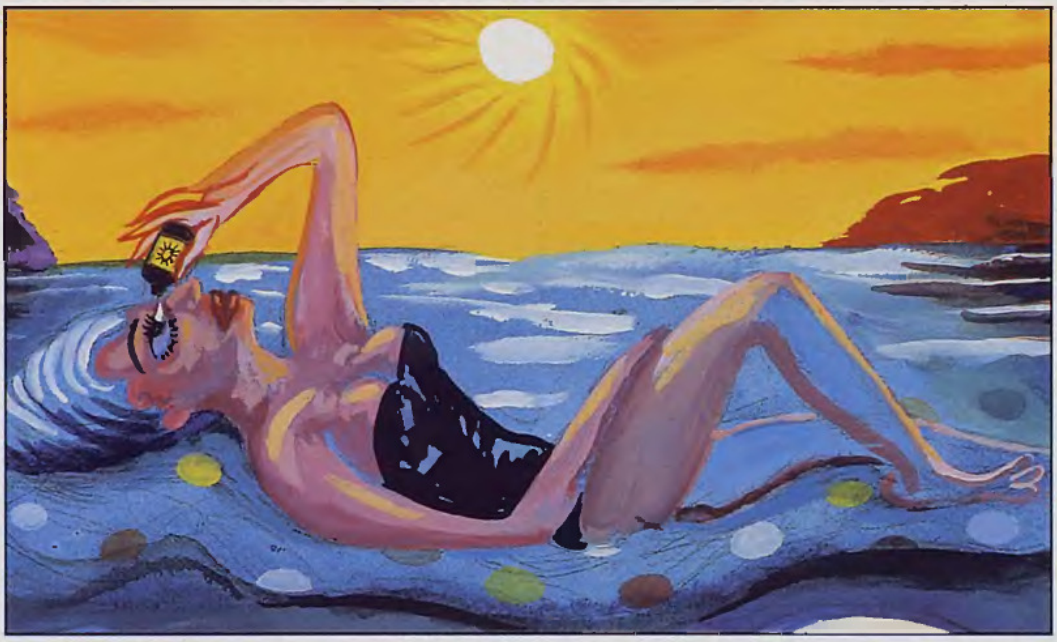
"All of the troubles of air travel can be traced to one root cause," says Albert A. Lupinetti, the chief scientist at the Federal Aviation Administration's Technical Center in Atlantic City. "Airports are overloaded."

Lupinetti's solution—which will eliminate delays, air congestion and scheduling hassles—is the "self-contained travel module." Each unit will hold between ten and 20 passengers and will be outfitted with its own kitchen, bathroom and luggage space. Passengers will board the modules at outposts miles from the airport.

Imagine: You live in Connecticut and plan to fly to Seattle. Your flight leaves from New York's J.F.K. Airport with a change-over in Chicago. Under Lupinetti's plan, you board the "Seattle module" at your local train station. As you sit back and enjoy a drink, the module is transported by train to J.F.K. Airport, loaded onto a conveyor track and then moved directly to the Chicago-bound plane—where it is snapped into place with other modules arriving from New Jersey, Westchester County, Long Island and Upstate New York. When all the modules are fitted snugly to the aircraft, the plane takes off.

In Chicago, your module is disconnected and transported to the Seattle-bound plane, while the other modules are dispersed to their connecting flights. When you arrive in Seattle, you deboard your module with your luggage—which has never left your side.

"The whole objective is to make the system more efficient," says Lupinetti, adding that half-full planes could be fitted with cargo modules. "With a one hundred percent load factor, the system would be more profitable *and* practical for the airlines. For instance, one airplane could hold modules from many travel companies as well as modules from different airlines. This would enable several companies to make money on one flight."



Lupinetti even envisions a day when specialized modules could be designed to accommodate the traveler's every whim. "You could have a module with a sauna, modules that serve Italian food or modules that are decorated in Early American," he suggests. The one drawback of the system is the cost of initial implementation. Lupinetti won't even hazard a guess.

LIQUID SUNGLASSES

Odds: 95 percent
E.T.A.: 1993
Price: N/A

Forget the shades. Lose the visor. Special eyedrops will soon be the best way to keep the sun out of your eyes.

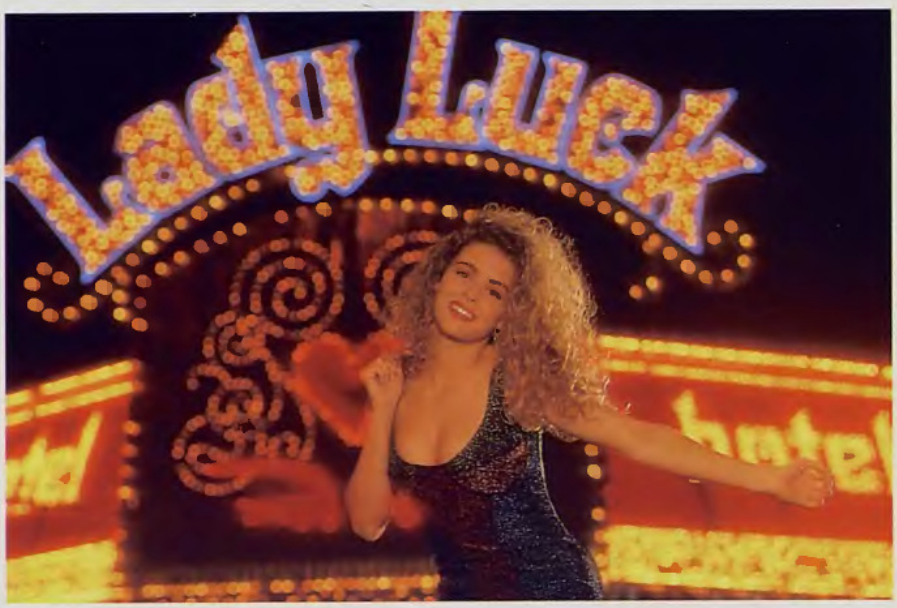
Dr. Neville A. Baron, a New Jersey ophthalmologist, has developed drops that screen out most ultraviolet light. Sounds simple, but with the depletion of the ozone layer and the increasing amount of ultraviolet light passing through it, this is no small invention.

Ordinary sunglasses block out 60 to 95 percent of ultraviolet-A rays, which some doctors believe cause blindness by destroying retinal cells, and 60 to 95 percent of ultraviolet-B rays, which contribute to the formation of cataracts. Dr. Baron's drops, which are chemical compounds also used in the treatment of eye disorders, will knock out *98 percent* of the ultraviolet rays.

Another advantage of eyedrops over dark glasses is that you'll be able to see better indoors. Since 40 percent of our exposure to ultraviolet rays occurs inside—from television sets, computer screens and fluorescent lighting—some people will use the drops even when they aren't in the sun.

Clear, colorless and nonirritating, the drops will be effective for as long as four hours. As soon as FDA approval is obtained, Baron's brain child is likely to become as available as suntan lotion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



meet corinna harney, the biggest surprise in town

VEGAS WINNER

STROLLING the Strip in her glitzed-out home town, Corinna Harney looks positively tame. A jaunty chapeau atop her gold tresses, a low-cut black blouse under a fish-net sweater that matches her candy-pink lipstick—well, the look is practically prosaic next to the checkered polyesters and wild midnight styles of other Las Vegas Strip walkers. The same can't be said for Corinna herself. She is as surprising as the cactus flowers that sprang from the Nevada desert the week we met her. She's a poet in a town full of dice players, a Vegas lover who has never gambled, a blonde whose hair should have been either black or red (her heritage is Cherokee-Irish, on *both* sides of the family). In a desert of neon, Corinna is a placid oasis. "I was never quite in sync with society," she says. Growing up in Nevada teaches a girl to make her own way. One way was poetry. When words failed her, she just goofed off: Too young to hang out in the casinos, Corinna and her school pals used to hit the Strip and act silly. "It was great. Everything was open late. We'd watch the people, pretending we were tourists." Sometimes, they were tourist terrorists, using squirt guns or water balloons to startle out-of-towners. The cops put a stop to that; Vegas caters to visitors and expects young locals to find their own fun until they turn 21. On weekends, the kids trucked to the desert. Garage bands plugged in portable generators and bounced thrash rock off the night sky; Corinna and friends danced. They also watched shooting stars. "In the desert, you'll see four or five in a few hours," she says. "I'd make a wish on every one." One of her wishes, way back then, was to be a Playmate of the Month. "And now I am," says Miss August. "Maybe shooting stars do work."

Corinna is equally at home on the Vegas Strip (top) and in the sands northeast of town, near Nellis Air Force Base (above), where she decamps for a day of four-wheeling with her blond brother John and friends. John, 16, hopes to headline as a comic one day. His now-famous sis, 19, has no bright-lights ambitions. "I just want to stay happy," she says.

Miss August's many moods start above and proceed clockwise across the next page to the photo below. Corinno is an animol lover, a sultry desert siren, great at dancing "da butt," the perfect picnic companion, a siren, a shy model for cowboy boots and a bowler, a siren and, well, you ought to know by now.

MINERALS

Don't think Corinna misses out on physical pleasures. Like many a Nevadan, she has jet-skied nude on Lake Mead. And one of her love poems reads as follows: "Flowing through your arms, drinking from your streams/Fantasizing you as a mountain of pleasure/Seeing your skin, I feel the need to find your treasures./If you can't tell, the fairy tale is true./Lying side by side, this adventureland for me and you."

"I've wanted to be a Playmate for years," says Corinna. "Now I feel so *lucky*!" Perhaps you noticed the playing cards embossed on the boots she wears on the previous pages. All aces. As with Corinna, the secret isn't luck; it's design.

Corinna D. Harney
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS AUGUST

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: CORINNA HARNEY

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 2-20-72 BIRTHPLACE: BREMERHAVEN, GERMANY

AMBITIONS: To get a good education, to stay interested in people and excited about life!

TURN-ONS: New places, bodies of water, looking at a sky full of stars, laughter.

TURN-OFFS: Fake people, liars, gossip, slow cars in the fast lane, people who make snap judgments.

FAVORITE PEOPLE: My boyfriend Dean, my mom, my best friend Jo'rene and anyone who likes these pictures!

A SEXY MAN: He's rough & tough, fit & funny - and he's always my buddy.

MY HEALTH FOODS: Chocolate-chip pancakes & root beer.

CORINNA'S NIGHT OUT: On a warm, rainy evening, he brings a ladder to my second-story window. We escape to the mountains, above the rain, to gaze at the stars.

SIS DORINDA & ME FUTURE PLAYMATES?

Freshman Princess?! & my POP + the COP

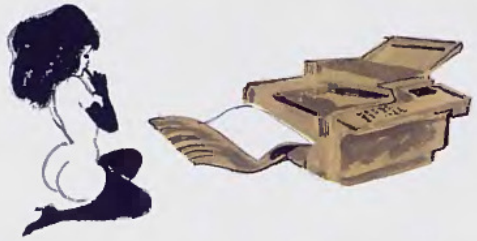
Cookies, anyone?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Back in 1350 B.C., the teacher at the Pharaoh's best school for scribes announced a hieroglyphics dictation test. Scrolls and drawing reeds were produced and the instructor began: "Praise be to our great king Tutankhamen. . . ." The students began drawing. "The most noble of kings. . . ." The students continued. "The best loved of leaders. . . ." They still drew. "The most virile of kings. . . ."

Suddenly, a student in the back of the room turned to the apprentice scribe next to him and asked, "How do you spell virile, with one testicle or two?"

What's the difference between a lawyer and a catfish? One's a scum-sucking scavenger and the other is just a fish.



Three vampires went into a saloon and bellied up to the bar. "What'll you have?" the bartender asked.

"I'll have a glass of blood," the first replied.

"I'll have a glass of blood, too, please," said the second.

"I'll have a glass of plasma," said the third.

"OK, let me get this straight," the bartender said. "That'll be two bloods and a blood light?"

What's the worst part of safe sex? Stopping to turn the page.

A woman with 14 children, aged one to 14, decided to sue her husband for divorce on the grounds of desertion.

"When did he desert you?" the judge asked.

"Thirteen years ago," she replied.

"If he left thirteen years ago, where did all the children come from?"

"Well," explained the woman, "he kept coming back to say he was sorry."

As the Rolls-Royce idled at a stop light, a Mercedes-Benz pulled up beside it. "Hey, I have not only a phone in my car," the Rolls driver said, "but a fax machine as well."

"Big deal," the Mercedes driver replied. "I've got a water bed in the back."

The Rolls driver was furious as he watched the Mercedes take off. He drove directly to an auto-specialty shop and had a $5000 water bed installed in the back of his car.

A few weeks later, the Rolls pulled up to the same Mercedes at a stop light. The driver honked, then honked again. Finally, the Mercedes window rolled down. "You have nothing on me," the driver boasted. "I have a heated, five-thousand-dollar water bed in back."

The Mercedes driver poked his head out the window and shouted, "You mean you got me out of the shower to tell me that?"

Mr. Spencer," the banker said to the oilman, "we lent you a million dollars to revive your old wells and they went dry."

"Coulda been worse," the oilman replied.

"Then we lent you a million more to drill new wells," the banker continued, "and they were dry."

"Coulda been worse."

"And then we lent you *another* million for new drilling equipment and it broke down."

"Coulda been worse."

"I'm getting a little tired of hearing that, Mr. Spencer," the banker snapped. "Tell me, just how could it have been worse?"

"Coulda been *my* money."

Hello, Mom. How's Dad?"

"He got struck by lightning on the golf course and died."

"What hole was he on?"

"The seventeenth."

"Well, how was he doing until then?"

In the first few minutes of the ground war, a defiant Saddam Hussein looked into a mirror and bellowed, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the toughest son of a bitch of them all?"

"All right," he growled, turning from the mirror toward his military advisors, "who the hell is Bobby Knight?"

Graffito spotted in a singles-bar men's room: IF YOU CAN'T GIVE UP SEX, GET MARRIED AND TAPER OFF.

When the man first noticed that his penis was growing longer, he was delighted. But several weeks and several inches later, he became concerned and went to see a urologist.

While his wife waited outside, the physician examined him and explained that, though rare, his condition could be corrected by minor surgery.

The patient's wife anxiously rushed up to the doctor after the examination and was told of the diagnosis and the need for surgery. "How long will he be on crutches?" she asked.

"Crutches?" the doctor asked.

"Well, yes," the woman said. "You *are* going to lengthen his legs, aren't you?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Are you trying to tell me you can make me come by just gazing into my i-yi-yi-yi-yieees!?"

in a nondescript office near the pentagon, the scientists who broke iraq's back are already fighting the next war

article By JOHN SEDGWICK IT WAS a war full of stunning images: the view from the "smart" bombs' nose-cone cameras; the sight of anti-aircraft fire spraying into the night skies over Baghdad, as the Iraqi gunners shot in vain at Stealth bombers they couldn't see, much less hit; the reports of the Cruise missile that made its way down a street in Baghdad, paused at the corner and took a left, like a commuter going to work.

These were the visions of the Nintendo war, a conflict so antiseptically high-tech that American soldiers weren't major players until the very end, and then only to round up the enemy like so many thousands of lost sheep. This war wasn't won by men but by machines—Stealth aircraft, smart weapons—that pounded the Iraqis into submission before they even had a chance to fight. These machines didn't come from the Army, Navy, Air Force or the Marines (though they happily took credit for them). They came from a little-known band of technological Green Berets called DARPA, or, to give it the full name no one ever uses, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency.

DARPA is a dust mite by Pentagon standards—just 160 civilian employees operating out of a single, nondescript office building in Rosslyn, Virginia, on a measly annual budget of a billion and change. But DARPA is the place where, as John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists puts it, "the toys come from." Since its creation in 1958, DARPA's job has been to investigate military technologies that are so far out (or "high-risk, high-payoff," in DARPA parlance) that they can take 20 years to turn into usable military hardware—if they ever make it at all.

The agency, of course, doesn't think of itself as chief toymaker to the American military. In DARPA lingo, it simply does "interesting work." The only frustrating part of the process is waiting for God and man to produce a war in which all this technology can actually be useful. One after another, highly promising (from DARPA's standpoint, at least) American military conflicts pooped out into limited-scale, low-tech no-shows. Grenada, Libya and Panama were over before the DARPA guys warmed up their computers.

But then, finally, Saddam Hussein showed up with a war so perfectly suited to DARPA's needs and interests that it might actually have been set up as a monthlong DARPA technology demo. It was fought out in the open, with almost six months' notice, against an enemy competent enough to justify bringing out all our best weaponry but not so competent that we had to worry about losing much of it. And the result was—well, you know what the result was.

None of the equipment in the Persian *(continued on page 122)*

THE MEN FROM DARPA

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

DARPA

ROBERT DOWNEY, JR.

hollywood's most self-propelled young actor revs up on *american psycho*, regrets his encounter with a rottweiler and explains why he dreads letterman

Robert Downey, Jr., the 26-year-old star of "Less than Zero," "The Pick-up Artist," "Chances Are," "1969," "True Believer," "Air America" and, most recently, "Soapdish," lives in a Los Angeles gingerbread house he shares with actress Sarah Jessica Parker. When Contributing Editor David Rensin met the energetic young actor there, Downey immediately led him to an upstairs office, where he wanted to video-tape the interview. He quickly abandoned that to show off his electronic keyboards, Macintosh computer, fax machine, stereo setup, video and television equipment. "About the only things that weren't plugged into the wall," Rensin told us, "were the Abdomenizer, the Lifecycle and Downey himself."

1.

PLAYBOY: What was the biggest risk you ever took as an actor, and did you pull it off?

DOWNEY: It was in *Less than Zero*, playing a guy who's bisexual, doing a scene with my underwear down and my head between some guy's legs. If I was convincing—and I think I was—it was because I was in the moment. I was paying attention. I was also thinking that there's nothing worse than seeing an actor not commit to something that's uncomfortable. As Kevin Kline once said to me, "Actors today refuse to ever really jump into comedy roles, because they are trying to let you know that they are much smarter than the person they're playing. They want to interject little aspects of how wonderfully brilliant and intelligent and ahead of the game they are comedically." I'd give you examples of who he meant, but I might have to work with one of them in two weeks.

2.

PLAYBOY: Are there actor peers with whom you can be honest when it comes to their work?

DOWNEY: It's hard for me to imagine that I'm the one who should bring bad news to somebody I consider a worthless dog-fucker of an actor. Besides, it's important to have a couple of clowns around, isn't it? Of course, if you're really good in something, everybody is very eager to share that with you. Even if you're just OK, they're likely to say something positive. But when you suck and they don't say anything, it says volumes. There are definitely people who are very honest with me about certain things. They'll say, "You were just lazy there. You could have done. . . ." I go, "I know." I take criticism well. I just want to know the fucking truth. I don't need to be babied anymore, I'm twenty-six years old.

3.

PLAYBOY: What matters tremendously now that never used to, and what doesn't matter that once did?

DOWNEY: What matters a lot to me now is longevity. I always had a Dionysian approach to things that I thought really worked for me. But now I have become a little bit more of a grandpa. It's time to build a nest egg. Not just monetarily but emotionally. What's so funny is that ultimately, being in the public eye, you are setting yourself up for a vast and incomprehensible depression when it's over. So what's really important to me that didn't used to be is thinking about my future.

And what isn't important now is leaving a room having convinced everyone that I'm the funniest, most original person they've ever met. I used to have this feeling that unless I had gone nine steps further than was necessary to convince everyone of my comedic genius and spiritual insight, I was invalid. And now I'm just a lot more interested in being OK with myself.

4.

PLAYBOY: Having helped bring *Less than Zero* to the world, where do you stand on Bret Easton Ellis' latest contribution, *American Psycho*?

DOWNEY: Here's how I see it: Anything that is provocative is worth while. *American Psycho* might not be appealing, it might not be interesting, even, but look what it's created. It's brought out a bunch of people who say, "Oh, you can't do that." Whether it's positive or negative, as long as something breaks through all those subtle areas of your own filtering system and gets you right at the core and gets some sort of response, it has validity. Look, if you asked me if I'd defend someone's right to take a dump on the sidewalk, I'd say yeah. I think "offensive" is definitely in the eye of the beholder. There are a lot of things I'm interested in that everyone else considers offensive.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's the most regrettable thing you've ever done?

DOWNEY: I was in Amsterdam a while ago. I went to the red-light district and I was really, really perturbed by what I saw. I thought it was going to be like little treasurers from Helsinki, but, in fact, it was vile. Strange even to the strange. I went into a bookstore and I opened a book. I should have known. It was like *Kindersex* and *Habensex*. Child sex, dark sex. And then I saw this animal thing, and the minute I opened it, I thought, Oh, fuck, it's too late. I've already seen it; now it's logged in there forever. *Hundsex*. Dog sex. That was the most regrettable thing that I've done. I can see it right now. There it is, that jazzed-up chick right on this Rottweiler's schnitzel.

6.

PLAYBOY: What are your rules for sustaining a relationship with that most impulsive of creatures, the actress?

DOWNEY: [*Laughs*] Be brutally honest. Do whatever it takes to sustain humor. And spontaneity. It sounds so cheesy, but I guess that's what it is. Sometimes it's hard to really draw the line between when you're being honest in order to dump your shit on someone else and when you're being honest to express something that actually is important for you to address. It's really nice how some humans are capable of putting their frustration on hold until someone clears out of a lengthy period of denial, self-destruction, whatever. That's amazing to me.

7.

PLAYBOY: When is sex overrated?

DOWNEY: Before it happens. I hear if you jerk off first thing in the morning, no woman *(continued on page 143)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATANZARO/MAHOESSIAN

two years ago, we told you golf would take over the nineties.
now we're telling you it's even more serious than that.
these days, if you don't play golf, you can't talk to the guys,
you can't conduct your business, you can't learn life's important lessons.
because of golf, we're neglecting the S&L scandal
and we're not meeting any women. it's driving us crazy. it's . . .

The Golf Crisis

IT'S TRUE. Golf has taken over everything. It has insinuated itself into the otherwise tight twill of our everyday lives. For it, we abjure those things that are responsible, honorable and for which we endured years of arduous training. Golf has become a nonnegotiable demand on our time. And what do we get in return? Golf's current abuse. It used to be immensely rewarding. Here was a relationship we could understand. But lately, golf has been tarted up. Its once wholesome, animal allure is now in danger of losing its soul.

During the Seventies, it was trendy for golf architects to build new 7000-yard-long "backbreaker" courses. Existing country clubs joined the band wagon, stretching out their courses by building new tees farther back into the woods.

Equipment companies assisted golfers desperate for distance by designing the perfect distance combination for long tee shots: metal woods, graphite shafts and solid balls. Business boomed. Golfers, frustrated for years, now lived for the powerful clicking sound a metal head makes when a graphite shaft whips it into the ball at high club-head speed. Then a new architectural trend took place in the Eighties: shorter, narrower courses that were littered with more sand and deeper bunkers. Equipment companies came to the rescue again, only this time, the focus was on the manufacture of "game-improvement" recovery clubs. An array of high-lofted six, seven and eight woods with unique cambered soles gave the golfer ripping power in the rough.

More technologically advanced investment cast irons, featuring perimeter weighting, were designed to launch the ball high into *(concluded on page 149)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

crisis? what crisis? meet the happy mexican, who has never met a golf course he didn't like

A Conversation with Lee Trevino

PLAYBOY: In 1990, you earned one point two million dollars on the Senior Tour, more than Greg Norman made on the regular P.G.A. Tour. The Senior Tour seems to be getting more popular. Why?

TREVINO: The majority of the fans now supporting the Senior Tour watched us play all those years. They've told their kids and the grandkids all about us. That's why our galleries are actually getting younger and younger all the time. Plus, we've always had an identity. Arnold Palmer, the Happy Mex, Chi Chi Rodriguez. We had names and we had people, the little man from South Africa, Gary Player; left-hander Bob Charles; Arnie's Army; the Sergeant, Orville Moody. We were almost like TV characters. The only player on the regular tour galleries identify with and recognize everywhere is Payne Stewart. And that's only because he wears different clothes than everyone else. When he takes those plus fours and those long Argyle socks off, no one knows him. In his private life, he walks around and nobody recognizes him. He's almost like the rock band Kiss.

PLAYBOY: It's no secret that the regular P.G.A. Tour needs a superstar. Candidates include Nick Faldo and Mark Calcavecchia. Can one player dominate?

TREVINO: There are too many tournaments, and the prize money is so big now. No player is going to compete enough to have a chance of dominating. A decent finish in only a couple of events gives him a decent living.

PLAYBOY: Is that the only reason? Isn't it also that today's players lack character?

TREVINO: We're in a different generation. When we came up, in the Fifties and Sixties, we didn't just play golf. We worked in the pro shop. We sold people shoes. We'd sell a golfer a pair of ten-Ds when he wore eleven-C and he liked them. We sold large-size shirts to guys who wore extra-large. We were salesmen. We went out at night, we drank, we played cards.

The new generation of golfers coming up today is very talented but strictly business. They're not actors—entertainers—and they should be. Regardless of what you think, people still love to be stroked a little bit. They don't care if it's a lie, they just say, "Hey, the guy talked to me." "He slapped me on the back." "We laughed together." "We had a beer." Because of our backgrounds, and because the Senior Tour is like a second childhood, we *(continued on page 144)*

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

The perfect swing starts with eliminating unnecessary movements. Control and power come from turning the big muscles and from patience and balance. Don't screw things up by letting your elbows flap around.

who did seve ballesteros turn to when he needed to improve his swing? the same man we did

The Perfect Lesson

instruction By PHIL RITSON

MOST GOLF INSTRUCTORS believe they have given the perfect lesson. Unfortunately, the result is not always perfect. As Red Auerbach reminds us, it's not what you teach, it's what they learn. We teachers of this wonderful game need to pay more attention to what the pupil understands of the lesson and how he can feel and practice the motions that work for him.

The essence of the perfect swing starts with the elimination of unnecessary movements.

In the early stages of learning the golf swing, do not use a golf ball. This "dry swinging" allows you to focus on the correct swing motion, creating a "feel pattern." The ball is an intimidating factor that takes away the ability to achieve that pattern. Consequently, I teach my pupils to dry swing at least four or five times for every ball they hit. The conscious thought in the dry swing is to feel the mechanics and learn to hit the ball instinctively.

The setup, which consists of grip, stance, posture and alignment, is fundamental in creating the swing that's right for you. Anyone can have a perfect setup. It doesn't matter what your body type is; the fundamentals of the setup remain the same—but more on that later.

The controlled power swing is achieved by a few major body moves; i.e., use of the big muscles, centrifugal power and balance. To master these key body moves, you must first understand them. Let's begin with the essentials.

GRIP

It is very important to have a grip that will reduce the movement of the hands as much as possible. The hands transmit the speed and power through your body to the club head, and the less they move, the better they transmit. You must never "roll" your hands.

I teach the two conventional grips—interlock and overlap—because they allow the hands to work as one unit, while the ten-finger grip does not. Normally, a person with smaller hands prefers the interlock grip, and a person with bigger hands, the overlap grip. Also, if you have small hands, the handle of your club should be thinner, and if you have big hands, slightly thicker. In taking up your grip, the club should run diagonally across your upturned left hand, from the pad near the base of the palm to the bottom of the index finger. Hold the grip mainly in the palm of the left hand, making sure the last three *(continued on page 150)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NELSON

you may think you know from pressure:
the bonked drive, the sculled pitch, the missed putt.
but for the young men who enter p.g.a. qualifying school,
the chance at a career is a stroke of luck

School Confidential

article By KEVIN COOK

MICKEY YOKOI was in jail. Golf jail, the kind with bark on the bars. The green was just 60 yards off, but a stand of pines blocked the way. A small, wiry man dressed in Gary Player black, Yokoi choked a sand wedge and took a practice swing, wishing the wedge were a chain saw. Then he hit a shot you and I dream of—it hooked a bit, hopped twice and rolled tight to the flag. His birdie got him within sniffing distance of the leader board at the Shreveport Open.

After dinner that night, Yokoi grinned at a fortune cookie that read, YOU ARE THE MASTER OF EVERY SITUATION. His wife, Carole, laughed at her fortune: YOU WILL ATTRACT CULTURED AND ARTISTIC PEOPLE TO YOUR HOME. "No, to our *van*," she said. The homeless Yokois live in a Mazda MPV. Carole recently started lugging her husband's clubs during tournaments, saving $200 a week in caddie fees, and although he was 35th on the money list in March, Mickey had earned only $2386. He can drive the ball 300 yards and hook a hooded sand wedge around a tree, but he'll be lucky to make $20,000 in 1991.

He plays the Ben Hogan Tour, golf's minor league. Hogan Tourists call it "the little tour" to distinguish it from "the big tour" of P.G.A. stars Greg Norman, Curtis Strange and Corey Pavin. And Mickey Yokoi, for those of you who remember Kevin Costner in *Bull Durham*, is Crash Davis. At 32, he's still shooting for the Show. A second-team all-American ten years ago, he was number-two man on a UCLA squad that included Pavin, Steve Pate and Jay Delsing. Pavin made $468,830 on the big tour last year, Pate $334,505 and Delsing $207,740. Yokoi, playing minitour events in Canada, made just over $10,000. Which doesn't make him a loser, just a guy with a devil of a job. In the rarefied air of pro golf, where .04 strokes per round separated Strange and Bob Estes in 1990, many men spend years looking for the magic that erases that 1/25 of a stroke.

In March, at Shreveport, Yokoi shot 76 in the second round and missed the cut. Packing his van with putters, countless packs of microwave rice and the reel of fishing line he uses to measure yardages, he drove to Gulfport, Mississippi, the little tour's next stop. Beyond Gulfport loomed a nightmare—another trial at Tour Qualifying School, boot camp for golfers.

The P.G.A.'s annual Tour Qualifying School—"Tour School" or "Q School" for short— *(continued on page 152)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

GREAT BOWLS OF *Fire*

from manhattan to santa fe, spicy foods are hot, hot, hot

IF YOU WANT to make a Texan see red, try the approach Barry Goldwater of Arizona used to tick off the late John Tower of Texas on the floor of the Senate back in 1974: "Senator," said Goldwater, "a Texan does not know chili from the leavings in a corral" and, with that, challenged Tower to a chili cook-off. As it turned out, the judges gave the nod to the Arizonan's mix of ground beef, chili powder and pinto beans—three ingredients Texans wouldn't allow in the same room with what they have come to regard as their state food.

That's the funny thing about hot, spicy food. Grown men who wouldn't know a roast beef from a rump steak work up an amazing sweat debating the perfect way to make chili, the most potent brand of Caribbean bottled hot sauce or where to find the Bangkok curry that will cauterize your lips.

Why? Because an appetite for foods that sear the tongue, make the eyes water and seem to levitate the top of one's head is undeniably *macho*. Hot food has become the culinary equivalent of walking on coals and seems to involve just as much braggadocio. Ernest Hemingway even went so far as to proclaim that his pungent bloody-mary recipe, which he introduced to Hong Kong society in 1941, "did more than any other single factor except the Japanese army to precipitate the fall of that crown colony." And Zubin Mehta, the music director of the New York Philharmonic, totes his own dried home-grown chilies, which he uses to perk up dull food.

The increase in the number of spicy food products attests to this growing obsession. More *(continued on page 157)*

food By JOHN OLDCASTLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD IZUI AT THE ECCENTRIC, CHICAGO

MEN FROM DARPA *(continued from page 108)*

"The missiles used sensors to home in on Iraqi tanks and then explode, shooting a jet of molten metal."

Gulf war had the DARPA logo on it, because DARPA is not in the business of actually manufacturing aircraft, land vehicles, communications networks or weapons systems. Its role is to devise the supersophisticated "enabling technology"—the raw technological ingredients—for the Army, Air Force and Navy to work up into usable military equipment. The Services themselves may come up with a pipe dream for DARPA to try to realize; sometimes a military contractor will pitch DARPA on a promising innovation which it requires money to research. Primarily, though, DARPA concocts its own projects. However the ideas come along, it usually tests out the technology by developing a cheap, small-scale version of the project, then stages a demonstration for whichever Service is interested. If a Service is sold on the idea, it takes over the D side of the R&D and then stamps its name on the final product.

With so many secret activities, or "black projects," as they are known in the defense-procurement trade, DARPA generally prefers to operate by cover of darkness. And in the war's warm afterglow, it knows better than to steal the spotlight from its big-shot patrons at the Army, Navy and Air Force. Probably for these reasons, no current DARPA officials chose to cooperate in the preparation of this story. But just because DARPA won't talk about the Persian Gulf war doesn't mean DARPA wasn't there.

Let's start with the Stealth technology that allowed the F-117A to succeed so well against Iraq. According to Air Force statistics, the plane accounted for three percent of the allied aircraft used in the Persian Gulf but destroyed 43 percent of all targets. Stealth was conceived in the late Seventies, and the futuristic styling is pure DARPA. With all its bizarre radar-deflecting angles, the F-117A looks more like the world's largest *origami* project than the most sophisticated airplane on earth. The Air Force may be bursting with pride over the F-117A now, but when DARPA first laid out the idea of an airplane that would be invisible to radar, the Air Force was entirely able to contain its enthusiasm. "They didn't think it would work," says Jim Tegnelia, a former DARPA deputy director now with Martin Marietta. So DARPA had to come up with a functioning prototype. The Air Force is now so protective of the technology that Lieutenant General Thomas R. Ferguson, Jr., the Air Force's chief of aircraft development, speculated that if any of the planes had gone down in Iraq, our military commanders would have obliterated the remains before the Iraqis could take a close look.

DARPA also developed the J-STARS (that's the Joint Surveillance Target Attack Radar System) surveillance planes that supervised the battlefields much as the better known AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) planes monitored the skies. An AWACS plane, however, is little more than a flying airport control tower. J-STARS is something else again. From a height of 35,000 feet, its radar gives a full, detailed, computer-enhanced video image of all ground activity as far as 90 miles away, day or night, regardless of cloud cover. Developed by DARPA in the mid-Seventies, J-STARS had nearly been axed in 1990 by Congress as a needless extravagance. It was not scheduled to be deployed in the Gulf, but General Norman Schwarzkopf was so impressed with its capabilities during a demonstration flight in Europe last October that he immediately ordered two, forcing Grumman Corp. and other military contractors to work around the clock through the Christmas holidays to ready them in time for the war.

It's not hard to see why Schwarzkopf was so keen to get hold of J-STARS. Ever since men first banded together to attack their enemies in an organized fashion, battle commanders have been desperate to know how things are going once the killing starts. Karl von Clausewitz, the grand old man of military strategists, called this ignorance "the fog of war." By generating nearly photographic-quality, real-time images of the ground action on video screens at allied headquarters, the J-STARS went a long way toward dispersing that fog, and it proved especially invaluable in the Gulf after the Iraqis set fire to the oil fields to try to conceal their troop movements. "You could argue that Iraq lost because it didn't know what was going on," says John Mansfield, a former DARPA director of strategic technologies.

DARPA also helped develop the precision-guided smart bombs that flew down air shafts to destroy military targets from the inside out, leaving neighboring buildings untouched. Smart bombs evolved out of a long-standing DARPA interest in what it termed "stand-off weapons," so named because they could reach their targets on their own. The weapons have transformed military strategy. "We've always looked at warfare as being speed, mass and surprise," said Air Force Brigadier General Buster C. Glosson. "We've changed that forever to speed, precision and surprise."

DARPA did early work on the Patriot missile, too, though nobody connected to DARPA is particularly pumped up about it. Jack Ruina, DARPA's director from 1961 to 1963, points out that the Scud is the Model T of ballistic missiles—"an old clunker," he calls it—that was launched one at a time and was much slower than the ICBMs that DARPA had been concentrating on. And the Patriot was unable to distinguish the warhead from other innocuous parts of the Scud missile. "It went after the biggest thing it saw," says Ruina. As a result, it let a number of the warheads through. "Just think if the Scuds had been carrying nuclear warheads," he says. "There would be no Haifa, Riyadh or Tel Aviv today."

DARPA made other contributions to the war effort—less publicized, perhaps, but just as crucial. Soldiers, pilots and sailors carried wallet-sized Global Positioning System (G.P.S.) monitors that, by receiving signals from a cluster of overhead satellites, allowed them to figure out exactly where they were in the featureless desert, in the air or out at sea. DARPA devised the technology for ATACMS (Army Tactical Missile Systems) long-range surface-to-surface missiles that used sensors to home in on the tops of Iraqi tanks and then explode over them, shooting a jet of molten metal through the tank. The agency came up with the remote-controlled, pilotless planes that circled a battlefield, sending back television pictures to headquarters. DARPA also produced the unmanned undersea vehicles, or U.U.V.s, that were used in the Gulf for classified missions believed to involve mine detection and general reconnaissance.

Based on what we now know about the Iraqi military, the war would most likely have been won without DARPA's contributions. But, as Martin Marietta's Tegnelia puts it, "DARPA certainly helped it go a lot quicker."

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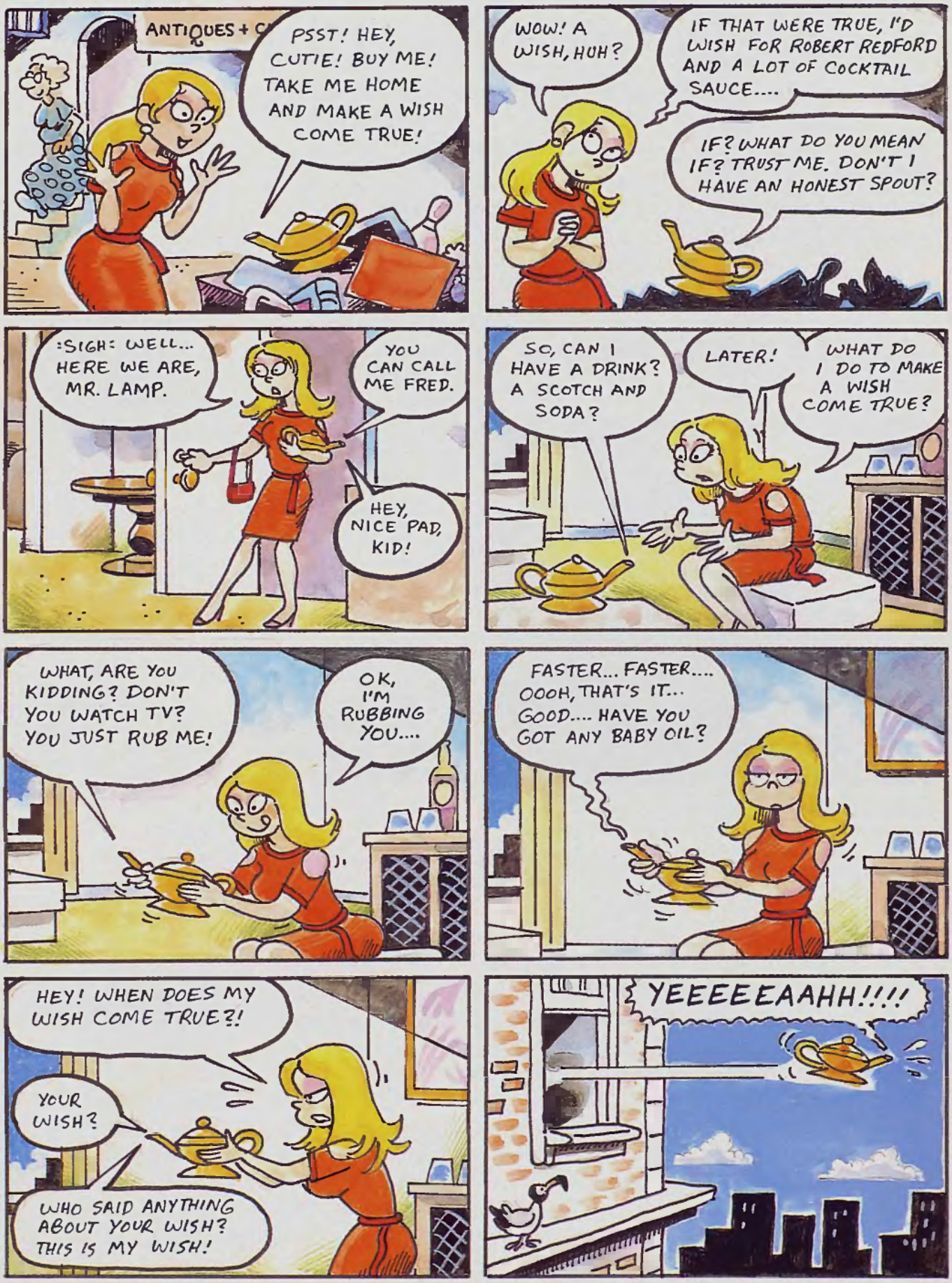
Like so much of the American military, DARPA owes its creation to the Soviets; specifically, to the 1957 Sputnik rocket that raised the shocking prospect of the Communists' conquering outer space.

(continued on page 154)

FANTASIES

Christopher Browne


ANTIQUES + C
PSST! HEY, CUTIE! BUY ME! TAKE ME HOME AND MAKE A WISH COME TRUE!
WOW! A WISH, HUH?
IF THAT WERE TRUE, I'D WISH FOR ROBERT REDFORD AND A LOT OF COCKTAIL SAUCE....
IF? WHAT DO YOU MEAN IF? TRUST ME. DON'T I HAVE AN HONEST SPOUT?
:SIGH: WELL... HERE WE ARE, MR. LAMP.
YOU CAN CALL ME FRED.
HEY, NICE PAD, KID!
SO, CAN I HAVE A DRINK? A SCOTCH AND SODA?
LATER!
WHAT DO I DO TO MAKE A WISH COME TRUE?
WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDING? DON'T YOU WATCH TV? YOU JUST RUB ME!
OK, I'M RUBBING YOU....
FASTER... FASTER.... OOOH, THAT'S IT... GOOD.... HAVE YOU GOT ANY BABY OIL?
HEY! WHEN DOES MY WISH COME TRUE?!
YOUR WISH?
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR WISH? THIS IS MY WISH!
YEEEEEAAHH!!!!

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

the current sales crisis, the book that rocked the industry, class wheels and a look at who's building the safest cars

article By KEN GROSS

SIMPLY STATED, the automobile industry is in chaos. Manufacturers who expected to sell 14,000,000 cars and trucks in 1991 (compared with the 16,000,000 sold in 1986) will be lucky to top 13,000,000. They not only overestimated demand but introduced an abundance of new makes and models at a time when consumers just weren't buying. And they're paying dearly for the miscalculation: Temporary plant closings are increasing. Layoffs and other cost-cutting measures have gone into effect. Detroit's Big Three have even reduced first-quarter dividends in an effort to free operating cash.

Mercedes-Benz' $150,000 600SEL took opproximotely nine yeors and more thon one billion dollors to develop. While the biggest Benz is surprisingly nimble ond looded with high-tech feotures, its 408-hp V12 controdicts new trends toword fuel efficiency.

Blame it on economic uncertainty, growing unemployment or the dreaded R word. Whatever the case, the surge in consumer confidence that was expected after the Gulf war has yet to materialize. Americans apparently are still apprehensive about making major purchases, and nervous bankers, who are tightening consumer credit, aren't helping.

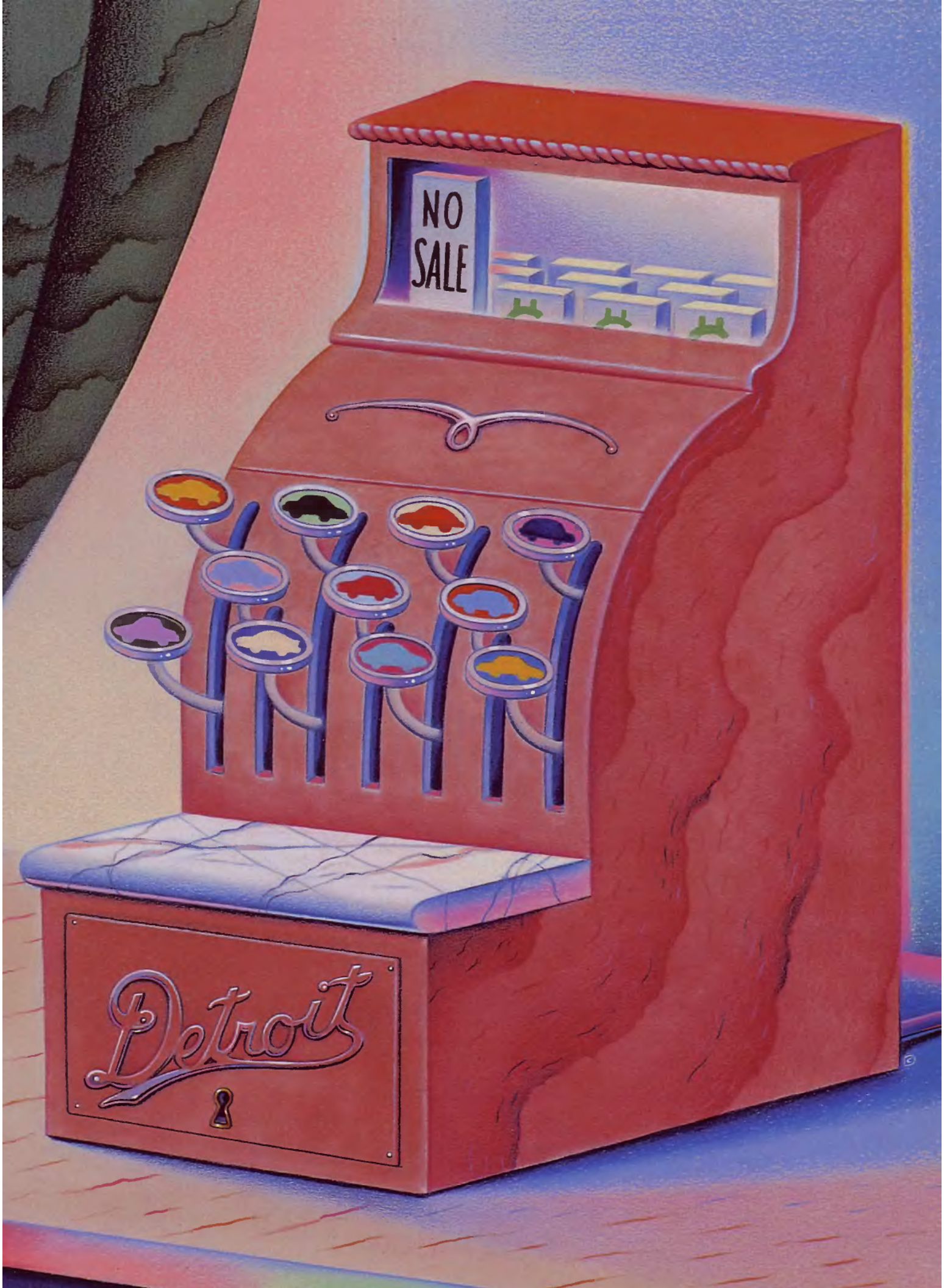
Compounding their own problems, domestic auto makers are selling "program cars"—clean, low-mileage former fleet or short-term rental vehicles that are available at very competitive prices. Given a choice, beleaguered shoppers are snapping up these hardly tarnished former Hertz and Avis wheels—slicing deeply into new-car sales and reducing used-car values dramatically. In 1990, nearly 30 percent of Lincoln's sales volume came from program cars.

As we go to press, there seems to be no relief in sight. Undercapitalized dealers who can't ride out declining sales are slowly sinking. One dismayed participant at the sparsely attended National Automotive Dealers Association convention said, "Selling cars today is like dying the ancient Chinese 'death of a thousand cuts.'"

Ironically, as domestic sales plunged, Mercedes-Benz launched its new S-Class, which required nearly a decade and one and a half billion dollars to develop. The top-of-the-line 600SEL sedan pictured on this page boasts an electronically controlled, 408-hp, 48-valve V12 engine, optional hydropneumatic adjustable suspension, power door closers and even double-glazed side windows (to prevent fogging). Its price tag: about $150,000 after taxes.

The S-Class was an overnight hit in Germany, where Daimler-Benz claims two years of advance orders. Dr. Wolfgang Peter, chief of passenger-car development, *(continued on page 159)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER


NO
SALE
Detroit

CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

how's this for a bunch of beachin' blondes?

EAST COAST GIRLS are hip. Southern ones have knockout accents and Northern girls keep their boyfriends warm at night. But West Coast dudes, from the Beach Boys to David Lee Roth, agree: Wish they all could be California girls. The West Coast has the top H.P.H. (hardbodies per horizon) factor in the land, according to Overheated Hardbody Research and Development (OHRAD), a private watchdog group commissioned especially for this pictorial. Once OHRAD reported scenes such as the ones you see here and on the next eight pages, we dispatched five photographers to capture the best and blondest of California's girls, to bring them back alive for your required beach reading this summer. If there's no sand in your neighborhood, turn on all of your lamps, find a big towel to lie on and choose a tall, cool one—first from the refrigerator, then from the 23 beauties we introduce here.

Nichole Connery, Sondra Wild, Barbie Ford, Anna Keller (left to right, front row), Beckie Mullen, Michelle Lynn and Lori Jo Hendrix (back row) stoke surfers' passions at L.A.'s Dockweiler State Beach. The bulging hunks are here to show how you should feel when you turn the page.

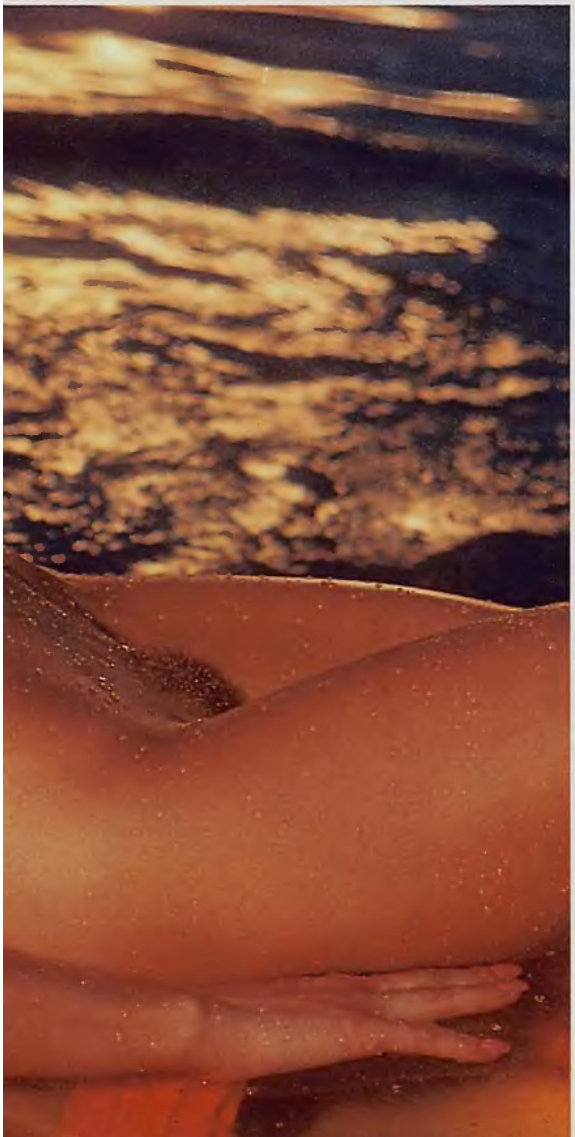
Meeting golden girls on the strand makes even Son Diego beach boys yell the name of a Northern California town: Eureka. On the opposite page, San Fernando Valley girl Heother Parkhurst spurs Los Angeles men to look north past the Hollywood hills. Swimmers hoping for help from lifeguard station 19 may have to wait: Their lifeguard's ottention is riveted on L.A. model Michele Smith (left) and her ingeniously designed striped suit. Below, Modesto medicol technician Tiffany Bradford-Loya courts danger. Even with shades, looking directly at the sun is not healthy. But Tiffany is.

At Manhattan Beach (left), Stacy Trager spikes the hopes of valleyball appanents and lifts spectators' spirits. Clothing designer Shannon Hill (right) proves that while East Caast girls are hip, Califarnians aren't hippy; and Colette Wadarz af Tarrance (below right) and Barbie Ford af Studio City (below left) show both sides of the beach laak. Barbie lost her bikini at Dackweiler Beach. Is chivalry dead? Not one beach boy went laoking for it.

Anything is possible in Colifornio. Last spring, o doredevil decided to jet-ski 32 miles from Catolino Islond to the coost, and he olmost made it. Fishermen, hoisting him out of the Pocific, wished the daredevil hod looked like blue-woter ongel Christy Corlson (right). Christy is number one on our list of hot-dog jet skiers. Atop ony list of Altodeno beouties is Michelle Cummings (top left, below), whose Sociol Security cord feotures the scory number 666 but who sings os angelically os Christy skis. Actress Sara Limo (below right) ond camera buff Amondo Bertino (bottom left)—Amanda seems well equipped to double as o *Ployboy* model and photographer—prove there's nothing wrong with ton lines. After all, if Californio girls olwoys sun-bothed nude, everyone would move to the beach, ond the 31st stote would tip into the seo.

The state of California's public-relations people in Sacramento cite many reasons for their state's role as capital of U.S. tourism: the weather, Hollywood, Big Sur, Disneyland, 14 big-league sports teams and even the La Brea Tar Pits, where saber-toothed tigers rest under tons of bubbling crude. But Sacramento is miles from the beach; coastal folk know better. They know that no trip West is complete without a tour of Aptos to look for Rachel Spletzer (above), and a visit to Anaheim, where kids hit Disneyland while girl watchers search for the copper-toned (never snow-white) Nichole Cannery, below, who may hurt California's rep. She makes other states jealous.

San Diegan Wendy Welch (abave) is odds-on to join Fountain Valley's Caraline Gardner (right) as a *Playboy* favorite. Chatswarth's Tiffany Rief (below right, at left) prizes "beauty and nice views," which bath she and her sister Tammy exemplify.



A wise dude once said that California is a state of mind. If you can picture sun, surf, royal palms and beautiful blondes, wherever you are, you're there. So think of beautiful downtown Burbank's Kristine Rose, whose hot-off-the-shoulder fashion statement (left) makes folks happy from Malibu to Venice, or of Ojai hair stylist Lori Jo Hendrix (below), whose plans for the night include dining, dancing and dipping into a hot tub. Finally, picture a late date with the wonderfully named Sandra Wild (right). The sun sets on a summer day; she's ready to let down her hair. We leave further details to a Wild imagination.

BOOMTOWN *(continued from page 80)*

"'Try not to do just any dumb-ass thing these jag-offs tell you to do. Else you'll go out in a bag.'"

though I knew that nothing sounds more ridiculous when you are where he was. "Focus on your breathing," I said. I sat into the rung I was on, locked my feet around the sides of the ladder and leaned out backward and downward.

"Let me have the bucket," I said. Nothing. "All right, hold on with your left arm and just let go with your right long enough for me to get the bucket off." Still nothing. I reached down and got the handle of the bucket and lifted the weight of it off his arm. "Now, just let loose long enough for me to get it out of here." He looked up at me. All the fear in the world was on his face. "We're all right," I said. "Just let me take the bucket." He let go, I lifted it free and he dived back into his cling.

I looked down and saw the fat man and his crew watching us. Just for a second, I thought of dropping the whole goddamn bucket on them. Instead, I poured it out and watched them scatter as the soapy foam broke into a shower and sprayed them.

"Got 'em," I said.

"Oh, man, don't fuck with Tom," Marlin said without looking down. "He came back from 'Nam real violent."

Great, I thought. One of the unexploded bombs from the war. Probably ambushed in the jungle and can't talk about it. Probably all right as long as the death anger doesn't build up, as long as he can throw somebody from a moving truck once a day.

"Do you want to climb down?"

"I can't go down," he said.

"Then let's go up to the platform. Take it slow, rest as often as you want, one step at a time, nothing to it."

I did five rungs, then saw Marlin begin to climb slowly, putting a careful pause between each move. About a minute after I reached the platform, he pulled himself up next to me and sat on the grating, breathing hard.

I saw the fat man walking off toward the shed with one of his crew. The other two were climbing with their buckets onto the wide lower beams of the rig. The only man on the ground still watching us was a guy wearing a red bandanna.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Reno," said Marlin. "The yard boss."

"Just the man I want to talk to," I said. I grabbed the empty bucket, climbed down the ladder and walked over to where Reno was standing.

"Wonder if there's a way I can fill this, then haul it up on a rope. Trying to climb with it is nuts."

"Then why'd you do it?" he said.

"I didn't know any better."

He looked at me as if that were the right answer, then he said, "We can pull it up there on the cat line."

"What's that?"

"That little cable," he said, pointing. "You go on back, I'll run it up for you."

"All right," I said. "And how 'bout a safety line?"

"We ain't got any," he said. "We're supposed to have 'em ordered, but they ain't here yet."

"How 'bout a hard-hat?"

"Ain't got those, neither, but I think they's coming this afternoon."

When I was a few steps away, he said, "Try not to do just any fucking dumb-ass thing one of these jag-offs tells you to do. Else you'll go outa here in a bag."

•

Back on the platform, Marlin asked me my name and I told him.

"Well, thanks," he said. "I just kinda choked out there."

"I know the feeling," I told him. "In fact, I had a pretty bad moment of my own with that bucket. I think the fat man was trying to kill me."

"Don't go calling him the fat man so's he can hear it. He just might kill you."

Reno whistled from the rig floor. He had a bucket on the cat line and he'd started one of the engines. I told Marlin to go ahead and start washing from where we were, that I'd climb the last 30 feet to the crown and start there. I scrambled up to the little crow's-nest and waved at Reno. He pulled the lever and ran the bucket all the way up.

I started washing the sheaves, and at first, the job seemed as if it were going to be purely absurd. It was a brand-new rig and there wasn't a spot of oil or grease on it, just a thin coat of prairie dust. But as I worked down out of the basket on top into the Xs and Vs of the widening beams, it became clear that the climbing wasn't quite as simple as it looked, that I'd better learn exactly what you could grab and what you couldn't. At one point, I tried to use a wiring conduit for a hold. It was painted the same white as the half-inch pipe I'd been hanging onto and it looked just as rigid; but when I grabbed it, it moved, which put a shot of adrenaline into my empty stomach.

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Things in the yard were slow for the next two days. There were about 15 of us and there wasn't much for us to do. The big rig sat quietly waiting for parts while the hands loitered about at look-busy make-work.

Marlin and I spent most of those two days in the derrick using a case and a half of Turtle Wax to polish all 115 feet of the damn thing. We worked our way from the crown to the base, and when Sonny could find nothing else for us to do, we started up again. I reshined Marlin's work, he reshined mine. I told him that it felt stupid to be rubbing on a vehicle that we weren't going to be able to use to pick up girls.

"Don't complain, we got the good job," he said, pointing with his rag to a couple of hands below us in the yard who all morning long had been polishing a chromed set of socket wrenches as if it were their grandmothers' sterling.

"And when we strike oil," I said, "we're going to put it in wine bottles, right?"

"Aw, hell," he said. "This rig might never even *go* drilling . . . if you want to know what I think. Been four weeks since Sonny hired our crew and started promising that I'd go out on the next hole. They can't find an oil company wants to hire 'em is what's wrong. They been putting bids in, all right, but they can't find no takers, probably 'cause the two rigs they got working is broke down half the time, one thing and another. Oil companies don't like to see that two-thousand-dollar-an-hour down time. Word gets around. We could be dicking around here a long time before this outfit gets another bit in the dirt."

"I wouldn't mind if we dicked around long enough for me to learn what's what on this machine. At least enough to keep myself safe," I said.

"You'll be OK," he said, "long as you know which way you're gonna jump if things cut loose. Long as you never put your feet between two pieces of metal."

Both admonitions had the ring of good working advice, till early the next afternoon, that is, when I found myself crowded onto the rig floor with a dozen other hands in the punishing roar and nasty stink of the big diesel engines, on the end of a guy rope that was attached to five swinging tons of steel called the traveling block. For some reason, it wasn't hoisting into place the way it was supposed to. Sonny was at the motor controls yelling at

(continued on page 161)

REFRESHING SEAGRAM'S GIN HAS HIDDEN PLEASURE. WELCOME INTO THE FOLD.

A ▶ (FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B") ◀ B

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IF YOU CAN'T WALK THE WALK . . . DON'T TALK THE TALK

memoir

By Asa Baber

"THOSE WHO cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it," wrote George Santayana. The war in the Persian Gulf brought my past back with a vengeance. Don't get me wrong: I was a hawk in a time of hawks. I supported our troops in the Gulf 110 percent. But that is not the point.

My past has been sitting like a specter in my living room for the past few months, reminding me with a cynical smile that something is happening here that I have seen before: In the Persian Gulf war, and particularly in Kurdistan, our Government has repeated its long-standing pattern of abandoning certain people after it has secretly motivated them into revolt and revolution—and death and destruction.

This is definitely bad news. It is an irresponsible policy, applied covertly at the time of its execution, administered by a foreign-policy bureaucracy that sits far outside the reach of American public opinion. It brings up serious questions about our Government's accountability, both to us and to the people it manipulates and then abandons overseas. Most troubling, this is not a new issue in our nation's history.

Let me start with a personal remembrance. It is a story of how I was conned into risking my life at the instigation of some very persuasive individuals who later abandoned me. It is the story of how a naïve young man with stars in his eyes was wooed into political action—and was then left totally vulnerable to the forces of chance and circumstance.

Cut to a forest of pine trees in West Germany. It is the night before I am to cross the border into Communist East Germany, officially known as the German Democratic Republic. I am somewhere north of the city of Bad Hersfeld, lying on a bed of pine needles and soft earth. It is raining lightly. The year is 1956. The month is August. I have just celebrated my 20th birthday.

I consider myself on a mission from God. The east European refugees whom I met earlier that summer in Paris have given me money, maps, lists of specific targets and an East German Exakta camera with a telephoto lens and a lot of 35mm film.

The refugees want me to do some amateur spying for them in East Germany. They report rumors of a potential revolution. They say that East Germany is a Communist country seething with discontent.

I am to go into East Germany, sneak off the autobahn in my Simca, snoop around in various places, then drive back out and tell them what is happening in their native country.

To recruit me for this task, the refugees say that they need me. They say that my American passport will allow me to go through East German customs more easily. According to them, the spirit of democracy needs me, America herself needs me, all the freedom-loving peoples of the world need me. Am I available?

I am available. For one thing, I love being needed. For

the kurds shouldn't be surprised.

uncle sam has a long

history of urging revolt and then leaving

his friends high and dry

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

WILCOX

another, I enjoy the sense of danger inherent in the assignment. And, finally, I want very much to see what I can see in East Germany.

My curiosity about the Communist world is natural. I attended both high school and college in the Fifties and am a young man who has been indoctrinated by his own Government in certain beliefs; among them, that communism is the root of all evil in the universe. A mere college student, I suddenly have a chance to check that story out. Such a deal! How can I resist?

To put it bluntly, I am a fool on a fool's errand. Whatever happens to me will be insignificant to the people in Paris, who have smiled and toasted me with champagne. Those charming refugees who are sending me into East Germany to check on the Russian bear will continue their comfortable lives in exile, whether I go back to them or not.

I do not think about that side of it. But once through customs, the chase is on. I turn off the autobahn illegally and head for Eisenach and points east. As I do so, I feel a rush of incredible joy. This is life on the edge.

I scout and scour the landscape, count convoys of Russian troops, chart tank parks, map army barracks, dodge the police, get to know a few people in what remains of the underground, take photographs and collect information.

I find a countryside filled with the uncleared rubble of World War Two, an oppressed people much more impoverished than their West German counterparts, a client state of the U.S.S.R. occupied by numerous Russian troops and an efficient and ruthless secret police. I understand that the prospects for open political rebellion are very slim.

With the luck of the shanty Irish, I complete my trip successfully. On the last day, I take some pictures of the industries, as instructed, and slip through customs. My fling at amateur espionage is finished.

When I show up at the front door of the people who sent me, they seem slightly surprised. They are happy to get the film, but after some intense debriefing, they are far less sociable than they were before. A coldness creeps into their manner. It is clear that they want to be rid of me. I have served my purpose, and that is that. I am deeply hurt and angry, but I am also too proud to argue. I go back to the United States, a sadder and wiser young man.

And so, in 1956, I learn the hard way—and not for the last time—that certain sponsors can abandon anybody they choose. Is it such a leap, then, to understand that our Government can abandon the very people it incites to rebellion? Some Hungarians I know would say it is no leap at all.

A revolt against the Russian occupation of eastern Europe occurred in Hungary in the fall of 1956. As it began, the U.S. propaganda machine turned its attack to full blast. Promises were made, all sorts of incitements created. "They were telling us to cut the Russians up and throw them into the rivers," a Hungarian friend of mine reported to me. "We were fighting in the streets, we were throwing Molotov cocktails at their tanks, and for a few days, we thought the Russians were running away from us."

But then, something happened: The Russians decided to play hardball. They ordered their tanks and troops back into Budapest with a fury. There was blood in the streets, most of it Hungarian. The promises of direct aid and intervention that the U.S. had been covertly broadcasting to the Hungarians disappeared from the airwaves like smoke from a gun barrel. Our country bugged out and left the Hungarian freedom fighters holding the bag. It was no contest. Brave as they were, they were still annihilated by Russian firepower.

I was back in college in America by that time and later interviewed scores of Hungarian refugees. I did not feel proud of our country for abandoning the people I was talking with. It was a bitter lesson in the world of *Realpolitik*, a lesson that would be repeated throughout my life.

When secret policy makers in high places in America abandon our friends in other countries after urging them to revolt, and when people die for us in combat while we sit on our hands, I have a problem. If you can't walk the walk, I say, don't talk the talk.

I submit that our foreign-policy establishment's recent behavior in the Persian Gulf—particularly our use of psychological warfare to incite the Kurds and others to open rebellion in Iraq—deserves rigorous examination.

Ironically, I have had a peripheral but personal connection on several occasions with the hidden improvisations of America's shadow masters. For example, I knew some of the Cubans who were trapped at the Bay of Pigs when President Kennedy withheld significant air cover during the attack that the U.S. Government engineered against Cuba in 1961. Without the general public's knowledge, America recruited and trained a brigade of exiled Cuban warriors to invade Cuba and overthrow Fidel Castro. We sheltered them in special camps in Florida and Central America, we pumped them up with fat promises and inflated rhetoric and we delivered them to the beaches of Cuba ready to fight and conquer communism.

But Castro's troops did not wilt and run. With our Cuban recruits pleading from the beaches of the Bay of Pigs for close air support, and with Castro's militia putting up stiffer resistance than predicted, the President suddenly withheld our planes, canceled the air strikes and looked the other way. Men to whom we had pledged our allegiance died in brutal combat. The invasion failed.

By any reasonable standard, it was a major abandonment of good and brave men. I happened to know one of the American intelligence officials who were responsible for the investigation of that abortive action after the fact, and while J.F.K. tried to soften our perception of the failure with patriotic speeches, and while the real story of the reasons for the disaster took a long time to surface, America still looked very incompetent and irresponsible. Who was to blame for the Bay of Pigs failure? Ultimately, J.F.K. took the burden on himself, but he was not operating in a political vacuum. It would not be the last time we had encouraged, then abandoned insurgents.

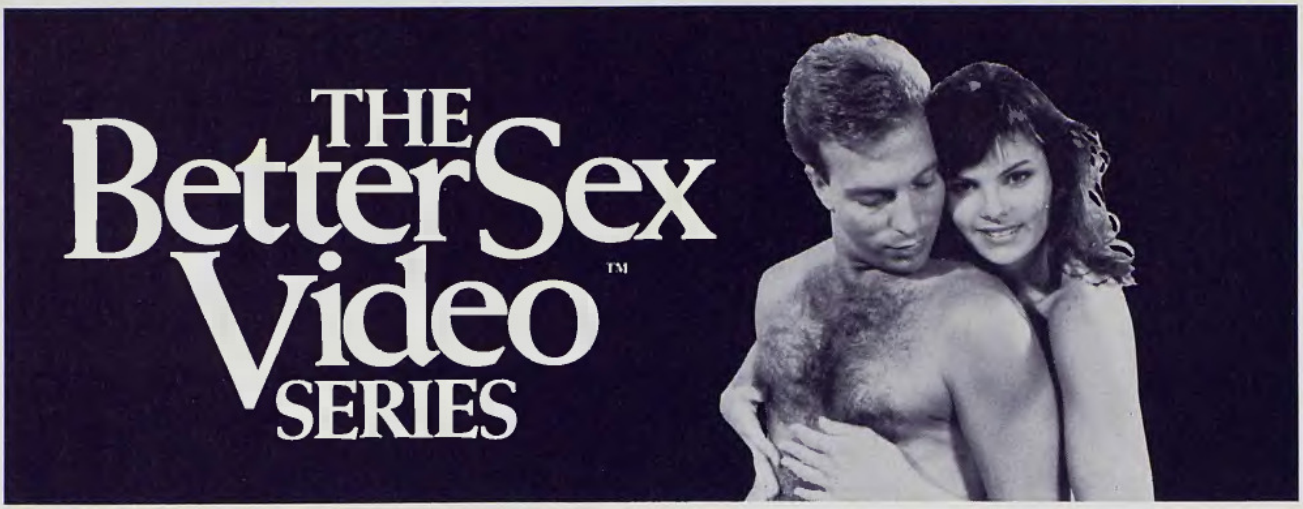
I served in the Marine Corps with some of the Southeast Asians (and Americans) who died in Laos when America abruptly absented itself from the secret war it had been fighting there—a covert war that began in earnest in the late Fifties. Our country had equipped, trained and commanded many of the Hmong tribe of Laos, used them to harass and obstruct those using the Ho Chi Minh Trail (among other missions), convinced them that America's fight against communism would continue until we were victorious, then left them to displacement and death when our political leaders decided to cut and run.

I doubt that we have ever had a more sequestered and unacknowledged war than the war in Laos. To give you some sense of its scope, the United States dropped 1,600,000 *tons* of bombs on Laos—more than the 1,360,000 tons dropped on Germany in all of World War Two. Today, more than 50,000 of the Hmong live in refugee camps in Thailand (another 50,000 live in the United States—many of them brought here through private efforts, not through Government accountability). Certain operations in Laos will never be revealed. The names of some of the men killed there will never be made public.

The secret war in Laos is a perfect example of undeclared American foreign policy. A vital question follows: Was our truncated commitment to Laos orchestrated by a series of American Presidents, Democratic and Republican, acting on their own? Were we victimized by the folly of a few untutored individuals who happened to hold the highest office in the land? Or did our foreign-policy experts advise our Presidents to continue their long-term and eventually disastrous efforts in Laos?

Guess what, good reader. We will never really know. The information to make those judgments will never be made available to us. It never is.

I toured Central America as a journalist in 1985, visited Nicaragua (as well as El Salvador and Honduras), went north



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from Managua into the territories of Jinotega and Matagalpa to see the war firsthand. I met some of the *Contras* who later died under our covert sponsorship in the hills of Nicaragua; and while I was opposed to that American-financed insurgency, I still understood the tragedy of the situation, the senseless waste of lives. We funded the *Contras*, trained them, gave them aid and advice, provided them with airstrips, ammunition, uniforms and rations, and then left them to twist not so gently in the wind when it became impolitic to continue our clumsy and not-so-secret war against the *Sandinistas*.

Finally, and most personally of all, I lived in the Middle East for three years in the mid-Sixties. My older son was born in Istanbul, and my first serious attempts at writing began in a house on a hill overlooking the Bosporus. Because of these deep, personal roots in the region, the war in the Persian Gulf had intimate significance for me. It involved the fate of some of my lifelong friends.

The Turks and the Kurds (and the Armenians, and all the other people in that complex and conflicted region) are not vague, impersonal abstractions to me. They are flesh-and-blood human beings. They are colorful, energetic, imaginative and gracious people with a great deal to offer the world. They have faces, names, humor, histories, children, songs and traditions.

People from Turkey and Kurdistan and other areas of the Middle East are not always well understood or well reported here in America, but that does not make them any less valuable to the world. When we abandon people like the Kurds after we've coaxed them into combat, I think we give up our exemplary-nation status.

During the recent action in the Persian Gulf, America did not have to deliberately incite a tribal population to rise up and confront the Republican Guard and Saddam Hussein—and be slaughtered. We had all the firepower, precision weapons, troop strength and intelligence capabilities we needed. Yet our shadow masters gambled again with impoverished lives. *They did not need to promise a people heaven and then leave them in hell, but that is exactly what they did.*

Who among us voted on that decision? Who is accountable? No one has stepped forward. The stage is suddenly dark, the podium unoccupied. Isn't it mysterious? Our President denies any involvement in the matter. He says he never incited anybody. So who is to blame? To whom do we complain? Is anybody out there?

Guess what again, good reader. We will never know the answers. The information will not be there. The invisible hand of an invisible component of the American shadow Government reached out and stroked the Kurdish psyche and said in seductive tones, "Rise up, revolt, Saddam must go, we are with you, your freedom is at hand, take arms against this evil man and overthrow him."

The architects of this secret foreign policy drive to work every day, like most civil servants. They are irritated by traffic jams, burdened by credit-card debt, as concerned about their children as the rest of us. Yet they are also at play in the fields of their agencies, think tanks and bureaucracies, and they have no direct accountability to the American electorate. Not all of those experts supported the cynical manipulation of the Kurds in Iraq. But the right ones, the powerful ones, the winners for the moment did.

The cost of these surreptitious policy decisions is incalculable. There are men and women overseas who believe our Government's enticing words of encouragement and who will, in the final desperation of the last hours of their lives, attack enemy tanks, planes and artillery with only rocks and rifles in their hands. These people waited for the support our Government had confidentially pledged, and when that support did not come, they died trying to fulfill the dream our propaganda gurus had handed them.

Let's cut the rhetoric, the false promises, the gamesmanship—and save some lives. True, we may miss a few opportunities to cause trouble in certain societies our analysts distrust, but those missed opportunities are small potatoes compared with the damage we do when we play psychological war games with dissident populations in times of crisis. It's very simple: As a nation and as a people, we can do better than that. One day, maybe, we can even have a foreign policy that is open to public accountability on all levels.

Inshaalah, as they say in a certain part of the world; God willing.

"Someday, my boy, all this will be polluted."

"I don't think Letterman really wants to hurt anyone, but his attitude is, 'OK, what are you made of?'"

has the edge on you for the rest of the day. [*Smiles*] I'm not a really sexually driven guy. I wasn't the first one to get laid. However, I was probably the first one to *talk* about it.

8.

PLAYBOY: What phrase opens the sentence that you know is going to lead to an argument with your girlfriend?

DOWNEY: "You make me. . . ." I don't care if it's "happy," "angry," "irritated." People are instantly presuming that I've got some fucking hairy voodoo doll of them and I'm controlling their actions. It implies that they are disempowering themselves. And, of course, I just want to be *so* benevolent about my relationships. [*Laughs*]

9.

PLAYBOY: Can you answer the question of the ages: Do women know what they're showing at every moment that they're showing it?

DOWNEY: It depends. If you really know a woman well, then it's almost like watching a documentary on schizophrenia. "I love you so much—Daddy's a son of a bitch—take me down to the—spank me all over—because you know I control you." It doesn't matter what they're saying, you can see those neurotic shifts in any woman. [*Pauses*] If you're talking about what parts of their body might be exposed—of course, that's it!—in my case, no. A friend of mine was telling me that he went over to this famous old actor's house recently, and all this actor wanted to talk about was the "dripping hot pussy" going on at a local club. The thing that really had him in tatters was that the club had a glass dance floor. This is a man who's done two of the twenty great films of the past few decades, and all he wanted to talk about was the drop shot on the hot pussy.

10.

PLAYBOY: In your darkest moment, when you thought that you would never again be employed, which TV advertisement got your attention?

DOWNEY: There was this great noose by Ronco. And I've got beamed ceilings. Ah, it just really brought me around. [*Laughs*] Also, one for vacuum haircutting. Actually, it sounds kind of interesting. I mean, for a fucking Midwestern pagan who'd probably get a better cut from a vacuum than he would at any of the local places. You hook this thing up to your vacuum—I'm actually rather excited about it—you put in the shear length, and then you just whoosh! No mess. And, of course, I have *the* knives.

11.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your fan mail.

DOWNEY: [*Takes a framed letter off the wall*] Here it is. From Kashiwara, Osaka, Japan. "Dear Robert: Hello. I'm Japanese girl. My name is Madoka. I became your fan when I watched *Less than Zero* and *Pick-up Artist*. I have never seen look you. I have loved you. I have wanted to mail you, but I didn't know your address. I find your address with difficulty. At last I can write letter, but I can't tell you my felling [*sic*], because I can't speak, write English well. Why are you American? Why do you live in America? Why am I Japanese? I want to talk you. I love you so much. Could you give me some more information about you? Goodbye. Sincerely yours, Madoka." [*Pauses*] "I have never seen look you. I have loved you. I have wanted to mail you." This is hot to me. I like this, too: "I love you so much. Could you give me some more information about you? Goodbye." It's like suddenly, in the middle of writing this letter, someone came into her room and said, "Your father just bought Manhattan. Would you like to see it?" Anyway, I wrote her back. I asked her why she was Japanese, and she wrote me back asking me if that was a joke.

I get a lot of this stuff. Either that or "Come join your place in the ring of fire," from Abilene, Texas. Fuck, man, that keeps Magnum in hand.

12.

PLAYBOY: Explain the Cannes Film Festival to your generation.

DOWNEY: It's the only place where you'll see a Kurosawa ad right next to *Evil Maiden Pussy 5*. It is twenty-dollar cappuccinos, wrinkly nipples, free hotel rooms, selfish action gods, charging for sun block. [*Pauses*] Something interesting happened to me at Cannes. Carolco threw a mega, spoil-the-shit-out-of-us dinner for a bunch of directors working with the company. At one table sat Schwarzenegger and Stallone. I was at another with a couple of friends. I'm feeling like it's really funny that I'm here with these action guys. You know, "What's wrong with this picture?" But I was really enjoying myself. It was like an old Hollywood party. I had this vague feeling that I'd arrived, just to be there. So Schwarzenegger, ever the diplomat, comes over with Maria Shriver and goes, "Hello, how are you?" "Great." "Having a good time?" "Yeah." "Got a little sunburn there. You need a better S.P.F." I say, "This is my friend Sam." He says, "Hello, how are you?" And then he turns to his wife and says, "Maria, this is Rob Lowe," and then just floats away from the table. It was some lesson: Never get too comfortable with your supposed stature. Later on, in the bathroom, he walked in and I wanted to introduce him to someone as Mr. Brandauer, but I thought he might not quite get it and snap my spine like an oblong aspirin.

13.

PLAYBOY: What talk-show host fills you with dread?

DOWNEY: Letterman. He decimates people. I've been on his show, but I got lucky. It's the scariest thing I've ever done, because, in a sense, I was raised on it. I always said, "God, he's funny, but he can be really mean." If you don't score the second you get out there, by either saying something or doing something, it's over. I said something funny within the first sixty seconds, and I saw immediately that he decided not to hurt me. I was *so* thankful. I don't think he *really* wants to hurt anyone, but especially with young actors, his attitude is, "OK, what are you made of? All right, so everyone loves you if the lines are written funny. But here's you. What are *you* about? Are you worth four minutes on my show or should we bring the guy out who's going to fuck something up with the blender, or should I put on some Velcro and go jump on something? This is an entertainment show." On the other hand, there's something about Johnny Carson that's so endearing that I feel like if I started fucking up, he'd help me through it.

14.

PLAYBOY: As a former bus boy, give us the dos and don'ts of proper table etiquette.

DOWNEY: You want to bus men before women. And always pour women before men. But the most important is never judge when anyone is done with a meal. I had that done to me recently and I almost wanted to take this young gentleman aside and give him a learnin'. I had the bread out to go for the sauce that was left, and the plate was gone. He'd left me there like an idiot. Then again, I used to say, "May I take that for you, sir?" and they'd go, "No, I ain't done yet!" and the plate would be empty. So I'd have to moke in his sundae or something, because he had shamed me in front of his attractive teenage daughter.

15.

PLAYBOY: What was the most inventive compliment ever paid to you?

DOWNEY: Someone visiting me on the set said, "You know what we were all impressed with? You did all those takes *exactly the same way*." It was like someone

saying to me, "I was really blown away by your lack of spontaneity." The *only* thing I strive for is to find nuance and make it different.

16.

PLAYBOY: She was once the teen goddess of the screen, the girl who might say yes but didn't. Can you help us understand Molly Ringwald?

DOWNEY: She was the Gidget of the Eighties. She's very intelligent. She's very eager. I was surprised at the energy she takes in educating herself. She's always reading. And she's a smart businesswoman. In *The Pick-up Artist*, we were doing a scene where she's walking away from me and she drops a bottle of Maalox. I have to pick it up before she can get it and say, "God, is there something wrong with your stomach?" She has ulcers because of all the stuff going on with gambling [in the movie]. There's usually this understood thing between actors that if something has to happen in a scene, we help each other make it happen. But while we were doing it, she dropped the Maalox and I went to pick it up. But she picked it up before I did, and the scene was over. What she was saying was, "Listen, if you're really going to be in the moment, you've got to get it before I can." It was just a really ballsy thing to do. It was probably one of the more important lessons I learned, especially because it's so easy to be desensitized and wish to be in the station wagon going home.

17.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from your dad that you'll always remember?

DOWNEY: There are phrases in movies that he did that go through my head: "If there's nothing left but originality, who'll be bored?" "The best thing to learn is how to make new mistakes."

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the most pathetic thing a woman has ever said to you?

DOWNEY: "I'm saving my ass for when I get married." I said, "Come on, you're a whore, aren't you?" Actually, a friend of mine said that.

19.

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose earrings were invented?

DOWNEY: Actually, I'm *very* interested in facts like that. Like how the handshake was started—to show that you didn't have a weapon in your hand. Or that clinking glasses means that if I have poison in my glass, it will get into yours. When I was filming *Air America* in Thailand, there were these Karen tribes who have these silver things on their head. The older people have more. It's like they have their fucking banks on their head. Withdrawal is made with relative ease. At this point, though, I'd probably have to reconstruct my spine to be able to keep my wealth on my head.

20.

PLAYBOY: When are you at a loss for words?

DOWNEY: Probably when trying to talk about how I really feel about the valid things in life. A lot of people are interested in hearing what I have to say. [*Smiles*] I have a completely original point of view. But there are just a couple of sacred things in life that leave me almost speechless. For instance, "Why do you think you are where you are?" "Why do things seem to come to you?" "Do you believe in God?" "How have you been able to sustain a relationship for so long?" It seems to me that being able to explain those things is almost like saying that there's a trick to it, as opposed to just being in this state of grace that you're born into.

Lee Trevino

(continued from page 114)

enjoy ourselves. We love to win, but we have fun doing it. We're entertainers—and people love us more for it.

PLAYBOY: Your first wife called you a golf bum. Is that still an apt description?

TREVINO: I'm still a golf bum, except the income is a little better. I love to play the game. Nothing pleases me more. When I take off to relax, I play golf or hit golf balls. When I sleep at night, I dream about golf. When I'm awake during the middle of the night, I think about the golf swing. It's on my mind all the time. I'm just in love with the damn game.

PLAYBOY: In the early days, you used to bet with no money in your pocket. You must have been scared. Once you started making big bucks on tour, were you ever truly scared during a tournament?

TREVINO: Well, yes. Most players fixing to win a golf tournament, or leading a golf tournament, are scared.

PLAYBOY: Is there one incident you can think of when you were very scared?

TREVINO: In 1974, when I won the P.G.A. at Tanglewood, in North Carolina. I remember playing with Hubert Green and Jack Nicklaus in the last round, and I had what you call the putting yips. I couldn't take the putter back, and I was having a tough time making any putts in that round. But I hit the ball so well from tee to green and was so close to the hole all the time that a blind man could have made the putts. On the seventy-second hole, I knew that if I two-putted from twenty-five feet, the tournament was mine. But, coming off a three-putt on the seventy-first hole, I was nervous.

I putted the ball down about a foot and a half from the hole. It is customary to mark your ball and let the other players finish, so you can take all the glory when you make yours. But I looked over at Jack and I said, "Jack, do you mind if I putt out, because if I don't, I'm going to pass out right in the middle of this green." Jack looked at me with that little grin of his and said, "Go ahead," and I tapped the ball in. Hell, I had such a case of the yips that if my ball had been two feet away, there was no way I'd have made the putt.

PLAYBOY: Is the pressure-choke factor overrated among golf pros? Have you ever choked?

TREVINO: I don't think it's overrated. You choke when your confidence level is less than one hundred percent, usually due to hitting the ball poorly. You know you're "leaking oil" and it's a matter of time before you break down. There are so many elements to good play, and so much pressure on tour, choking is common.

At Houston one year, I was leading David Graham by one stroke after three rounds, but I was playing poorly. It was

so bad on the final day that when I walked to the first tee, I had enough cotton in my mouth to knit a sweater. I took this cup of water, and by the time I got it to my lips, there was no water in it. That's how bad I was shaking. I was so nervous that I was duck hooking. I knew I wasn't striking the ball well enough to win. So I choked. Graham, on the other hand, was playing so well he was chokeproof; he shot sixty-four and won.

PLAYBOY: Many pros say you are the best shotmaker of all time. Is there a shot that you can't hit?

TREVINO: Yeah, there are a lot of shots I can't hit. One that comes to mind real quick is a high-draw one iron. In his heyday, Sam Snead was very good at hitting that shot. Today, Nicklaus is very good. The reason: He's tall and a naturally more upright swinger. The size of a golfer has a lot to do with his versatility as a shotmaker. I'm short, five foot seven. I can hit a low shot probably easier than a tall player. That's because my swing is more rounded, flatter, and I hold the angle of my hands longer in the hitting area. Therefore, I hit the ball more on the through-swing than on the upswing.

The other shot that gives me trouble is the fairway-bunker shot. Nicklaus is one of the best at executing that shot—if not *the* best. Jack is so good out of a fairway bunker because he *always* hovers the club above the ground, so he feels comfortable in sand, where *Rules of Golf* forbids you to ground the club. Also, he is a natural picker of the ball. I'm more of a digger, I take divots. And diggers make poor fairway-bunker players.

PLAYBOY: Is not being able to hit the high shot what hurts you most at Augusta—where the greens are fast-running—and is being able to hit the low shot what helps you during the British Open when the wind howls?

TREVINO: Exactly. That's why I have no green jackets hanging in my closet but have won the British Open twice. Augusta is like teeing out of a hole all the time. Every tee ball in Augusta is almost going uphill. Then it gets out there, about two hundred fifty, two hundred sixty yards, and then it goes back downhill. I'm not long enough to get over the up, so I'm usually left with a long iron off a hilly lie. The big hitter is strong enough to get over the up. He gets roll and leaves himself a short iron to the green; that's a big advantage, because those clubs are easier to hit with backspin. Augusta is just not a very good golf course for me. Besides, most of the greens at Augusta lean from left to right, which means it takes a right-to-left draw shot to stop the ball quickly. If you go into an Augusta green working the ball from left to right, as I do, the damn thing rolls off the green.

PLAYBOY: Handicap your game.

TREVINO: Driving, probably the top three in the world. So I'm definitely scratch

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with the driver.

PLAYBOY: Putting?

TREVINO: Uh, two.

PLAYBOY: Sand play?

TREVINO: About a one.

PLAYBOY: Chipping?

TREVINO: Probably scratch.

PLAYBOY: Long irons?

TREVINO: Probably a six.

PLAYBOY: Short irons?

TREVINO: Scratch.

PLAYBOY: Medium irons?

TREVINO: One.

PLAYBOY: What would you be doing now if you hadn't become a golf pro?

TREVINO: I'd probably be making license plates—pretty license plates, too. Golf and the Marine Corps have been my salvation.

PLAYBOY: What will you do when you're too old to compete?

TREVINO: If I don't die before I retire, I'm going to teach my craft of shot making to others. Somebody's got to teach younger people how to execute these shots, and I'd like that somebody to be me. I don't want to die with the knowledge I have of hitting different golf shots.

PLAYBOY: That's the sad thing about Ben Hogan. He was a shot-making wizard, but, unlike the great Bobby Jones, who made a series of instruction films, Hogan has left golfers very little.

TREVINO: Exactly! If Hogan were to do a clinic on the day of a senior tournament, I'd withdraw from it.

It's tragic: He's going to leave us someday without at least recording his swing secrets. He was a human shot-making machine and golfers should be treated to more than the one excellent book he wrote, *Ben Hogan's Five Lessons in Golf*.

He *does* make a beautiful golf club, but that doesn't mean anything. He needs to relate his knowledge of shot making to golfers so they can enjoy using his great clubs. But maybe he *did* do something like Jones, and he has it locked up in a safe, and when he passes away, they'll bring 'em out. I certainly hope so.

PLAYBOY: You've been accused of using gamesmanship on opponents. Tell us about playing against former British Open and U.S. Open winner Tony Jacklin in England.

TREVINO: The English thought I was crazy because I talked and played golf at the same time. Everything is hush-hush over there. I remember Jacklin saying, "Now, listen, Lee, let's play golf today, I don't want to talk." And I said, "Tony, you don't have to talk, all you have to do is listen."

PLAYBOY: Didn't you throw a fake snake at Nicklaus before the start of the play-off for the 1971 U.S. Open—which you ended up winning?

TREVINO: Oh, that was just a joke. Golf's supposed to be fun. People have said that I do these things to disturb people, but I never tried to do anything like that. Besides, if you're not capable of beating that other guy, whatever the hell you say to him—with the exception of screaming on his backswing—you're not going to beat him.

PLAYBOY: People must have tried to play tricks on you. What are a couple of those tricks?

TREVINO: Talking during my backswing and purposely casting a shadow on my putting line are two favorites. Or a player who is away and putting on your line pulls the ball left of the hole and tries to put you off by saying, "God, I couldn't believe that goes left!" Or a player mishits, say, a seven iron, the ball falls short of the green and he says to his caddie, "Boy, I killed that." What usually happens is, an opponent with rabbit ears hears this, chooses a stronger club and hits the ball way over the green. There are a hundred tricks.

PLAYBOY: What was your greatest golf hustle?

TREVINO: God, you know, I never hustled anybody. I was a good player. If I ever hustled anyone, it was merely because I told everybody that I was a scratch player when, truthfully, I beat par by four strokes on my course, Tenison Park, almost every time. So, to tell you the truth, I should have given my opponents more shots on my course . . . because of "local knowledge."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever played with anybody who was truly a born cheat?

TREVINO: Jesus, I played with guys at Tenison Park who did things like put petroleum jelly on the face of the club to make the ball go straight. Oh, hell, these guys were such cheats that we had a rule: You could tee it up everywhere—the rough, bunkers—so you never had to watch the other guy. Let everybody cheat. That way, nobody could outcheat anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Pros shoot in the sixties all the time. Why can't most amateurs break ninety?

TREVINO: Well, rank beginners have no business playing a golf course. I mean, would a guy who just learned to drive a car enter the Indianapolis 500? People buy a set of clubs, shoes, pay a greens fee, and then go play on a golf course. They're wasting time. You've got to get on the practice tee and take lessons. If you're a total beginner, you should practice a year before you ever get on a golf course. You should go to a driving range religiously, three or four times a week, at night, whatever. All weekends should be spent hitting golf balls. Learn how to get the ball in the air; learn how to chip it; get out of bunkers; then you'll enjoy the game. How in the hell are you going to

"At first, Miss Gibson was a little nervous about interviews in the locker room, but now she's right at home."

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DENNIS R. CALLAGHAN	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
MIZUNO GRAD $640									
BRUCKNER	7	6	7	6	8	6	7	7	
NELSON	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	*"Excellent club for beginners and intermediate players."* —NELSON
CALLAGHAN	6	5	8	7	4	5	6	7	
TITLEIST DCI $600									
BRUCKNER	9	9	9	9	7	9	9	9	
NELSON	8	8	8	9	8	8	9	9	*"Good club for players at all levels."* —BRUCKNER
CALLAGHAN	8	9	8	9	9	7	7	9	
WILSON ULTRA (GOLD BORON GRAPHITE) $800									
BRUCKNER	3	1	2	2	2	4	3	2	
NELSON	4	4	4	3	1	3	3	3	*"Good for older players who need extra distance."* —CALLAGHAN
CALLAGHAN	10	9	7	4	5	5	5	5	
CACTUS GOLF TRIPLE THREATS (MATCHFLEX) $560									
BRUCKNER	8	8	9	8	7	8	8	8	
NELSON	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	*"Excellent club for all players, especially beginners."* —NELSON
CALLAGHAN	7	8	8	9	8	8	8	9	
RITSON GOLDEN LADDIE $180									
BRUCKNER	6	5	6	7	6	6	6	7	
NELSON	6	2	5	5	5	5	5	5	*"Average club: Better players should enjoy great success with them."* —NELSON
CALLAGHAN	5	4	5	6	5	6	7	7	
BOB TOSKI TARGET $780									
BRUCKNER	7	5	6	5	6	6	6	7	
NELSON	7	5	6	5	6	4	5	6	*"Not a bad club, but there are better ones."* —BRUCKNER
CALLAGHAN	8	5	5	5	5	6	6	7	

Many of us believe that clubs make the golfer. ★ One of the reasons we cleave to this belief is its utility when we wish to blame the clubs for our own shortcomings. ★ While not wanting to dismiss this handy bit of superstition, we thought we'd ask for some professional advice on the subject. ★ We collected a bunch of perimeter-weighted clubs—all made for the average, higher-handicap player—and asked the handiest golf pros we could find to evaluate their playability. ★ Dennis R. Callaghan is a P.G.A. member and the first assistant golf pro at the Wilmette (Illinois) Golf Club. ★ Laura Nelson and Jeff Bruckner are both teaching professionals there.

enjoy the game rolling it around? It's not bowling, you know.

PLAYBOY: In France, players must pass written and performance tests, and if they fail, they can't play on a regulation course. Should we do the same thing here?

TREVINO: No. I can understand France. France's golf has gone berserk. I can remember ten years ago, they had forty thousand golfers registered with the French Federation of Golf. Now they have two hundred thousand. They haven't been able to increase the number of golf courses that much. But I think golfers here should work at their game more. That's why golf is so slow today, because we have so many players who are shooting such high scores.

PLAYBOY: You've played with Prince Rainier, President Ford, Bob Hope, Sean Connery, the king of Morocco—the list goes on. Who would be in your ideal foursome?

TREVINO: Jesus Christ, Arnold Palmer and Bob Hope.

PLAYBOY: In 1969, at the Hartford Open, you met an eleven-year-old lemonade-stand girl, never dreaming you would marry her in 1983. Assuming that was your greatest golf moment, was your second your Skins Game hole in one—the stroke that earned you one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars and a car?

TREVINO: No, it was when I beat Nicklaus in a play-off to win the 1971 U.S. Open. I shot sixty-eight. He shot seventy-one.

PLAYBOY: Your favorite golf course, Cypress Point, withdrew from the P.G.A. Tour tournament roster because it didn't want to be told whom to let into its club—such as black members. How do you react to that?

TREVINO: I've always had mixed emotions about it. They have two hundred and fifty members. That's why it's so private. Players were never allowed in their clubhouse when we played the Crosby. We usually changed our shoes in the parking lot. But we understood that. We were just appreciative and thankful that we could play a golf course like that. They could have closed the doors on us a long time ago. They kept them open because of Crosby. I'll tell you how exclusive this club is. The parking lot holds about twenty cars. It's a beautiful place. It's always been my favorite, but I never got into this other business. It's a private club, and that's why they call it a private club. So I don't have anything against their saying it's a private club.

PLAYBOY: Describe your prejudices on golf architecture.

TREVINO: Unlike Nicklaus, who builds difficult courses, I believe in building golf courses like the old architects built. I like flat greens and shallow bunkers; I like to leave at least two thirds of the green open in front where you can bump and run—naturally, because I hit low. I like to put water on a golf course, but I want it to be seen; I don't want it to be in your way. If you hit a real poor shot, there should be a chance of going into the water. But I don't think that you should hit a marginal shot that looks like it's going to go onto the green, and all of a sudden—boop!—it goes into the water. Basically, I build player-friendly courses.

Architects today forget that the majority of golfers are eighteen to twenty-four handicaps. That's one of the reasons that most of the new clubs around the country are going broke—they're too difficult to play. Why should a member and his wife buy a house on a golf course they can't play?

PLAYBOY: The National Golf Foundation projects that about four hundred golf courses a year will have to be built before the year 2000 to accommodate the forty million golfers who will be playing the game. Environmentalists are blocking a lot of new projects.

TREVINO: Sure. They'll kill you in a minute. I wanted to invest in one in Florida, but they had a little mouse or something running around by the beach, and it killed us. But we've got some courses going in Taiwan, one in Japan, fixin' to open one up in Wisconsin, so we're getting into a little more all the time.

PLAYBOY: What's the state of golf jokes these days?

TREVINO: I heard one about a guy who had a different-color golf ball that he couldn't lose. I say, "How come you can't lose it?" "Because if you hit it down the fairway, it beeps. You hit it in the rough and a little sickle comes out of it and mows the grass down, where you can see it. If you put it in the water, pontoons come out of it, the wind blows it over and you can retrieve it." I say, "Where in the hell did you buy this thing?" He says, "I don't know. I found this one."

PLAYBOY: Because most golfers don't break ninety, it seems new clubs will not help Mr. Average a great deal. If you agree, don't you feel sort of guilty sponsoring or endorsing Spalding clubs?

TREVINO: I don't think that I should feel guilty about taking money for endorsing a golf club. What Spalding is trying to do is to sell a product that it thinks is better than anyone else's. Everyone else is doing the same thing. That's business. Besides, golfers want to play with what the pros play with.

PLAYBOY: What's in your golf bag?

TREVINO: Listen, my caddie Herman Mitchell knows if my golf bag has an extra golf ball in there; he can tell by the weight of it. There ain't much in there. I carry my rain suit, three gloves and six balls.

PLAYBOY: Are you superstitious about anything?

TREVINO: I don't use a yellow tee. Yellow is the color of weakness, cowardice. I'd hit a ball off the ground with a three wood before I'd use a yellow tee.

PLAYBOY: When it comes to golf clubs, are you fickle?

TREVINO: Yes. I'm always looking. My caddie gets mad at me because even when I have a driver that I hit extremely well, I take a strange driver out there to try it. I'm always looking for that one jewel.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important part of a golf club?

TREVINO: The shaft, no question. It's the hardest to replace. So if you break the head of a wooden club, keep the shaft.

PLAYBOY: Have you made any changes in your game since joining the Senior Tour?

TREVINO: Yes, I cut most of the forward press out of my putting stroke. I set my hands ahead of the ball and swing the putter back simultaneously, with my hands and the handle. I get a much better roll of the ball.

PLAYBOY: Are you having the most fun you've ever had in your life?

TREVINO: This is heaven. There's nothing better than this. If I had it to do all over, I wish I had been born fifty years old and come right onto the Senior Tour.

PLAYBOY: Defend the proposition that while Nicklaus is probably the greatest golfer of all time, you are the most popular.

TREVINO: Well, I think that I'm *one* of the most popular. Fuzzy Zoeller is very popular. Chi Chi Rodriguez is very popular. No player who's ever played the game has been more popular than the king, Arnold Palmer. I have seen more people watch Palmer pack the trunk of his car in a tournament than watch another player, who is leading, putt out on eighteen. That's the truth! The man has charisma! He's got the people; they love him; I love him; I don't know any professional golfer who doesn't love him.

PLAYBOY: Are you uneasy about the number of Japanese take-overs of American courses?

TREVINO: As long as there's a stipulation that says a golf course must stay a golf course, I don't have a problem with it. Don't be afraid in selling to the Japanese. They can't cut it out of the ground and take it home to Tokyo; they gotta leave it here.

PLAYBOY: What will golf be like in 2001?

TREVINO: Bigger and better. Golf is a sport that everyone is going to be playing. We'll have probably fifty or sixty million players. We'll have to go way out into the sticks to play. I predict we're going to build golf courses in areas where nothing grows, where the property has no value whatsoever. That's where you are going to have to play.

—JOHN ANDRISANI

"At the St. Andrews Old Course, they play the game as an exercise in serial crisis management."

the air and correct a bad shot hit off the club face's heel or toe.

To solve the problem of saving par from treacherous lies around the green, a 60-degree wedge (which looks more like a shovel than a golf club) was marketed. Any shot a golfer couldn't hit with a pitching wedge or a sand wedge the "third wedge" would now play *for* him.

In 1990, the trend was lightning-fast greens. Putting a ball to a hole on an undulated, slow green is tough enough, but shave a green down so low that the ball rolls like it's on a billiard table and the golfer's nerves become frazzled. Say hello to the long putter. Almost a foot and a half longer, this pole-vault-stick-like club helps a player employ a perfect, pendulum arms–shoulders type of stroke, rather than a hand–wrist action that's more apt to break down under pressure.

The newly designed game-improvement clubs essentially put the golfer's wood and iron game on automatic pilot. High-lofted utility woods slice through heavy grass with the ease of a sickle. The 60-degree wedge is so lofted it can scoop a ball from hell into heaven. The long putter makes a golfer "yip"-proof on the greens. Perfectly mowed fairways allow the player to pick the ball cleanly off grass with the ease of a hockey player hitting a puck off ice, thereby axing the challenge of playing a shot out of a divot, depression or scruffy lie—killing off the art of shotmaking. The men who introduced golf in America had an entirely different game in mind.

The historical consensus is that golf was first played in America on a cow pasture in Yonkers, New York, in 1888. Soon after, John Reid and his cronies built a six-hole course—called St. Andrew's after the hallowed home of golf in Scotland—and later bought 160 acres of land in nearby Hastings on Hudson and supervised the building of an 18-hole course and clubhouse.

That original St. Andrew's still exists, but because of the expensive face lift it was given by Jack Nicklaus, the evolution of golf clubs and the other gazillion changes in the industry, Reid would hardly recognize the old course or the game played on it. Which is a shame, because Reid had visions of Americans preserving the Scottish golf tradition.

In its birthplace, everyone loves golf, but it is only a game. It is not a rich man's sport, as it is in this country. The Old Course at St. Andrews, the cradle of golf, is open to the public for $60. In contrast, Pebble Beach, while open to the public, costs $150 for 18 holes.

Part of the *raison d'être* of golf for the Scots is the walk. St. Andrews prohibits anything else. For some American golfers, the electric cart is one of nature's perfect forms of locomotion.

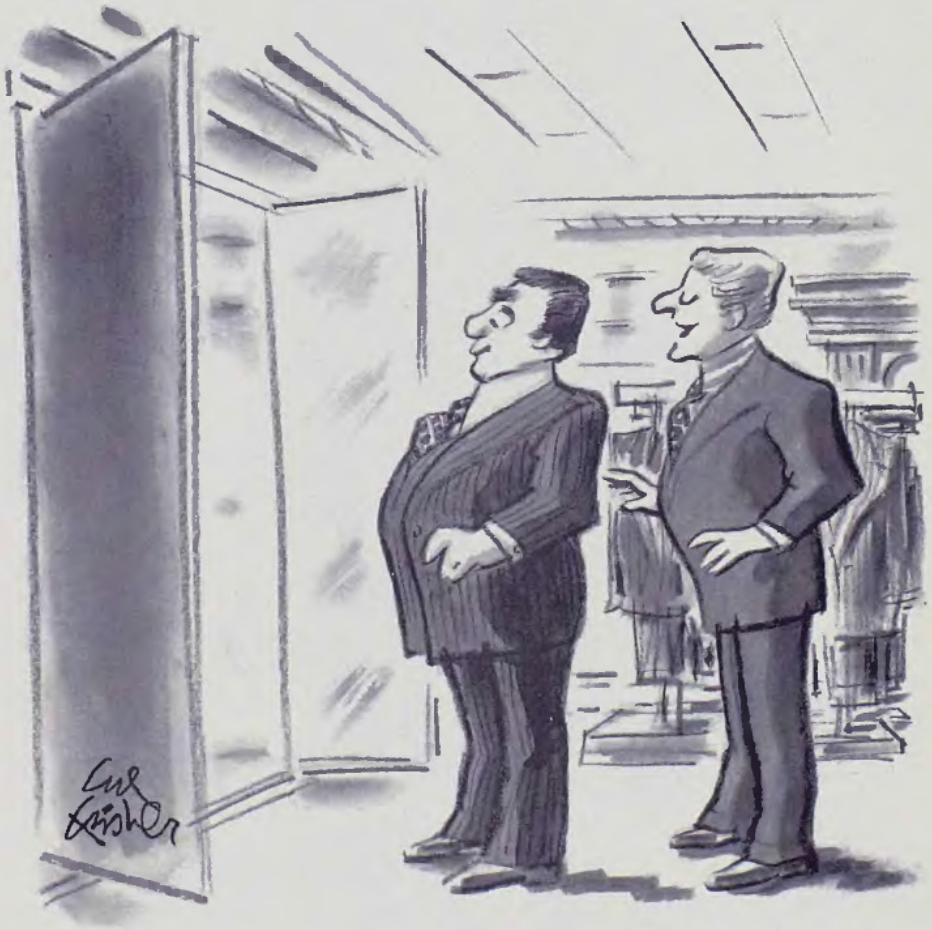
Scots play fast. The typical player plans his shot as he walks to the ball, sets up, hits it and walks on. It is an unwritten law at the Old Course to play a round in less than three and a half hours.

To the modern-day American golfer, every shot is a matter of life and death. He dawdles over the ball, examines the lie, paces off the yardage from one of three marker plates to his ball, throws grass up to test which way the one-mile-an-hour wind is blowing, faithfully takes three practice swings to rehearse the perfect swing, waves the club head back and forth a few times, swings, slices and swears. Then he plops down into the cart, tells his buddy it's time to buy a new set of clubs and steps on the gas, zigzagging down the fairway.

The St. Andrews Old Course was *not* designed by a golf architect. It is natural links land crafted by God. It just happened as golfers played among the rabbit warrens on the lip of the seashore.

The Old Course is naturally rustic and, therefore, the golfer must improvise shots off tricky lies. When the wind blows off the North Sea, the game is even more challenging. But locals, who despise American target golf, are happy to play "wind cheaters," "pitch-and-runs" and the entire range of contrived shots. They play the game as an exercise in serial crisis management.

The most adventurous thing an American golfer could do, to revise his perspective and help diffuse the golf crisis, would be to go out alone and play a round with one club—say a five iron—in the quiet of the early morning or late afternoon. Just to reacquaint himself with the rigor of improvisation. Just to regain the feel of what real golf is all about: imposing your will upon a small ball as you smack it around nature. At its best and at its purest, it's the closest we ever get to playing God.



"It's styled to convey an ever-so-faint hint that you're a successful Mob chieftain who has moved into legitimate business."

The Perfect Lesson *(continued from page 117)*

"To keep from leaning too far forward in the setup, always make sure you can wiggle your toes."

fingers firmly clamp the handle of the club and squeeze it against the heel pad.

Always place the little finger of the left hand an inch and a half from the butt end of the club, for better balance and control. The index finger and thumb create a slight trigger effect, and this V should point between the right eye and the right shoulder. Looking down, you should see the top two knuckles on the back of your left hand. An eight-degree angle is created by the back of your left wrist. You should always set both wrists on that angle and never change the wrist angles during the swing.

Grip the club firmly with the last three fingers of your left hand without creating any tension in your arm and shoulder. The left thumb is just right of center, and the right thumb is just left of center. These are The One Positions (left thumb at one o'clock, right thumb at eleven). The right hand holds the club with the handle lying diagonally along the base of the fingers. Grip it firmly with the last three fingers of the right hand and squeeze the life line of the right hand on top of the left thumb. The two hands are joined with equal pressure.

Many players lose the right hand at the top of the backswing. This is invariably caused by letting the right life line leave the left thumb. To properly learn to keep the two hands joined, place a coin on top of your left thumb and squeeze the life line of your right hand against your left thumb. Then practice hitting balls with the coin in position. If the coin falls out at the top of the backswing, the hands are not joined properly.

STANCE

Balance is the essence of a good swing. For all shots, the ball position should always be in line with the inside of your left foot, unless you are playing wind or trouble shots. To achieve this position, stand with your feet together and place the ball opposite the middle of your feet, then move your right foot to the right to fit the club you are using. Always point your feet out 20 to 30 degrees in what I call The Duck Stance. This will promote an easier hip rotation, both back and through the swing. The stance should be no wider than the shoulders. The stance narrows slightly with the shorter clubs and more weight moves to the left foot. For example, with the driver, I recommend 60 percent of the weight on the right foot and 40 percent on the left. This allows you to hit the ball more on the upswing and get the ball into the air a lot easier. With the midirons and shorter irons, 60 percent of the weight is on the left foot and 40 percent on the right. Place your weight lightly over the balls of the feet but not too far forward. (Leaning over your toes is a deadly sin of weekend golfers.) To keep from leaning too far forward in the setup, always make sure you can wiggle your toes.

The left arm and club shaft should be in a straight line from the shoulder to the ball. To achieve this, make sure your head is behind the ball and slide your hips laterally to the left approximately two inches. That move will automatically drop your right shoulder below your left and allow the right elbow to soften and turn slightly outward. The distance between the elbows at address should be approximately the width of a clenched fist (the elbows should feel equidistant throughout the swing). The knees should be slightly flexed and directly over your shoes. Don't cock the right knee toward the left knee, because it causes an unnecessary motion, one of the many that we are trying to eliminate.

POSTURE

To achieve the correct posture, stand upright, hold the club directly in front of you, with your feet apart. Flex your knees gently, bend from the waist and push your butt out. Place the club behind the ball, always feathering the grass. Never bend your knees too much. Always stay soft and relaxed in the setup. To prevent your knees from coming too close together, keep them over your shoes. To confirm that your hands are the correct distance from the body, take your right hand off the club and place your clenched fist, with your thumb protruding, on your left thigh. The thumb should touch the top of the handle.

The proper way to keep the elbows under control is to feel the right elbow being pushed gently toward the left in the stance and throughout the backswing and downswing. (I do not recommend the gimmick of placing a strap around the elbows to achieve this feeling.) The opposite applies to the follow-through, left elbow toward right elbow.

ALIGNMENT

Use The Straight Method in the setup (assuming that you are trying to hit the ball straight). Start your alignment by standing directly behind the ball, facing the target. Now find a spot between the ball and the target and visualize a straight line running through the ball to the target. This will minimize your margin of error. Now take your stance. First make sure that the grip is correct and that the leading edge (bottom line) of the club is plumb to the ground, at a 12-o'clock position, or a 90-degree angle, to the target. To check this angle, hold the club in front of you at eye level.

Aim at the target spot. To check your

"Hey, God bless America. Right, Mac?"

line, rotate your head to the left with the feeling of laying your right ear on a pillow, rather than lifting your head up and turning your shoulders to the left. This will allow you to look underneath and down the line. To help align your knees and shoulders, hold your club in the fingers of both hands across the knees, pointing the handle toward the target. Now bring your club up against your shoulders to check their alignment.

START OF THE BACKSWING

With a perfect setup, your task of achieving the key swing elements is a lot easier. One of the main problems in starting the swing is tension. To help eliminate tension and to make your position less rigid, waggle the club head and/or your feet. The waggle and the start of the backswing should be almost a continuous movement.

Take the club back in one movement, a pulling force, initiating the motion with the entire right side—not just with your hands or arms. Using the big muscles (hips and shoulders) eliminates the problem of swinging too fast. The big muscles are the slow-moving parts of the body, and the hands and arms are the fast-moving ones. As you wind up on the backswing, you are applying centrifugal power by rotating your hips and shoulders around the axis of your right side. This will automatically transfer your weight to the right heel. Make sure that your right knee has stayed in the same fixed position. At the top of your backswing, you are too busy to feel anything, but when you dry swing, you should try to feel that you are sitting into the right knee and right heel.

Now we come to a key point about the backswing: The power source is in the turning motion of your body, not in the motion of your arms. By dividing the swing into two parts, right side and left side, we create rotation both on the backswing and in the follow-through. Because of the good posture you have developed, along with rotating around the right knee, you will feel coiled tension. By controlling your backswing with your right side, you will find it a lot easier to coil efficiently to the maximum of your physical abilities. Obviously, flexibility plays an important part in the windup motion.

I recommend setting the wrists gently on the backswing, because centrifugal force has a tendency to overset your arms and wrists. To control your arm action, you should feel that your arms are not swinging past shoulder level. You should fold your right elbow down at waist level on the backswing, maintaining an equal distance between both elbows. The right elbow should be well away from the body but down. At the top of the backswing, your right elbow should be positioned as though you were carrying a tray on the palm of your right hand. Swinging back with your right elbow close to your body will cause a flat and narrow backswing.

When you practice swinging, you'll see that the arm action is a lot shorter than you imagined. Centrifugal force makes you feel as though you have to swing a lot farther back than necessary. Too many people are told to finish their backswing with an arm-and-wrist action rather than with the body action. To control excessive wrist action, imagine that at the top of the backswing, your right thumb is pointing to the sky. Remember, when you overset your wrists, the eight-degree wrist angle is increased, causing the left wrist to cup inward and the club face to open. The proper hinging of the left wrist is vital for control and power. Centrifugal force on the downswing creates the proper wrist set automatically and leads to what we are looking for—a late wrist action, or late hit.

Control of the back of the left wrist is, without question, one of the key problems in most golf swings. Throughout the golf swing, both the left-wrist angle and the right-wrist angle should *never* change. In a perfect swing, the club face never opens or closes but remains straight. The rotation of the right shoulder and the right hip creates one of the key elements in power and timing, allowing both shoulders maximum windup. Visualize creating a pulling force stronger than a pushing force.

THE START OF THE DOWNSWING

You have wound up the right side with perfect coil tension. You are sitting into the right knee and right heel, and now you are in the transitional stage of change in direction, The Pendulum Feel. As you are completing your shoulder turn with the right side and sitting into the right knee and heel, you should initiate the left-side pulling force, with the left knee moving down the toe line, allowing the left foot to roll over, your weight moving to the left heel. As your hips clear, you should feel as though you are sitting down. Your right heel is held to the ground and your legs are spread. Think of keeping your back to the hole as long as possible before you start your change in direction. The movement has to be smooth. The hands and arms are changing direction softly. Most golfers' swings break down at this point. The natural tendency is to try to get the club head back to the ball too quickly. Here's a thought that may puzzle you, but it could turn your golf game around faster than any other: Try to keep the club head *away* from the ball as long as possible. Because of the nature of the setup, with the hips slightly forward, the hips will open and clear naturally. The pulling force of your left knee and left side will allow the shoulders to work in their correct plane. Keep this in mind: The backswing plane is wide and the downswing plane is more narrow. The centrifugal force of the hips' clearing should encourage a slight reversed action of the wrists, setting you up in the late-hit position. As your body unwinds, your right knee naturally drives inward toward the left knee. At impact, allow your head to rotate slightly toward the target. Again, I call this "laying your right ear on a pillow." This also forces your right shoulder under your chin. Remember, the proper swing is underarm, not roundhouse.

THE FOLLOW-THROUGH

The start of the downswing is always initiated with the lower part of your body, with the arms following. You must feel your left arm close to your chest on the downswing. Thinking of the right elbow coming into your body on the downswing has caused the demise of many a good player. The result is normally a block-out to the right or an overcompensation of hands, creating a pull to the left.

Maximum acceleration of the club head through the ball is a result of the coordination of motion in the correct sequence. One of the key problems in the follow-through is the straightening of the left arm, which causes the club head to slow down. The golf swing is a game of opposites. The right elbow folds down on the backswing, the left elbow folds down on the follow-through. It is the left-arm rotation and folding down toward the right elbow that keep the acceleration working through the ball. Practice with a short club with half a backswing and half a follow-through, using the big muscles, folding your right elbow down gently on the backswing and your left elbow down on the follow-through. This will give you the sensation of acceleration.

Your wrist angles control an important leverage in power and release, and the release through the ball is a continuous movement. As the arms catch up to your hips at impact, you should release your left elbow as hard as possible. If you do not change your wrist angles, you will never hook the ball. To have a sound swing, you need to develop the ability to release as hard as possible without hitting the ball to the left.

After each swing, you should learn to show off by posing in the follow-through. If you are posing correctly, your balance is good, and you have made the perfect swing *for you.*

PRACTICE ROUTINE

Obviously, perfect practice develops the perfect swing. Be patient. Remember, you must think of only *one* element at a time, and you should practice that part of the swing without a ball. To check if the move is correct, look in the mirror or ask a friend to watch you.

The first key to perfect practice is

repetition 12 to 24 times of a particular movement. The second is to make half of those repetitions in slow motion. To do so, count to eight before you've completed the move of any part of your swing.

Never practice with one particular club. Use all of your clubs when you are learning your swing.

When you are on the practice tee, develop the same preshot routine that you would use on the golf course. Be meticulous with your target and alignment. Use different targets every half-dozen shots.

SUMMATION

To master the key moves for a perfect swing, *remember*:

- *The Perfect Setup.* Check your grip, stance, posture and alignment.
- *Ground Control.* Check your balance. Weight should transfer to the right heel on the backswing and to the outside of the left heel and foot in the follow-through.
- *The Take-away.* Be relaxed. Stay in motion for a smooth, continuous take-away. Pulling force: Use the big muscles—right hip and right shoulder. Do not take the club back with hands and arms.
- *Rotation Power.* Pivot around a flexed right knee. Bounce into the right knee at the top of the backswing.
- *The Straight Method.* Wrist control: The angles of the back of the left and right wrists never change throughout the swing.
- *Elbow Control.* Elbows remain equidistant. The right elbow should be kept down but away from the body during the backswing. The left elbow should be down but away from the body on the follow-through.
- *Big-Muscle Turn.* Right shoulder, right hip; less arm action and wrist set on the backswing.
- *The Pendulum Feel.* Keep your back to the hole as long as possible, with the hands and arms changing direction softly. The arms are always followers, not leaders, in the swing.
- *Start of the Downswing.* Keep the club head away from the ball as long as possible on the downswing.
- *The Follow-through and Balance.* To maintain maximum acceleration, keep the left knee flexed in the follow-through.
- *"Lay Your Right Ear on a Pillow."* This will allow the swing to work underarm rather than roundhouse.
- *"Pose for the Camera."* Obviously, if you are posing correctly, your balance is good. Practice swinging the club with your feet six to 12 inches apart, posing each time in the follow-through.
- *Your Practice Routine.* Dry swing at least four or five times for every ball you hit. Learn to hit the ball instinctively. Take the time to practice slowly.

Good golfing!

"It wasn't easy in New York, but here I've got them where I want them!"

Q School

(continued from page 118)

makes December golf's cruelest month. Each year, hundreds of pro golfers apply for their P.G.A. cards, free passes to the golden circuit where the 100th-best player makes almost $200,000. After two brutal regional tourneys, the best and luckiest report to the finals, where six rounds divide survivors and chaff. And each year, on the sweaty, cruel final day of Q School, one putt on the 18th green is the difference between a courtesy car and a van full of rice.

Robert Gamez, 23, won twice in the Show last year. More than the $461,407 he earned, more than the glory of holing out a seven iron to bite the Shark at Bay Hill, Gamez said, winning meant "I don't have to go back to Tour School. I'd hate to do *that* again."

Hundreds of terrific golfers—local heroes all—practice all year, hitting millions of balls off a thousand driving ranges. Then comes that one excruciating week in December. One veteran calls it a bar exam, med school final and crash diet rolled into one. "You lose lots of weight," he says. Most of the weight loss is flop sweat and tears. After 72 holes at the six-day finals, 80 players are axed; the rest duel for two more days, the most pressurized 48 hours of their lives. Finally, 45 men earn P.G.A. cards. Losers go to the Hogan Tour or to hard-scrabble minitours and wait a year to run the gantlet again.

"Tour School is *so hard*," says Hogan pro Bobby Schaeffer. "I was really, really close last year. Four under makes your card and I was *four under*. Then I miss a three-foot putt." Schaeffer's is not the saddest Q School tale. This is:

The top five Hogan Tourists win big-tour cards. In 1990, Rick Pearson was safe until Mike Springer shot 65 on the season's last day, knocking him to sixth on the money list. Pearson returned to school and shot 429 over six days. The golden mean was 428. One putt.

Tour School sucks souls. By the back nine on the last day, every putt is sudden death. Dozens of celestially skilled golfers know that their work on the final hole will dictate their lives for a year. Or forever; many who fail quit the game. Even worse, they often go to the 108th tee not knowing whether they need birdie or par. Play safe? Shoot for the flag? Many players make par at 108 only to ponder suicide as bolder men finish with birdies. In 1989, Gamez sneaked home by a stroke at Q School; out on the big tour, relaxed, he speared the Shark with that famous seven iron and won $162,000 for a week's work. *Gamez* is the name this year's Schoolers will whisper as they plumb-bob putts.

"My wife knows not to talk to me in November," says Yokoi, who hates December. Like most P.G.A. prospects,

he becomes Norman Bates, jumping at shadows, as Q School approaches. At last year's finals, he made 19 birdies in 72 holes. Brilliant, but not good enough. There were also an out-of-bounds ball and half a dozen in the water—"One O.B., six H_2O." He fell short again.

To feel the weight of that week, spend 25 years in Mickey Yokoi's Etonics:

His parents were first-generation Japanese Americans who ran a Los Angeles flower shop. They wanted a golfer in the family and the mantle fell to second son Victor. He became Mickey when a boyhood scrape left a whisker-shaped scar beside his nose and his sister said he looked like Mickey Mouse. Yokoi grew up playing Rancho Park, the busiest public course in the continental U.S. By 1981, he was a star at top-ranked UCLA. He turned pro in 1983.

In 1984, his Bruins teammate Pavin set a rookie record on the big tour, winning $260,536. Yokoi lost money playing the Golden State minitour. His short game was flawless, but he was shorter off the tee than most of the rangy pipettes on the tour, and when he tried to belt the ball, his driver betrayed him. Brief stints on the Asian and Australian circuits proved even tougher and cost more. American P.G.A. qualifiers—the dreaded "four spots" in which 100 or more men compete on Monday for four places in a big-tour field—led to 12 P.G.A. events in which he never cracked the leader board, and every December, he flunked Q School. There was always one bad round, one heartache that lasted a year. One bent shot or, worse, a bad decision.

At La Manga in Cartagena, Spain, for the finals of the European Tour School, which is less deadly than the U.S. school but *malo* enough—Yokoi was safe. He was sure that a par on the final hole was his ticket to the rich Faldo-Langer-Ballesteros circuit. "Stupidest thing I ever thought," he says. He made his par; a flurry of late birdies left him out in the cold by one stroke.

He might have been smarter to take an assistant's job at a muni or a backwater golf club. There were offers—steady pay in exchange for a life of selling Izod shirts and teaching beginners not to shut their eyes on the downswing, but that was surrender. As a teaching pro, he would have spent the rest of his life wondering, Did I give up too soon?

He refuses to hang up his spikes. "There's this dream guys like me have," he says. He sees himself "playing the big tour every week, how much fun that would be. Those guys must be happy just waking up in the morning."

A psychology major at UCLA, Yokoi knows that dreams can be delusive. He has seen scores of talented players beaten by the game's incessant demand for a rare mix of skill, luck and ego, and now believes in mind over matter. While praising Pavin's skill, he credits his former teammate's success on the big tour to something nearly mystic: "Corey goes out there and *knows* he can win. Most of us hope we can win." Yokoi knows a lot of guys who hit the ball pretty much the way Pavin does; he's one of them. He also knows that only a few will ever rub elbows with Pavin, Strange and the Shark in the Show, and almost all of them are younger than he.

"I can't do this forever. Carole and I want to have a home. We want to have a baby, but right now, we can't afford it, we can't afford anything. So we're thinking, if this year doesn't work out, I'll quit," he says. "Of course, I say that every year."

As a Q School finalist, Yokoi plays the Triple-A tour. Created in 1990 as a proving ground for the P.G.A.'s best prospects, the Hogan Tour features groomed courses and gleaming leader boards, plus marshals and scorekeepers armed with walkie-talkies, just like the big tour. Players get free equipment and don't pay greens fees for practice rounds, as minitour players often do. "You feel you have a kind of validity," says Yokoi. Showing off his P.G.A. of America card, number 0003612684, he grins. He carries a more important talisman, as well—the thing players mean when they refer to their "cards," the charm that gets them into clubhouses on the Hogan Tour. It is a gold money clip, emblazoned with the tour emblem. Yokoi loves the feel of his money clip, its tangible validity. He only wishes there were more Grants and fewer Washingtons between its tongs. Hogan golf "is no picnic," he says. Expenses run about $700 a week and that's if your wife caddies for you; miss a few cuts and the money clip that proves you're a pro golfer holds too few bills to buy dinner.

Yokoi hits hundreds of balls a day on driving ranges from Bakersfield to Yuma to Macon to New Haven and he seldom makes expenses. Endlessly fiddling with his swing, he watches himself and tour eponym Ben Hogan on video tape. (Yokoi's video camera and VCR are his only pricey possessions.) *One win*, he thinks as he compares Hogan's swing with his own, always falling short. He opens his hips an instant too soon, the ball hooks directly to jail. Fix that for one week, he thinks (though by doing so, he may delay his hip turn and push the ball to the right). Fix that for a week and make a few putts; one win in 1991 and I can afford to give my wife a week off from caddying. *And one win could lead to two.* Two wins make me a probable top-five finisher on the Hogan Tour, and the top five go directly to the big tour, bypassing Q School.

On a windy Saturday in March, at Shreveport's Southern Trace Country Club, Yokoi never once hit his driver less than 280 yards. When one of his Shreveport thumpers rolled to a stop 310 yards from the tee, a local fan drawled, "Was

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that his *drahhve?*"

Carole, toting Yokoi's golf bag, stayed a discreet and very Asian ten yards behind her man as he strode through a dispiriting round. His gallery numbered two—Alan and Ilene Murakami had driven over from Texas to support their old friends. "A few years ago, Mickey and Carole had a chance to settle down. Mickey could have been an assistant pro," said Alan, a comfy suburbanite who is an account manager with a computer firm, "but they wanted to keep the dream alive." Watching one of Yokoi's three-foot putts lip out and return to sender, Alan Murakami shook his head. "Mickey always misses out, just by a hair." Then Alan, who carries a 16 handicap as a weekend golfer, said, "I still envy him. He gets to live the fantasy all of us golfers have."

At the 18th hole, a 527-yard par five, Yokoi hit a jumbo drive and a six iron that landed ten feet from the flag. Too bad it hit hot; the ball skipped into a trap behind the green. His bunker shot and Pyrrhic birdie putt drew applause but still meant 73-76. Yokoi didn't need to check the scoreboard to know he had missed the cut. He went straight to the sun deck at Southern Trace, where he and Carole and the Murakamis ordered gumbo, sandwiches and lemonade. Sitting in the sun with his wife/caddie and his friends/gallery, enjoying his view of the 18th green, he made a fist and hit himself on the head. "I hate it," Yokoi said. "I hate missing cuts at a place like this. It's so nice being out here, then you have to leave so soon."

His eighth Q School was eight months away.

"We were made for each other. I like fast cars and sex outdoors and he has a Porsche with a sun roof."

MEN FROM DARPA

(continued from page 122)

The idea of establishing a far-out research group to work on military space technology (and, later, on other kinds of military technology) apparently came from President Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense, Neil McElroy, who in civilian life had set up a kind of department of creativity at Proctor and Gamble. The three military Services balked, but their very opposition clinched the deal, for Eisenhower had begun to weary of all the ridiculous competition among the Services. On February 7, 1958, he signed the bill authorizing ARPA, as it was initially called. (The word Defense was added later by Congress to underscore the primacy of its military mission.)

Defense Secretary McElroy also established the essential organizational principles of DARPA that have made it so effective. First, he decided that it should operate as a kind of venture-capital firm, funneling seed money to promising projects being developed at outside laboratories and relying on its program managers to take full command of their projects, paying for whatever research is needed without bureaucratic interference. "There were very few echelons at DARPA," Ruina recalls. "Everybody in the agency had easy and direct access to me and I reported directly to the Department of Defense's Undersecretary for Research and Engineering."

That freedom from bureaucratic encumbrance is the major lure to get hotshot scientists to work round-the-clock jobs for $50,000 a year. As former DARPA scientist Mansfield says, "If you can come up with the right project, DARPA gives you the money and gets out of the way. It's a wonderful atmosphere for a scientist."

Because the military's logistical problems aren't all that different from those of, say, Federal Express, DARPA has also, almost inadvertently, come up with a few innovations that have improved life in the private sector. In this country, it developed the computer before civilians saw its significance, leading MIT's professor John Deutch to assert that "the computer strength of the United States came out of DARPA." The agency's computer research has led to such fixtures of modern life as bank cash machines, computer graphics, work stations and the computer mouse. DARPA has, also worked on such emerging hot technologies as superconductivity, artificial intelligence and neural networks.

•

In its early days, DARPA concentrated on developing satellites, antiballistic missile systems and nuclear-test detection technology. But it branched into ground warfare during the early days of Vietnam. "Of all the things we did," says Ruina, who was director at the time, "that's

the program I am least fond of."

Vietnam just wasn't DARPA's kind of war. Its most original, not to say outlandish, solutions never quite fit, such as its plans for a four-legged robot to carry heavy loads along jungle trails. A later director, Eberhardt Rechtin, killed the project as a "damn-fool" idea; he was afraid Congress would get wind of it and question the entire DARPA endeavor.

The one worthwhile contribution DARPA made to the Vietnam war was to encourage the adoption of the AR-15 as the Army's standard-issue rifle. Tragically, later modifications by the Army ruined most of the gun's good points. It was not uncommon to find American soldiers dead, bent over a jammed M-16. The rifle acquired such a reputation that the Viet Cong, who routinely scavenged the equipment of dead GIs, left the M-16s right where they were. It took three years, but the Army eventually demodified the gun.

•

In the Seventies, DARPA developed the Stealth technology that would make such a difference in the Persian Gulf. Although the Republicans are taking full credit for the victory that Stealth helped win, it was entirely a Democratic enterprise. Indeed, Stealth might never have made it onto an airplane if it hadn't been for William Perry, who served as Undersecretary of Defense for Research and Engineering during the Carter Administration. Perry was so captivated by the idea of an "invisible" plane that he once walked into a Stealth briefing with an empty model-airplane stand and declared, "Here's the Stealth bomber."

Still, it wasn't an easy sale. DARPA often has trouble with what's known as "technology transfer," the process of marketing its inventions to the Services. A large part of the problem is cultural. Whenever people start talking about DARPA, the word nerd, or even dweeb, is bound to come up. Academically trained DARPA scientists tend to approach military problems a little differently from career soldiers. DARPA dreams about particle beams; the military wants a reliable peashooter.

Then, too, the DARPA wizards have had their setbacks. For instance, they enlisted Gerald Bull, famed for the Supergun he was supposedly developing for the Iraqis before he was assassinated, to develop similar technology for the United States back in the early Sixties. Bull happily took the money but never produced, and DARPA "cut him off pretty quickly," recalls George Rathjens, a DARPA chief scientist in the early years.

"With all of DARPA's assignments, there is a high probability for failure," says military observer Richard Fieldhouse. "That's why they're DARPA projects. People come up with some far-out idea and say, 'It would be great if this works, but for lots of reasons, it probably won't, so you take it.'"

And then, lots of times, DARPA's blue-sky research generates technology that does work, but it's so kookie that no one can figure out what to do with it. Such as the Talking Heads project.

The Talking Heads project was developed for DARPA by a freewheeling MIT computer-science laboratory tapped to address the question of how top Government and military officials could communicate during a nuclear attack. Clearly, the key people in the Government couldn't hole up in the same nuclear shelter; but if they were dispersed, how could they effectively communicate? This got the MIT researchers thinking about the broader questions of "the transmission of presence."

So the group came up with a truly wild idea: to create sets of plastic masks of the faces of the President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, and so on, one set for each participant to array around him, re-creating (albeit eerily) the experience of being in a regular meeting with these dignitaries. The TV image of the actual person would be projected inside each mask, lighting up the George Bush mask, for instance, with George Bush's televised face. Each mask would be mounted on gimbals, so that as the officials sadly shook their heads in response to Dan Quayle's latest suggestion, the masks would twist back and forth.

•

If you thought the Persian Gulf war was an astonishingly bloodless affair (for the Allies, anyway), wait till you see the next one. At least there were living, breathing American soldiers in the Gulf. If DARPA has its way, during the next war, we'll be tying yellow ribbons for the safe return of our robots.

"The whole idea is to get the human being out of harm's way," says Roger Schappell, the director of Martin Marietta's advanced automation technology group in Denver, Colorado, which is doing much of the military robotics work for DARPA. Technicians have completed the Autonomous Land Vehicle, which looks like a small, free-ranging locomotive. It can chug along a road at about ten miles an hour and can cut cross-country at about three and a half. By 1997, the A.L.V. should be available to scout deep behind enemy lines, take over for American soldiers in war zones that have been subjected to nuclear, biological or chemical attack and blast tanks and enemy fortifications—all on its own.

Some critics are leery of robots' making war. "You have enough problems with friendly fire on the battlefield as it is," says John Pike of the Federation of American Scientists. "From what I hear, the A.L.V. is still having a hard time staying on the road. If the robot isn't smart enough to stay on the road, I'm not sure I want to give it a shotgun."

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along in its air and undersea versions, largely because they operate in environments that are far less complex than open countryside. Besides the unmanned undersea vehicle that has already been put to successful use in the Persian Gulf, Martin Marietta is completing an unmanned plane that makes the current generation of smart missiles look really dumb.

In the Persian Gulf, human beings still had to tell those bombs where to fly and what to hit. The next generation of smart bombs will do much of that on their own. They will consult a list of targets and then decide for themselves what to go for and how to approach it, depending on local weather conditions, enemy defenses, etc.

For planes that still require human pilots, DARPA has also been developing a sophisticated on-board computer system called the Pilot's Associate, which helps sort out the bewildering array of information that inundates a pilot. It keeps tabs on everything and alerts the pilot to a near-empty fuel tank, say, or an incoming SAM missile. "I call it God-is-my-copilot," says Pike.

There will be a copilot for generals back at command headquarters, too, in the form of a computerized "battle manager" that will speedily test-run alternative scenarios and analyze statistical probabilities to help commanders develop their battle strategies.

To the extent that American soldiers will still be required to fight a war, computers are now helping them train for it. At Fort Knox, Kentucky, the Army has installed what amounts to the world's largest interactive video game. It's called Simulator Networking, or SIMNET, and it features 60 ersatz M-1 tanks, Bradley fighting vehicles and other Army vehicles inside a hangar the size of a football field. Video screens provide computer-generated images of what the soldiers would be seeing through their viewers, plus a kind of Sensurround impression of war—blasts of artillery shells, the chugging of machine-gun fire over loudspeakers, the frantic shouts of commanders coming over the squawk box and the shaking and rumbling of vehicles whenever a shell hits too close.

SIMNET can also add air attacks into the mix with SIMNET–linked helicopters and fighter planes, to re-create a full-scale air–land battle. The tanks can split up to fight battles; in the future, they may even hook up to fight long distance with Fort Stewart or Fort Benning, or even with the Army base at Grafenwöhr in Germany. SIMNET also helped the 24th Infantry Division—some of the troops who sprinted across the desert to encircle the Iraqis—to quickly get familiarized with its equipment and fight a realistic war before it faced real bullets.

"SIMNET seems like a game at first, because the images are cartoonish," says Colonel Larry Mengel, the Army's systems manager for SIMNET. "But your brain accepts them after a while, and after two hours, they seem so real that if an enemy tank comes up out of the woods, it sends a chill down your spine."

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DARPA is making some of its heaviest investment in experimental planes. Some of them seem to reflect nothing more than an urge to show off: The X-29 is a normal plane in most respects, except that the wings are on backward, sweeping forward into the line of flight. That's a bit like Mozart playing the piano upside down. The plane is supposedly much more maneuverable, but it is also so hard to fly that if the computers ever fail, the pilot is on orders to eject immediately. DARPA also came up with the needle-nosed X-31, capable of awesome vertical climbs. And it is working up an odd cargo plane that looks like a flying trimaran, with two sets of unusually long wings that are joined by two tubular "pods" on either side of the fuselage. The ticktacktoe-board configuration helps the plane lift off from extremely short runways.

But the most ambitious plane in DARPA's experimental fleet is surely the X-30, the National Aero-Space Plane (NASP) that is intended to take off from a runway like a regular plane, then hit Mach 25 speeds on its way into orbit. (The supersonic Concorde flies at a sluggish Mach 2.) The plane would essentially be one long jet engine, with a wind tunnel running through the center of the fuselage. The air rushing into the nose would be mixed with liquid hydrogen, be ignited and then blown out the back as thrust. It remains to be seen whether combustion can occur with air shooting through the fuselage so fast. Said Robert R. Barthelemy, director of the National Aero-Space Plane Joint Program Office at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, "It's like lighting a match in a hurricane."

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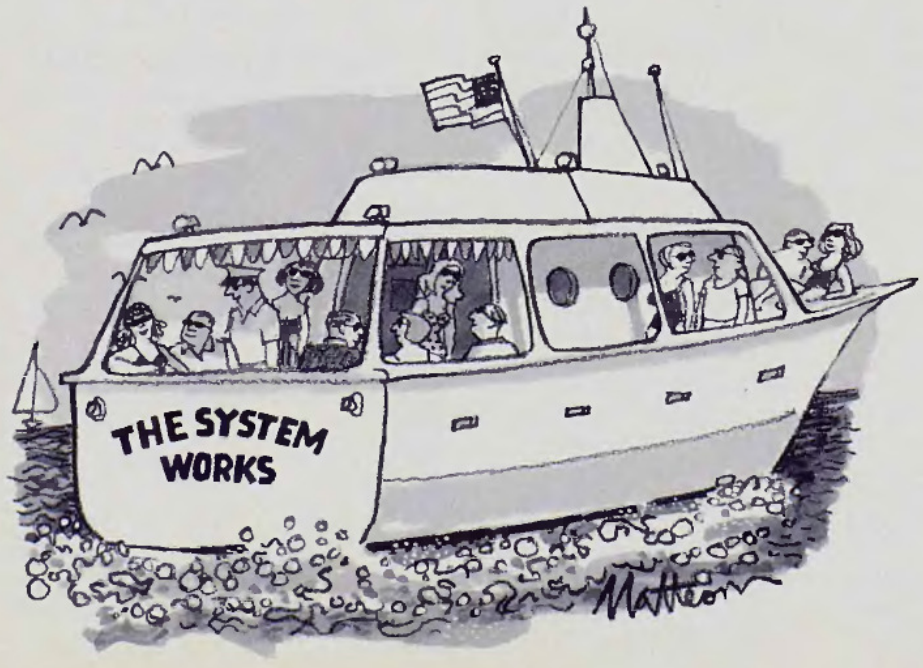
For DARPA, the Persian Gulf war could not have come at a better time. Its director Craig Fields was assigned to the Pentagon last year; he had been accused of straying too far over the fine line that separates military from civilian interests. He had ventured into such projects as high-definition TV, gallium-arsenide computer chips (which can handle as many as 1000 more functions than current silicon chips) and lithium polymer batteries (more durable, powerful and versatile than conventional nickel-cadmium ones), and into programs such as the SEMATECH semiconductor consortium—all of which were not strictly military ventures but certainly provided military spin-offs. This technological adventurism did not please such free-market theologians as Budget Director Richard Darman and Chief of Staff John Sununu; Fields left the Government in May 1990.

For a while, there was some anxiety in Washington over the fate of DARPA itself. But after its performance in the Persian Gulf, it can breathe a lot easier. Few other 160-man Government agencies can claim to have made the Bush White House look so good, let alone to have changed something so fundamental as the nature of warfare. And we can expect that, in the next war, its latest gadgets will be there once more to clobber our foes, protect our soldiers and dazzle the folks back home. That is, if there's another enemy out there who's dumb enough to take on DARPA.



BOWLS OF *Fire*

(continued from page 121)

than 100 new sauces and seasonings, including Jamaica Hell Fire, Crazy Cajun, Jamaican Jerk and Inner Beauty, will appear on specialty-store shelves this year (see *Playboy's Guide to the Hot Stuff* overleaf), along with chili-laced peanut butter, chocolate pepper cookies and chili-spiked caviar. In fact, the hot-food market is now estimated to rake in two billion dollars a year.

To top it off, hot-food fanatics have their own bimonthly, glossy magazine called *Chile Pepper*, which reviews hot products on the market and explores such topics as the religious rituals of South American Indians who believed the chili had mystic healing powers.

Much of the current interest in spicy foods has come out of the immigrant enclaves in cities such as New York, Miami, Houston, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and San Francisco. The food cultures of the Thais, Indians, Cubans, Jamaicans and Haitians, among others, are rich in hot foods. To maintain their traditions, these new Americans have opened an amazing range of restaurants specializing in spicy native foods, as well as grocery stores offering a wide array of hot sauces, marinades, chili peppers and other incendiary exotica.

The extraordinary success of Cajun chef Paul Prudhomme—and of Cajun food in general—also helped raise the heat tolerance of many Americans. Prudhomme's New Orleans restaurant, K-Paul's, turned many customers to converts with the wham-bam seasonings in signature dishes such as blackened seafood and prime rib.

Other American chefs have picked up the crusade for spicy, hot foods. At his namesake restaurant in Phoenix, chef Vincent Guerithault prepares shrimp-and-corn fritters with *chipotle*-chili mayonnaise and duck tamales with green Anaheim chilies and raisins. And Mark Miller at Santa Fe's Coyote Cafe uses a range of more than 35 chili peppers in dishes such as rack of lamb with rosemary and *serrano*-chili *aioli*, red chili and honey salmon fillet with black-bean-and-roasted-corn *salsa* and grilled-cheese sandwiches with *poblano* chilies.

The so-called new Texas cuisine has been defined by and built upon creations such as corn chowder studded with *poblano* and *serrano* chilies from Dean Fearing at the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas and mussel soup with *serranos* served by Robert DelGrande at Cafe Annie in Houston. Even in the Midwest and on the East Coast, chefs are devising new ways to satisfy customers' cravings for hotter, spicier foods. At Chicago's trend-setting Topolobampo, chef Rick Bayless stuffs a corn crepe with ham, crab and *poblano* peppers. The eclectic menu at Biba in Boston features chef-owner Lydia Shire's lobster in a green-curry broth. And Bobby Flay's grilled-quail salad with *poblano* vinaigrette and loin-of-lamb chops with *jalapeño* preserves has made New York's Mesa Grill literally one of the hottest restaurants in town.

What really fascinates these chefs—and their customers—are the degrees of hotness and the levels of flavor from different peppers and spices. Hotness for its own sake is never a virtue, because if you blow the roof off your mouth, you're not going to taste much of anything afterward. The wallop packed into Japanese wasabi, American horseradish and German mustard may have the same effect on one's physiognomy as do smelling salts, but their inclusion in a dish is not meant to send the consumer reeling.

When it comes to chili peppers, the most common means of spicing up foods, individual responses vary widely. Some people are fairly immune to the power of the diabolically hot *habanero* pepper, while others wilt under the assault of a much milder *jalapeño*. Most people will build up a tolerance to chilies' heat, but it can take a while.

The good news for hot-food lovers, though, is that scientists have determined that chili peppers do a lot more good than harm to the digestive system. There's even evidence that eating chilies may be quite beneficial. For one thing, they stimulate the gastric juices, which spur the appetite and make digestion easier. And there seems to be evidence that they can help thin the blood and prevent undesirable clotting.

If you do indulge in hot, spicy food, there are sensible rules to follow. Remember to wash your hands thoroughly after handling a chili pepper. If you don't, the chili oil left on your fingers can badly sting your eyes or nose.

To temper the heat of the chilies, remove the hottest parts—the seeds and interior membranes—and to diminish their incendiary effects, cook them slowly with other foods. If you're preparing or eating a quick, stir-fried dish, pick out the chilies or risk mistaking a whole one for a string bean or carrot.

And lastly, when sampling hot food at a tasting, take your time and clear your palate frequently. "If you already have a high tolerance," says Dave DeWitt, editor of *Chile Pepper*, "take sips of beer between tastes. Starches like potatoes and rice work pretty well, too. If you really want to reduce the heat on your tongue, eat vanilla ice cream while you taste."

To get you started, here are a few great recipes.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S BLOODY MARY

(from *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917–1961*) *(concluded overleaf)*

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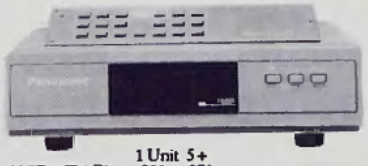

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PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE *Hot* STUFF

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Pinkish, medium-hot sauce with a nice balance of tang and heat.

Cajun Chef Louisiana Green Hot Sauce
A khaki-colored sauce with a strong vinegar-vegetable flavor.

Cajun Power Garlic Sauce (Louisiana)
With pronounced tomato and garlic flavors, this is excellent for barbecuing.

Clive Duval's Salsa Roja (Maryland)
Great for dipping, this contains lots of fresh vegetables and spices.

Crazy Cajun the Original Heavenly Hash Chile Sauce (Louisiana)
Delicious tomato-based sauce with ample heat. Great with chips.

Crystal Louisiana's Pure Hot Sauce
Mildly hot, this blood-red sauce has a citrusy, vinegar-and-salt flavor.

D & H Trade Winds Jamaican Jerk Seasoning
Labeled a barbecue sauce, this product is equally good as a dip.

Evadney's Medium All-Purpose Jamaican Hot Sauce
This powerful hot sauce has a mahogany-brown color and a sweet, well-seasoned, cinnamonlike taste.

Goya Hot Sauce (Costa Rica)
Goya offers good color, layers of flavors and a real wallop.

Hatch Select Green Chile Picante Sauce (New Mexico)
This pleasantly hot, chunky sauce has a nice tomato-*cilantro* flavor.

House Rayu Hot Sesame Oil (Japan)
A small drop of this adds immeasurably to stir-fried Oriental dishes.

Inner Beauty Real Hot Sauce (Costa Rica)
The label on this very hot, chunky sauce warns KEEP AWAY FROM PETS, OPEN FLAMES AND CHILDREN. THIS IS NOT A TOY.

Jamaica Hell Fire Hot Pepper Concentrate 4 in 1 Triple Red Hot
With fiery red pimiento flakes and seeds, this sauce also is quite salty and has a flavor of allspice.

Louisiana Gem Hot Sauce
A fairly mild, somewhat sweet sauce with a vinegar-and-orange flavor.

Matouk's Hot Sauce (Trinidad-Tobago)
A thick, pungent sauce with an interesting mix of peppers, onions, garlic and mustard.

Melinda's Original Habanero XXXtra Hot Sauce (Belize)
Don't let its thin consistency and translucence fool you. It's potent.

Montezuma Mexican Recipe Salsa Picante de Chile Chipotle
This sauce is dark brown and has a mild, coffeelike flavor.

San Angel Autentica Salsa Chipotle (Mexico)
This hot, smoky-flavored sauce is thick, with lots of tomato bits, onions and pepper seeds.

Santa Fe Exotix Cactus Relish (New Mexico)
A very salty condiment with a mild vegetable taste.

Scotch Bonnet Jamaican Hot Sauce
A classic Caribbean, no-holds-barred, brown-green sauce with great heat and seasonings.

Tabasco (Louisiana)
The granddaddy of hot sauces still offers a good fiery punch with an aged vinegar-based tang.

Vernon's Jamaican All Natural Jerk Sauce Hot & Spicy
A dark-brown sauce with a very salty, caramelized sweet flavor that hints of vanilla.

Westlow's Bonney Pepper Sauce (Barbados)
This mild, chunky, mustard-yellow sauce pleasantly mixes onions, sugar and vinegar. —JOHN OLDCASTLE

Ice (preferably a single large block)
1 pint Russian vodka
1 pint chilled tomato juice
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger fresh-squeezed lime juice
Celery salt, cayenne pepper and black pepper to taste
Esta Si Pican (Mexican hot sauce)

Put a big lump of ice in pitcher ("this to prevent too-rapid melting and watering of our product"). Mix in vodka, tomato juice and Worcestershire sauce. Stir, adding lime juice, celery salt, cayenne pepper and black pepper to taste, as well as a few drops of Esta Si Pican (Tabasco may be substituted). Keep stirring and tasting to see how it's doing. Drink up.

BARRY GOLDWATER'S ARIZONA CHILI

1 lb. ground beef
4 tablespoons peanut oil or corn oil
1 lb. canned pinto beans
1 6-oz. can tomato purée
2 cups chopped onion
3 tablespoons chili powder
1 tablespoon cumin
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup water

In large skillet, brown beef in oil. Remove meat and drain off excess grease. Add pinto beans, tomato purée and onion and sauté for about two minutes. Mix chili powder, cumin and salt into water and pour into skillet. Bring to a boil, add meat, lower to a simmer and cook for about 20 minutes. Serves six.

GRILLED-TUNA TOSTADA WITH BLACK-BEAN MANGO SALSA AND AVOCADO VINAIGRETTE
(from the Mesa Grill, New York)

6 4-oz. slices fresh tuna
6 fried flour tortillas
Black-Bean Mango Salsa:
1 cup cooked black beans
1 cup diced mango
1 red onion, diced
1 fresh *jalapeño*, diced
½ cup chopped *cilantro*
½ cup lime juice
2 ozs. olive oil
Salt and pepper to taste
Avocado Vinaigrette:
½ avocado
½ fresh *jalapeño*
2 tablespoons chopped red onion
4 tablespoons lime juice
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup olive oil
Salt and pepper to taste

Grill or sauté tuna until seared and still rare inside. In bowl, combine all *salsa* ingredients and mix well. In blender, mix all vinaigrette ingredients except olive oil, then slowly pour in olive oil to emulsify. On a plate, layer a flour tortilla with *salsa*, then tuna, then vinaigrette. Serves six.

Hotsa plenty!

AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

(continued from page 124)

is justifiably proud of the vehicle but acknowledges that people today are more concerned with fuel efficiency than when the monumental project began. Realistically, the 600SEL will account for only one percent of Mercedes' sales volume. And most of the S-Class cars sold here will be the less expensive, more fuel-efficient 300SEs, 400SEs and 500SELs.

On the home front, Chevrolet's portly new Caprice continues to challenge Ford's fashionably slender Crown Victoria. Chevrolet jumped off to a big lead while it pumped units into police-car and taxi sales. With "real" consumers voting, the more contemporary-looking Crown Vic is battling back.

Full-size pickup trucks are an extremely profitable category in the United States, and one of the few that have yet to be penetrated by the Japanese. Detroit auto executives aren't holding their breath. Toyota is planning to introduce its own full-size pickup soon, a fact that particularly worries Ford and Chevrolet, the two top sellers.

Cadillac's Euro-styled 1992 Seville won early rave reviews, despite the fact that the long-awaited 32-valve North Star V8-equipped version won't be off the assembly line until 1993. Cadillac still concentrates its volume in the lower tier of the luxury price range, generating nearly 30 percent of its sales with program cars. Furthermore, the Seville is cheap to rent, which tends to diminish the car's prestige.

Even with the launch of its new Saturn, GM's real success story is Buick. Four years ago, general manager Ed Mertz, along with marketing boss Darwin Clark, decided to return the division to the values that made Buick's reputation: "powerful, mature cars with muscular grace." The philosophy holds true with the recently revived Roadmaster and the new-for-1992, supercharged Park Avenue Ultra.

Aided by two back-to-back years of favorable J. D. Power and Associates Initial Quality Survey, Buick (the only American make in the top ten) has staged a comeback. Its market share is up, and earlier this year, it briefly outsold Honda and nearly did the same to Toyota. Now, if Cadillac would push its model and price mix upward, instead of encroaching on Buick with cheap leases, GM could make some real progress.

THE BOOK THAT BLEW THE LID OFF

Japanese car makers have come a long way since their awkward first efforts in the Fifties. In addition to leading in new-car quality, they have a decided advantage: They know how to build cars at substantially lower prices than their competitors'.

For example, Nissan's Sentra SE-R

PLAYBOY'S WHEELS TO WATCH

NISSAN NX 2000

A stubby 300ZX, the $13,795 NX' attractive styling is the work of Nissan's California-based design studio. The lightweight NX 2000 boasts two liters and 140 hp.

BONNEVILLE SSEi

Pontiac continues to introduce Euro-look sedans. The $21,500 SSEi's twin air bags, traction control and supercharged V6 engine marry safety and performance.

ACURA VIGOR

The $23,000 Vigor bridges the gap between the Integra and the Legend. It's a five-cylinder machine that's bigger and more powerful than the Honda Accord.

MAZDA MX-3

Under the hood of Mazda's $13,000 MX-3 is the world's smallest V6—a 130-hp, 24-valve engine. No wonder the MX-3 outperforms the Paseo and the NX 2000.

TOYOTA PASEO

Perched on a Tercel platform and equipped with a 100-hp, twin-cam engine, Toyota's $10,000 Paseo is one of several new stylish mini sports coupes.

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL R

Bentley's 1952 Continental was the Grand Tourer. Forty years later, the Continental returns for $249,800, powered by a 6.7-liter V8. Top speed: 145 mph.

CADILLAC SEVILLE

Cadillac must move upmarket to win back Lexus and luxury buyers. Even without the 32-valve V8 coming in 1993, this Seville is a step in the right direction.

LEXUS SC 400

Just as BMW discontinues its classy 6-Series coupes, Lexus debuts a U.S.-designed 2+2. The $38,000 SC's reworked chassis ensures sporty handling.

offers a 16-valve, 140-hp engine and ABS brakes in an $11,370 sporty coupe that's lighter, more powerful and much less expensive than BMW's $28,000 318i.

What's more, the successful sales of Lexus and Infiniti have confirmed that Americans will switch from expensive European luxury sedans to new Japanese name plates if prices are right. Competitors accused the Japanese of "dumping" these cars. A fascinating new book, *The Machine That Changed the World*, reveals just how they did it.

The book is the culmination of a five-year, world-wide MIT study of the auto industry. Secrets of Japan's clever "lean production" show why the Japanese methodology has rendered traditional American mass production and European "craft" (largely hand-built) production expensive and obsolete. Here's a shock: Toyota can build the Lexus LS 400 for one sixth the labor cost of a comparable European luxury car.

The authors, James P. Womack, Daniel T. Jones and Daniel Roos, believe that American and European auto makers will remain at a tremendous disadvantage if they don't adopt lean production methodology. They make a convincing case that pursuing cheap labor (building cars in Brazil, Mexico, Spain, Korea, even eastern Europe) only yields short-term gains. With their present archaic methods, Europeans simply can't manufacture cars as efficiently as the Japanese can.

CLASS OF THE FIELD

With their competitive price tags, Lexus and Infiniti lured luxury-car buyers away from virtually all other manufacturers, including BMW, Mercedes, Jaguar, Volvo, even Cadillac and Lincoln. Wrapping up its first full sales year, Lexus came within 112 units of BMW's total sales. Infiniti moved about one third as many cars as Lexus, but it's catching up after adding the higher-volume G20 sports sedan.

We're particularly impressed with the Lexus SC 400 coupe. Its svelte, aerodynamic shape was designed in Newport Beach, California, at Toyota's new Calty Design studios. The SC 400 employs a reworked LS 400 platform (but adds stiffer suspension, quicker steering, bigger brakes and more aggressive tires) and carries over the sedan's powerful 250-hp, four-cam V8 engine and smooth electronic automatic transmission.

When BMW dropped its classy 6-Series and moved up to the larger, more expensive ($77,700) 850i, it left a gaping hole. "Don't think we're not grateful," said Lexus group vice-president Dave Illingworth. In contrast to European auto makers, who charge a healthy premium for 2+2 coupes, Lexus priced its SC 400 at $38,000—$1000 less than the LS 400. A six-cylinder version, the SC 300, also will be available this fall.

SAFETY: A GROWING PRIORITY

After a cold reception a decade ago, when Lee Iacocca unsuccessfully pushed seat belts, padded dashes and deep-dish steering wheels, safety has once again become fashionable. A growing number of consumers are convinced that the extra cost of a safe, well-engineered car is tantamount to a life-insurance policy.

European auto makers lead the pack when it comes to safety, but competition is heating up. Volvo's long-term advertising focus is being challenged by Mercedes-Benz, which for decades quietly pioneered most safety advances, including air bags. Audi, Saab and lately even Subaru have developed safety pitches. And led by Honda, the Japanese are rushing to catch up.

Back in the States, Iacocca, once an air-bag foe, has now become the device's biggest advocate. And why not? Chrysler's ads, which focus on inexpensive air bags and antilock brake systems, have helped stretch the appeal of its aging product line and are likely to continue doing so until the highly touted mid-sized LH platform cars arrive in 1993.

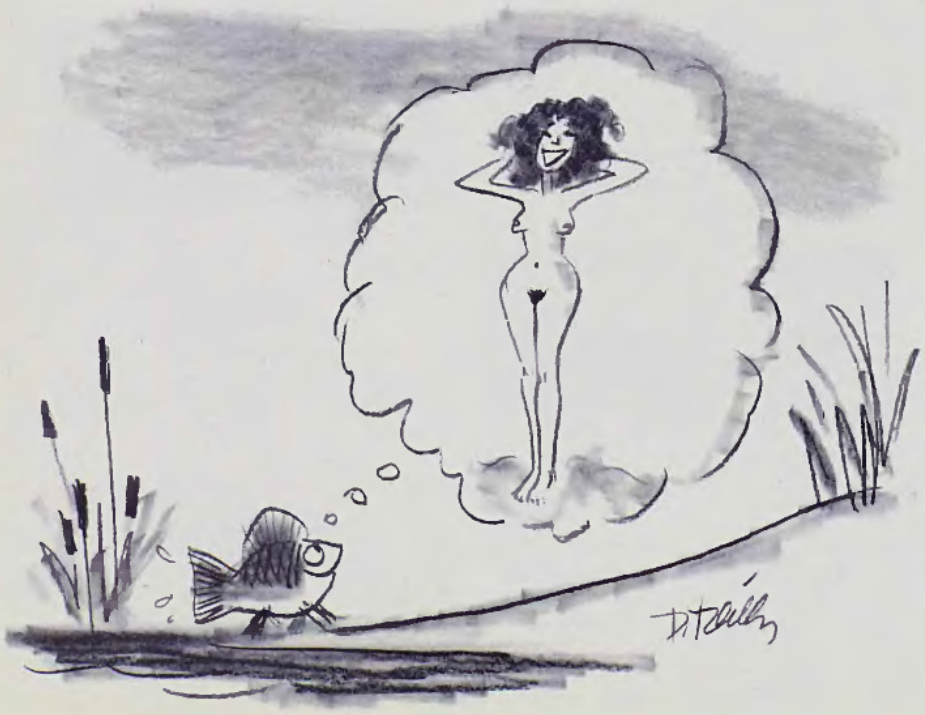
To rate the safety of various foreign makes, Germany's highly respected *Auto Motor und Sport* magazine conducted a series of government-supervised crash tests—an expensive, politically sensitive proposition no car magazine in America would dare undertake.

Instead of running its eight "victims" head-on into a barrier, as most tests do, *Auto Motor und Sport* staged devastating 55-mph offset crashes. In such crashes, one third of the auto hits an immovable object (in this case, a 100-ton concrete block), resulting in an impact in which all the damage forces are concentrated on the front (driver's side) corner rather than distributed across the car's width. The logic behind offset-crash tests is that in a real accident, a driver will generally swerve to avoid head-on impact.

When the dust—and metal—settled, there were some big surprises. Although none of the cars were equipped with air bags, the BMW 5-Series and the Mercedes-Benz 200 were closely matched in terms of minimizing injury. Keys to safety here are a rigid cabin and well-built deformation area, or crush zone, which protect the driver. Volvo's 740 and Nissan's Maxima were third and fourth, respectively. In comparing the latter two, the study showed that the head of the driver of the Volvo 740 was more likely to strike the steering wheel, while the driver of the Maxima was likely to receive severe leg injuries due to the downward movement of the steering column.

The Acura Legend was among the extremely poor performers. "Occupant safety could scarcely have been the decisive factor behind [the Acura's] success," said the magazine's testers. Others that proved even more hazardous included the Renault 25, the Opel Omega (built by Germany's GM subsidiary) and the Fiat Croma.

Little is known about how American models would fare in offset crashes, which aren't yet a part of the Department of Transportation's test procedures. (The Germans are lobbying for them to be included, though.) We predict that safety concerns will continue to be a priority among car buyers. Chances are, you'll be hearing and reading more.



BOOMTOWN

(continued from page 136)

the fat man, who was standing two feet from him, pointing into an open binder at a page with some sort of diagram on it. While the two of them went around on the subject, I looked at my feet. They were planted not between *two* pieces of metal but in the center of a taut pattern of moving cable and chain that would have easily delivered me every imaginable injury in a single stroke if something had snapped. And if I had to jump, it was going to be straight backward off the rig floor and 20 feet to the ground, which was littered with angle iron and pipe collars.

It was the sort of moment I would have expected to deepen my general fright, but it didn't. True helplessness is relaxing in a strange way. Standing there with that many ways to die under my feet and over my head, I remember thinking there was absolutely nothing to do but trust that the motley collection of roughnecks and oil tramps on the floor around me knew what they were doing and that in keeping themselves safe would accidentally keep me safe, too.

And, little by little, I was learning. For instance, that a "cunt hair" is a specific unit of measure. Fits somewhere in the metric system between zero and a millimeter, as in "Bring it this way a cunt hair." Goes with a general attitude that seems to take all this machinery to be female, as in "Come on, baby, turn, be a sweetheart." And when it sticks, "You whore, you bitch, you miserable slut."

•

Two weeks into the job, shit rain began to fall one afternoon. The company man from Puma Oil showed up in the yard ready to yank the one field contract D and J had working if Sonny didn't fire the entire evening crew. Sonny said he couldn't blame him for being mad: catching the whole crew passed out the way he had, around midnight, with the rig drilling on its own at about half the rate it should have been. The Puma man had waked them by throwing pipe collars against the steel walls of the doghouse, then told them to trip the string out of the hole and put a new drill bit on the end. They told him to fuck off, which is not something you tell the man from Puma Oil unless—as Sonny put it—you're ready to twist off and go see Momma. Which is exactly what Sonny had told them to do when he caught up with them. In their place, he had sent the fat man and a small crew into the hills to work evening tour, which was going to amount to a double shift for them after their day in the yard.

It was three in the morning when the phone rang. "Listen," Sonny said, "get your pants on. I need you to drive into the yard, get that Mex, Ramone. . . . Call Reno—his number's by the time cards—tell him to bring his truck, then I want all three of you out at number sixteen as fast as you can get there. Tell Reno we probably got burned-up bearings."

Reno, Ramone and I drove through dark prairie till the topmost derrick light jumped into view, then all the derrick lights and the flat pad that had been cut from the hillside to accommodate the lonely operation. Three pickups sat at the base of the rig, their headlights aimed at its huge motor. Two men were on the machine, using a small sledge on the handle of a long wrench. Five others stood in a tight semicircle below them, breathing steam into the cold air.

"Sombitch is fused on there," said Sonny as the three of us joined the fat man's crew to watch.

"Let me try it," said the fat man.

"Just stay right where you are," said Sonny. "You done enough for tonight."

"She burned up?" said Reno.

"I don't think so," said Sonny. "Don't smell like it, anyways."

"It just locked up is all," said the fat man.

"That's 'cause you tried to pull up off the bottom without——"

"The hell I did," said the fat man. "All I done was——"

"All you done was drive it like a fool," said Sonny. "And I ought to run your ass outa here for it." The fat man started to say something but swallowed it. His crew stood with their hands in their pockets, looking at the ground.

Reno and Ramone got onto the catwalk and looked into the naked works. They talked, then Sonny sent Ramone to our truck for some sort of hydraulic jacking device that they attached to the nub of what looked like an axle among the gears. Reno pumped the jack handle till he could barely move it. Sonny took over and put another ten strokes on it, then stopped and shook his head. "Fucker's deep froze in there," he said.

Ramone pointed to the biggest of the gear wheels and pantomimed half a turn. "Might work," said Sonny, then he climbed a ladder onto the floor, to the controls.

I put at least 15 feet between myself and the rig as the huge engine fired, and even so, I wanted to plug my ears. I didn't, because nobody else did. Not that it would have done any good against the awful roar, which came after my whole body, turned it into a drum, shook my bones and my blood.

Marlin walked over to me and said something. I pointed to my ears and made a signal that meant kablooie. He leaned closer and shouted, "Don't think anybody knows what the hell they're doing around here."

Reno came down off the catwalk and told the fat man and the rest of his crew to stand aside. Marlin and I were far enough out that he didn't say anything

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to us, and we stood where we were. Ramone left the jack where it was and stepped out of the face of the machinery. Sonny waved, then dropped the engine into gear. The motor strained, the rig shuddered, the pipe stands hanging in the derrick rattled, something snapped and the steel bar they had been working to free exploded out of the guts of the machine and harpooned 15 feet straight into Marlin's chest. He went onto his back without a sound, arms spread, fingers stiff, eyes wide open and fixed desperately on me. I got onto my knees next to him and almost immediately felt hands on the scruff of my jacket as someone threw me out of the way. When I got a look, the fat man was kneeling where I had knelt, breathing steam into Marlin's eerie stare.

The engine noise died into a terrible quiet as Marlin's crewmates scrambled to him. Reno arrived just behind them, shouldered in, got to one knee, then said, "All right, all right . . . he's alive. . . . Don't touch him yet." The fat man rocked back on his haunches, picked the steel bar out of the mud, looked at it, then stood and screamed, "Sons of bitches . . . motherfucking sons of motherfucking bitches. . . ."

Sonny stopped halfway down the rig steps when he saw the fat man turn and cock his arm, then whip the heavy bar through the air straight at him. The strength of the throw was unbelievable. The bar missed Sonny but ricocheted off the steel stairs behind him and into his hip. He hugged the handrail to keep his footing, and when he looked, the fat man was moving toward him. Sonny pulled his sheath knife. "Come on, cocksucker," he said, as if things were just getting good. "You want some of this. . . . You want to dance?"

The fat man stopped and looked at him. Sonny was smiling. "That's it, asshole," he said. "You're run off, you hear? This whole motherfucking mess is your fault and I want you the fuck outa here. You go ahead and get that man to the hospital, then drop that truck off in the yard and get back to Salt Lake any way you can, I don't care how. You hear me?"

The fat man stood perfectly still.

"I mean it, now," said Sonny. "I ain't gonna fuck with you no more. Just get on down the road."

All of us had frozen when the fat man threw the steel, and all of us were still frozen as the two of them stood there, one with a knife and one in a rage.

"For Chrissakes, this man's hurt bad!" Reno shouted.

The fat man looked at the group huddled over Marlin, then turned back and pointed at Sonny. "You and I ain't finished," he said.

"Unless you want this up your ass," said Sonny, shaking his knife, but the fat man had already started for the truck.

Marlin had begun to shiver badly, and his eyes had closed. I stood and felt my own shakes, felt the blood rush to my head and had to sit again. I crawled back into the group about the time Ramone came from the doghouse with two blankets. Then all of us lifted Marlin, wrapped him and set him gently back into the mud.

The fat man backed the pickup to us. There was a discussion as to whether Marlin would be better off in the front seat or stretched out in the cargo bed, in the cold.

"His chest is probably caved," said Reno. "I don't know about sitting him up."

"Just get out the way," said the fat man, then he lifted Marlin as if he were a sleeping child, carried him to the cab and slumped him onto the seat. The rest of his crew were barely into the bed of the truck by the time the fat man gunned the engine, threw two muddy rooster tails, gained the road and disappeared around the hillside.

"He gonna be all right?" Sonny asked Reno when he reached us.

"I don't know," said Reno. "Pretty bad."

"Damn," said Sonny. "I waved everybody out of the way."

As Reno walked toward the rig, Sonny took my arm and walked me toward the trucks. "Listen," he said. "I want you to know I *was* watching you. I knew that thing was maybe gonna let go, but I thought you was far enough back, I swear I did. It's the kind of thing you can't always tell. This ain't tiddlywinks."

I didn't say anything.

"You ain't gonna quit on me, are you?" he said.

"Sonny," I said, "this is crazy for me. I don't belong here."

"Nobody belongs here," he said. "It's just a place you end up at. And as long as we're here, we got to help each other . . . is all I'm asking."

"I'm sorry, I can't do this," I told him.

"What I need you to do is drive into the yard and make some calls is all. Want you to phone the hospital, see how that boy's doing, then call up the boss and tell him what happened. You can do that, can't you?" I nodded. "And tell the boss we'll have this thing up and drilling by the time the morning tour gets here. Then you wait in the yard till the other hands get in, tell 'em just sit tight."

•

I killed three rabbits on my long way back over the ragged dirt track toward town. I told myself it couldn't be helped. I was working against the kind of fatigue that follows a deep scare, using what small focus I had left to hold the road and to remind myself that I wasn't safe yet; that the awful worst usually happens away from the crux; that calamity is a sniper; that you never hear the shot that kills you; that every time I'd braced myself against the promise of violence—whether it was hanging by chains and cables over my head or getting mean

"Hope I haven't kept you waiting too long, dear!"

drunk on the stool next to me—nothing had happened.

First light was turning to pale halo over the eastern hills by the time I pulled through the open yard gate. I used the keys Sonny had given me to let myself into the big shed, found the boss's number and dialed it. While it rang, I rehearsed a short version of the evening: We had a man hurt out on number 16 tonight. Sonny thinks you ought to go by the hospital, but he says don't worry, they'll have the rig fixed by the time the day crew comes on.

When there was no answer, I called information, then the hospital. I asked the woman who answered if they'd admitted an oil-rig injury.

"Name?" she said.

"I only know his first name, Marlin," I told her. There was a long pause.

"You have no last name at all?" she said.

"No, I don't," I said. "But come on. How many rig casualties can there have been tonight?"

"Three," she said in an almost bored tone.

Chest injury, I told her. Probably brought in within the past hour. She put me on hold again. "Who are you?" she said when she came back on the line.

"A friend. I'm with the same company. I was there when it happened."

"Well," she said. "The doctor's with him, but it looks like a crushed sternum, maybe a collapsed lung. We're trying to arrange a life flight for him to Salt Lake."

"Is he going to make it?" I asked.

"Critical but stable," she said.

"What about the men who brought him in?" I asked her.

"They left when I called the police. The big one threatened the doctor. He seems to have a mental problem."

I tried the boss again, and when there was still no answer, I walked back to the truck, started the engine for heat, lay across the seat and slept.

I woke to a noise at the driver's-side window. It was B.J., a driller from the other crew.

"How'd you get promoted into a truck?" he said.

I looked at my watch. It was a little after seven. I rolled the window down and told him the story.

Other hands arrived, drifted over. They listened as if they'd heard it before: Rig down, man hurt, a face-off with knives, a whole crew sent packing—just another day at the office, just another violent night in the middle of nowhere drilling for oil.

The catering truck arrived and most of us walked over for coffee.

"Where's Tom now?" said one of the hands.

"I don't know," I said. "Last report, from the nurse at the hospital, he was still in a rage. Sonny told him to drop the truck off or he'd have him arrested. I don't know if he'll show or not."

The boss's truck came into the yard. When he saw the bunch of us idling at the lunch truck, he drove over and barked out the window at us, "Having a tea party, are we?" He looked as if he hadn't slept, as if sleep wouldn't have done him any good, anyway.

"There's been some trouble," I said.

"There's gonna be trouble, all right. Where the hell's Reno? Where's Sonny?"

"Out on number sixteen," I said. "We had a man hurt last night. Pretty bad, I think. The rig went down. We went out to fix——"

"What the hell you mean, the rig went down?" he said.

I was about to answer when a company truck splashed into the yard with Sonny and Reno in the front. Ramone was in the back. They parked next to the shed, then walked to the boss's truck.

For the next five minutes, we watched as Sonny stood by the boss's window, making large gestures, appealing to Reno for witness, yelling sometimes, listening while the boss yelled at him.

I was getting a second cup of coffee when a small plane lifted out from behind the northern hills, banked west and climbed into the bright sky. I thought it might be Marlin, hoped it was.

The boss finished whatever he was saying to Sonny, then spun his truck into a wide U-turn. He came out of it near the gate, then stood hard on the brakes just in time to make a skidding nose-to-nose stop with the last of the company pickups.

The fat man sat motionless behind the wheel, staring at the boss through the mud-splattered windshield. What was left of his crew piled out of the truck and backed away as if it were ticking. The boss waved his arm, meaning Back it out, then he honked his horn, which made me think he didn't quite understand the awful promise of the moment. I did, and found myself looking around for cover, something to duck under or behind if the yard all of a sudden turned into the O.K. Corral.

The boss threw his gear shift into park, flung open his door, then walked to the fat man's passenger window, where he made another angry move-it gesture and started to yell something. Whatever it was, he didn't get to finish it, because the fat man hit the gas, blew the boss off the door, smashed forward into the empty truck in front of him, then shuddered it straight back across the yard till steam burst from his radiator and the engine died.

There was a stunned silence. Sonny broke it by yelling at Reno to call the cops. The fat man made several tries to restart the stalled pickup, then climbed out, glanced slowly around the yard at all of us, then faced Sonny with a look

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that was beyond anger, beyond fear, full of the kind of insanity that has no heat, that seems to be coming up out of the quiet eye of a terrible storm that's about to break.

Sonny pulled his knife, but he didn't look like he wanted this round.

"You might as well just back off 'fore it gets any worse," he said, but there was no authority to it, none of the hot blood that had seen him through the first standoff. Then, as if his knife had begun to feel small under the circumstances, he added, "The cops is on their way."

The fat man got a small tight smile around his mouth. This is it, I thought. The streets of Laredo. But it wasn't. Incredibly, he turned quietly and walked for the gate, almost sauntering. I couldn't believe it. I don't think anybody else believed it, either, because no one moved a step. Except the boss, who gave the fat man wide berth as he strolled calmly through the gate and out of the yard.

Maybe he's going to get a gun, I thought as we watched him disappear among the heavy equipment that was parked in the yard next to ours.

"Did I miss something? Is it over?" said B.J.

"Looks like it," I said.

"Don't *feel* like it," he said.

A relieved sort of milling took up among the hands around the coffee wagon. Ramone walked past on his way to his camper, shaking his head. Sonny holstered his knife, then met the boss at the crumpled trucks.

"Least now you see what I'm dealing with," Sonny said.

The boss gave him a disgusted look. "Just get one of these trucks running so I can get over to Puma and clean up your mess," he said.

About the time Sonny got the hood up, a police cruiser rolled into the yard without lights or siren. The boss waved it over, then squatted at the driver's door and spoke to the young cop behind the wheel. Sonny bent into the conversation with his two cents; then, as the two of them stood to point to the yard next door, a diesel revved somewhere among the parked earth movers and the biggest of the yellow bulldozers backed, turned and began a heavy crawl for the fence.

There were shouts of "Holy shit!" and "Oh, my fucking God!" as the huge cat folded the chain link like chicken wire under its treads, then took an angle for Ramone's camper. Ramone had one foot on the rear step and the other in the camper before he realized the full lumbering truth of the moment. He jumped free just as the teeth of the bucket pierced the tinny shell, then smeared it sideways off the bed of the truck.

The cop used his radio, then unracked the gun on his dashboard and stood out of the car to watch with the rest of us as the fat man lifted the dozer's shovel and dropped it onto the cab of Ramone's truck.

"Shoot the fucker!" yelled Sonny. The cop took a step out from behind his cruiser, then stepped back as the big machine swung in our direction, snorted black smoke and rolled straight at us.

We scattered like rats. I ran a wide arc to the rig and scrambled up onto the floor with Ramone. Others made for the gate, where the catering truck almost ran them down on its panicked way out of the yard. Reno and the boss headed for the shed, along with B.J. and the fat man's orphaned crew.

Sonny was the last to move. The cop peeled out in reverse, which left Sonny between the dozer and the dead company trucks, where, for one dumb moment, he stood like a rodeo clown over a downed cowboy, waiting for the big yellow bull to veer. Finally, he ran and a second later, the fat man slammed the dozer full-on into both trucks, shattering the windshields, blowing the front tires, crushing the hoods. Then he backed up, raised the bucket and began a brutal sort of detail work on the boss's truck.

There were sirens from two directions as three more police cars converged on the gate and skidded in next to the cop who had answered the first call. They talked while the fat man destroyed the second pickup.

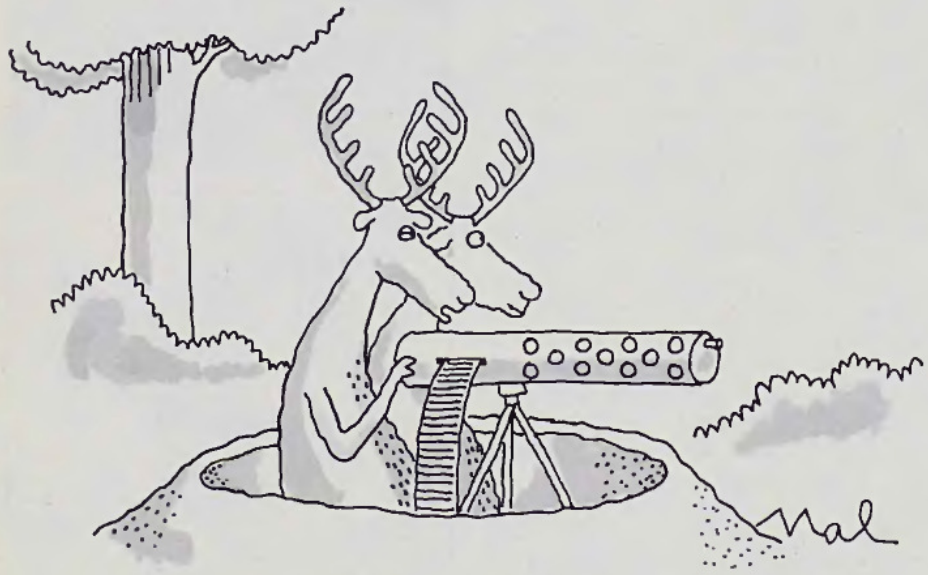
When the police had a plan, six of them walked through the gate in a loose phalanx, riot helmets on, visors down, shotguns pointed into the air. They stopped when the fat man disengaged from the ruined trucks and headed for a fresh one, the last of the company pickups, the one I had driven into the yard and parked next to the shed. As he went to work on it, the nervous police formed a wide horseshoe around the machine, and one of them used a bullhorn. Whatever he said was lost in the noise of the last truck's slaughter and the ripping of the aluminum shed wall. Finally, at a signal from the cop with the bullhorn, one of the officers got to one knee and lowered the barrel of his gun.

It was a strange moment, because, in a way, from the time I'd gained my safety on the rig floor, I'd felt myself rooting for the fat man, liking him, admiring the justice of his rampage, hoping that before they figured out how to stop him, he'd pound every vehicle to scrap and leave the whole dangerous, drunken, sloppy operation out of business.

Now it looked like they were going to shoot him. Not that he seemed to care. The sight of the police and their guns hadn't broken his workmanlike concentration at all. He finished the third company truck while the cop with the bullhorn issued a last warning, then turned his cool fury to the demolition of the shed itself.

I winced as the shot went off, saw the shooter duck backward out of the hail of pellets that ricocheted over him off the engine block. And whatever he hit, it was a kill shot: one diesel cough and the dozer went dead—bucket frozen in the air—dangling an unfinished mouthful of aluminum paneling.

The fat man was the first to move: Slowly, carefully, he took off his hardhat, hung it on a gear lever, leaned back in his seat, looked at the guns, then around the yard at ruins of the company fleet. Then he smiled. Miller time.



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LENNY LIVES!

(continued from page 88)

"'The wife is a schlub, wearing this short-sleeved dress and a vaccination mark as big as a basketball.'"

speaks to us most clearly from the period of his halcyon days in the late Fifties, before his struggles with the law, and with himself, took their deadly toll; in incomparable bits such as "Religions, Inc.," "Thank You, Masked Man," "Lima, Ohio" and "Comic at the Palladium," all of which can still be found at record stores throughout the country. Hear the bits, laugh at the bits, and the rest of Lenny's life comes into focus.

•

"I wanted him to play Berkeley. I said, 'Your problem is you're working with the parents. They're the assholes and the hypocrites. The children coming up think like you think, but you're not catering to them. I want you to go and play the colleges, Lenny.' He said, 'No, I'm too old, I'm thirty-nine years old, I'm much too old to be working in front of those people.' I said, 'You know who you're working to? You're working to the enemy, and you're not going to change them. But you go with the kids, you'll be a hero.' And I was right. He went to Berkeley and he was such a hit he was in shock. They tore up all the test papers, the little books, and threw the pieces in the air. He thought you had to be nineteen years old to convince the kids that what you're saying is right."

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On the simplest level, "Lima, Ohio" details the rigors of the road—a comic *schlepping* and spritzing his way through Middle America. Audiences are a drag, and the worst part is that some of the dullest customers want to make friends. (Instead of going the obvious route with cartoon rednecks, Lenny saddles himself with provincial Jews—"the wife is a schlub, she's wearing this short-sleeved dress and she's got a vaccination mark as big as a basketball"—who wake him up at his motel at the crack of dawn, invite him to their home and show him their closets so he can see how well all their towels are folded.)

Back in those days, most of American cultural life was the big snooze. The Fifties were the Eisenhower years of sturdy family values, steady striving, dedicated consumerism and bland paternalism, when Father knew best and the Atomic Energy Commission—with a straight face—told school kids to crouch beneath their desks in the event of nuclear attack. To understand what an electrifying figure Lenny became, one must realize just how sheltered his audience was. Ten-letter words? Hey, a movie called *The Moon Is Blue* shook the nation by retaining, in the face of implacable opposition from Hollywood's Production Code and the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency, a six-letter word in its frothy dialog. The word was virgin.

•

"The teacher called me one time and I went to meet her in the principal's office. She said, 'Your child is very vulgar.' I said, 'What did he say?' 'He said a four-letter word.' I said, 'Really? I talk that way, too. Is there something wrong in that? I never killed anybody with it.' Then I got mad. 'By the way,' I said, 'how much money do you make?' Who knows what they made back then—a couple of thousand a year, maybe—but I said, 'Why are you wasting time worrying about a kid who said a four-letter word? You're teaching the next generation that's going to be here, and they're learning that some four-letter word is dirty? Why don't you get other teachers together from a couple of schools and go to Washington and see if you can get more money?'"

•

By the time Lenny portrayed the Lone Ranger as an insufferable Jewish moralizer who's too haughty or repressed to wait around for so much as a

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thank you from people he has helped, the masked man of radio fame had already become a semicamp icon, except that camp, in the lexicon of the Fifties, still meant a place where kids went in the summer to swim. What made "Thank You, Masked Man" so perfect was the surreal unfolding of the parody, though many people at the time found it as difficult to follow as the shorthand film language of Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, which did away with most conventional transitions.

"Here's a bit," Lenny begins laconically, "about a man who's better than Christ and Moses—the Lone Ranger. Who wants Tonto so he can perform an unnatural act with him. Who never waits for a thank you, because he can't deal with intimacy. He also wants to do it with that white horse. . . ."

To many writers and critics of the day, such gags were more than startling, they were sick. Sick was the fourth estate's favorite sobriquet for Lenny, though Herb Caen, a San Francisco columnist, was one of the first to rise to Lenny's defense (other eloquent defenses came later from such writers as Ralph Gleason and Nat Hentoff) with a column that began, "They call Lenny Bruce a sick comic—and sick he is. Sick of the pretentious phoniness of a generation that makes his vicious humor meaningful."

As for Lenny himself, he knew exactly what he was doing, even if his attacks on pretension and hypocrisy were swirled together in a shaman's brew of sexuality and flipped-out invective. In one of his many recorded versions of the Lone Ranger bit, he adds a self-serving, self-revealing coda:

"One day someone will say, 'There are no more "Thank You, Masked Mans." The Messiah has returned. You see, men like yourself and Lenny Bruce, you thrive on the continuance of segregation, violence and disease. Now that all is pure, you're in the shithouse.'"

Not to worry about purity quite yet. If, in the recent tradition of Elvis sightings, Bruce were to reappear with his psyche as well as his physique intact, he would find the comic's trade more challenging than ever.

Not because of outright censorship, though he would doubtless incur the fundamentalist wrath of the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon and his American Family Association, along with that of the assorted know-nothings who go after rock lyrics, the National Endowment for the Arts and such dens of cultural iniquity as the Cincinnati museum that displayed Robert Mapplethorpe's photos.

Rather, Lenny would come back to a future weirder than the landscape of his most surreal bits. Who knows how he would address himself to the eerie blandness of poll-driven politics, the amoral horror of the homeless sprawled on our sidewalks, the dumbing down of TV news, the sanctimonies of George Bush and Spike Lee, the earnestness of *Dances with Wolves*, the loony lexicons of those who refer to civilian slaughter as "collateral damage" or to discrimination against the handicapped as "ableism," which was recently defined by a Smith College handout as "oppression of the differently abled by the temporarily able"? Lenny himself was differently abled, God knows, though far from feeling handicapped, he parlayed his differences into his strength, his weapon.

•

"Lenny was insecure. He went to six different public schools before he graduated from the eighth grade. Six. He really had more experience than the average child. He kept it all inside, but he had all the facts down. Lenny was also very shy. He didn't have what I had. What I had came from necessity. My mother wasn't a well woman. She was a child abuser. I always had to run away and hide. And my father used to say, 'If the neighbors ask what's happening, you tell them nothing, your mother just got mad.' Everything was a secret, a disgrace. It was a disgrace to be mentally ill. And probably with a Valium, she wouldn't have been mentally ill, but I was ashamed of my background and I thought the whole world knew my mother was crazy. That's why I became the eccentric that I was; I went my own way just to break out of it, you know, and for no reason at all, I would make everyone laugh. You can understand that, can't you? And Lenny went his own way because he found three impressions that he could do."

•

That last remark needs transliteration, from the Oedipal into the literal. (Not to lean too heavily on a mother's devotion to her son, but Sally, who started doing comedy three years before Lenny did and shared some of his early material, still says things like, "It was a very unusual relationship that I had with my kid; we were like one person.") The three impressions—of James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart—were the ones that Lenny did in his first radio appearance, in 1948, on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*.

Listening to a tape of that ancient debut—Larry Josephson used an excerpt from the Godfrey show in his documentary for public radio—you're struck at first by the humble beginnings of Lenny's humor: Those impressions of Cagney, Robinson and Bogart hardly hinted at his eventual emergence as a unique force in contemporary comedy. By the same token, the impressions are charmingly warped: They're all filtered through the persona of a Bavarian comic with a quasi-Hitlerian accent. While it took the studio audience a few moments to catch on, they ended up laughing uproariously. Lenny had, indeed, gone his own way.

But what road did he think he was on? Young comics don't set out to be unique forces, they simply do whatever it takes to be funny and to make people laugh. That's what Lenny did, too. Like all of his contemporaries in the funnyman business, he tinkered with ordinary jokes in routinely mechanical ways: What's the setup? What's the payoff? Polish the delivery. Adjust the timing. The first joke he ever did on religion had an odd, iconoclastic edge; still, it was only a joke:

"I tried to find a statue of Christ today, and I tried to talk to priests, and no one would talk to me, but I finally got a chance to talk to one, and he sold me a chance on a Plymouth."

But Lenny soon improved on his mundane notion of a priest peddling raffle tickets, elevating a gag into the kind of abstract fantasy that became his hallmark:

"The Dodge-Plymouth dealers had a convention, and they raffled off a 1958 Catholic church."

That was something new. That was an audacious idea with a twist that made you gasp before you laughed. And that, as he explained in his autobiography, was the beginning of "Religions, Inc."

•

It's hard to believe that "Religions, Inc." is more than three decades old; the bit still sounds like a contemporary response to the TV pitchmen, such as Jim Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart, who kept

What's the Difference Between Lenny Bruce and Andrew Dice Clay?

By Paul Krassner

Lenny Bruce had principles. Andrew Dice Clay has an attitude. Lenny's persona was gentle. Clay's is harsh. Lenny's act exuded compassion. Clay's reeks of hostility. Lenny was humble. Clay is smug. Lenny tried to liberate taboos. Clay exploits them. Lenny challenged stereotypes. Clay perpetuates 'em. Lenny was complex. Clay is one-dimensional. Lenny was poignant. Clay is pathetic. Lenny tried to unite people. Clay seems to divide them. Lenny loved subtlety. It makes Clay nauseated. Lenny aimed for the highest common denominator. Clay aims for the lowest. Lenny was a legendary talent. Clay is a flash in the pan. Lenny fought for freedom of expression. Clay is the ultimate risk of that freedom.

insisting, until their recent comeuppance, that their shows were sponsored by God. But "Religions, Inc." did, indeed, burst upon the scene in the late Fifties, and it was more than a piece of prophecy; the routine posed grave dangers to Lenny's career.

That was a time, after all, when most Americans still went to church on Sunday, Billy Graham ruled the pop-prayer roost, evangelists such as Oral Roberts were revered by their radio flocks and, four or five years before John F. Kennedy, prejudices ran so high that few people thought a Roman Catholic could ever be President.

Along came Lenny Bruce, an outspoken Jew with yet another of his laconic/anarchic fantasies, this one about a merchandising operation, called Religions, Inc., that resembled, in some versions of the routine, a national corporation's sales conference and, in others, an ad agency on Madison Avenue or a theatrical booking agency on Broadway. Whatever the referents may have been, the picture of organized religion as big business was abundantly clear, and some of the dialog seemed diabolically inspired, as when Oral Roberts takes a collect call from his boss in Rome, the newly elected Pope John:

"Hello, Johnny, what's shakin', baby? Yeah, the puff of smoke knocked me out. . . . Got an eight-page layout with Viceroy: 'The New Pope Is a Thinking Man.' . . . Hey, listen, Billy wants to know if you can get him a deal on one of them Dago sports cars. . . . When you comin' to the Coast? I can get you the Steve Allen show the nineteenth. . . . Wear the big ring. . . . Yeah, sweetie, you cool it, too. . . . No, nobody knows you're Jewish!"

When Lenny first unleashed "Religions, Inc." upon a devout world, he had his own flock, a small if devoted group that loved it. But larger, immeasurably more powerful groups were deeply offended by it and despised it. One of those groups was the police, who were still predominantly Roman Catholic in San Francisco, Chicago and New York. While Lenny's use of drugs made him vulnerable to harassment, and his use of dulcet endearments such as cocksucker set him up as a favored target for bluenoses, his broadsides against organized religion made it certain that the authorities would seek him out, knock him down and try to crush him. That's what happened, with increasing frequency, after narcotics arrests in Los Angeles and Philadelphia and obscenity busts in San Francisco and Chicago. The climax came in New York, in 1964, at a time when the city, and its district attorney, Frank Hogan, happened to be under siege from Operation Yorkville, an anti-smut crusade organized by a local rabbi, a Lutheran minister and a Catholic priest.

•

"When Lenny was younger, I'd say, 'You think you'd like to be a lawyer? You think you'd like to be this or that?' I was trying to fish out of him what he liked, so he could do it. He'd say, 'I don't know what I want to be. Maybe I'll be a fireman; what do I know? Why are you asking me now?' See, he ad-libbed his whole life away."

•

Lenny did become a lawyer, in his fashion. By the time his New York trial began, he was physically ill, irreversibly drugged, getting obese and starting to talk of suicide. (Although he was found guilty in that trial and others, all of his obscenity convictions were reversed after his death.) During the proceedings, which lasted almost six months, and which Albert Goldman called "the greatest obscenity trial in history," Lenny received passionate support from an illustrious succession of defense witnesses and was represented by a team of top-notch attorneys.

Yet he drove his own lawyers half-mad with his muddled interpretations of the law; and at the end of the trial, just before his sentencing, he made a frantic, barely coherent appeal to the court. "Let me testify, please, Your Honor, don't finish me off in show business," Lenny said. "I have no job. I got out of the hospital to come here. . . ." But it was too late. The trial was over and Lenny's life was drawing to its tortured end.

•

"'Comic at the Palladium,' that was him, that was really Lenny. He kept doing all those dumb jokes at first and I said to myself, He's not gonna make it, he'll get out of the business. And, sure enough, after the Arthur Godfrey show and his first appearance on Broadway, at the Strand, he came home very depressed and he was looking out the window and I said, 'I know what's the matter, Lenny. I know what you're thinking.' He said, 'What?' I said, 'You're thinking about the next boat that's goin' out.' He said, 'Ma, how did you know?' I said, 'I lived with you long enough to know who you are.' And that's what he did, he joined the merchant seamen for a while."

•

In the pantheon of pain, there's a special niche for the comic who bombs. Actually, the hero of "Comic at the Palladium," Frank Dell, isn't a comic at all; he's a compost heap of bad gags that should have been buried with the wheezy jokesmiths who churned them out. But Frank doesn't know he isn't funny, which is why we find him hilarious and a bizarre object of pity and compassion. This unquenchable twerp from Sherman Oaks, in the San Fernando Valley, this blank slate unsullied by the slightest scratchings of self-knowledge, thinks he has been a failure all these years because his agent has gotten him the wrong bookings.

By common agreement, "Comic at the Palladium" is Lenny's best work, a

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Page 84: **Spraydome shower fixture** by *Kallista, Inc.*, at Kallista, Inc., 1355 Market St., San Francisco; store locations, 415-895-6400.

Page 85: **Cuff links** by *RHC for Mails*; mail order and store locations, RHC for Mails, 919-781-1949; Frank Stella Ltd., 1329 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-535-6666; 440 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C., 212-877-5566; 1382 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-757-2295; A. J. Borenstein's Eclectic, 200 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, 301-539-2411; The Hub Ltd., Crabtree Valley Mall, Raleigh, NC, 800-722-9636. **CD changer** by *Harman Kardon*; store locations, 800-422-8027. **Business-card cases** by *Butler & Wilson*, at Butler & Wilson, 8644 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood, CA, 213-657-1990.

Page 86: **Encyclopedia** by *Franklin Electronic Publishers, Inc.*; store locations, Franklin Electronic Publishers, Inc., 122 Burrs Rd., Mt. Holly, NJ, 609-261-4800. **Force fins** by *Bob Evans Designs, Inc.*, at Bob Evans Designs, Inc., 28 Anacapa St., Santa Barbara; store locations, 800-FIN-SWIM. **Mask and snorkel** by *U.S. Divers*, at Underwater Safaris Dive & Travel, 620 N. LaSalle, Seventh Floor, Chicago, 312-337-7730. **Viper knives** by *Moeller Handcrafted Knives*, at Moeller Handcrafted Knives, R.R. 1, Box 76, Seacrest, Nanoose Bay, B.C. VOR 2RO; store locations, 604-468-7249.

Page 87: **Pipe cabinet** by *Savinelli*, at Up Down Tobacco Shop, 1550 N. Wells, Chicago, 312-337-8025; Century City Tobacco Shoppe, 10250 Santa Monica Blvd., #27, L.A., 213-277-0760; store locations, Savinelli, 919-481-0511.

ON THE SCENE

Page 169: **Cocktail shakers,** in order of appearance, at Cocktail Shakers, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Stephen Visakay, P.O. Box 1517, West Caldwell, NJ, 201-661-2553. By *Landes*, contact Geary's, 351 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-273-4741, 800-243-2797. By *Alessi*, store locations, Markuse Corporation, 617-932-9444. By *Metrokane*, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., 212-705-2000; all Whole Earth Access locations, San Francisco Bay area; all Hoffritz/Cutlery World locations; store locations, Metrokane, 212-759-6262.

dense, complex piece whose sleazy hero yearns to graduate from the same low-rent night clubs and strip joints in which Lenny started out. One reason it works so well is its dramatic structure. From the first moment the comic confronts the agent—it's not just a better booking he wants but the very best, London's Palladium theater—we know he's going to bomb; the only question is how horribly.

Frank gets to the Palladium, of course, then waits in the wings, listening to one sensational act after another. When he finally goes out on stage, he gives them the best he's got, which is not merely insufficient but, in the eyes of the English audience, the next worst thing to nothing: The deadly gags about Las Vegas, the motel jokes, the Army jokes, the Al Jolson impression, the dying jokes—"I wasn't born here, but I'm sure dying here"—nothing works, no one comes to his rescue. This is Frank Dell's funeral, death of a comic, and Lenny Bruce's most masochistic fantasy, with an anguishingly funny climax that he might have dictated during the darkest night of his soul.

•

"We had a conversation two days before he died. I'll never forget, he wore a gray-and-white shirt and he was in such pain, they'd taken away his cabaret license in New York and everyone knew he was losing the Hollywood house. He said, 'I really think I failed at what I tried.' I said, 'Don't say that; I think you're a big success, because you stuck to what you believed in.' He said, 'I don't know, I don't know what the fuck I was thinking about. I thought I could show them a way to care; instead of feeling hatred, I wanted to wipe out all the hypocrisy, but it's like opera, not everyone loves opera, only a handful of people would go along with me on that. . . .'"

•

Comics always fail. Failure is written into their contract with a tumultuous world that has more pressing things to do than laugh. And the stronger the comic's moral or ethical imperatives, the more inclined he'll be to conclude that all was for nought, that jokes don't change the course of history. Yet every once in a blue moon, or a lifetime, along comes a comic with the power to change people's perceptions of their culture. That's what Lenny did with his furiously funny fantasies. In his lifetime, Americans liked to snooze, so he tried his crazed best to wake them up. In ours, the culture suffers from snooze deprivation. People sense that chaos threatens to engulf them, so they stay anxiously awake, but switch off, veg out, gaze inward, pretend that all is well when it's patently not. And there's no Lenny Bruce to sound the alarm.

WHOLE LOT OF SHAKIN' GOING ON

Cocktails are back in style, and to make them correctly, you need the appropriate glassware and, of course, a cocktail shaker. But forget the kind of choreographed moves that Tom Cruise and Bryan Brown used in the movie *Cocktail*. A strong over-the-shoulder rock with the shaker to the count of ten will do just fine. And remember, ice goes into the shaker first, alcohol last. That way, all the ingredients are properly cooled. Also, use new cubes for each drink; shaken ice has already begun to melt. "Never point the shaker at anyone or use club soda in it," says Ray Foley, the publisher of *Bartender Magazine*, "unless your girlfriend is wearing a T-shirt and wants to have whatever you're mixing on the knocks." We'll drink to that.

For all you movers and shakers, here are five reasons to start the cocktail hour early. From left to right: Antique Manhattan Skyscraper shaker designed by Norman Bel Geddes for Revere Copper & Brass, $525, and vintage ruby-glass lady's-leg shaker with metal trim, $425, both from Stephen Visakay. Italian-made silver-plated Landes shaker, from Geary's, $95. Ettore Sottsass, Jr., designed this stainless-steel-and-crystal Boston shaker, by Alessi, $125. Stainless-steel art-deco-style Bullet shaker, from Metrokane, $35. (Gold-plated version also available, $55.)

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 168.

© MARK LEIVDAL

Taking Her Best Shot

Knots Landing's NICHOLETTE SHERIDAN finds a new way to keep photographers at bay on a night out with main squeeze HARRY HAMLIN, late of *L.A. Law*.

© 1991 SMEAL/GALELLA LTD.

Thanks a Bunch

MTV v.j. KARI WUHRER can also be found on the big screen in *Beastmaster II*, on the cable series *Swamp Thing* and soon on vinyl, having signed her first record deal. For now, Kari settles for some petals.

SUNNY BAK/SHOOTING STAR

Nichole Bottoms Out

Check your local video store this fall for NICHOLE MAXWELL's video on the making of calendar-girl art. Until then, she's the 1991 cover girl of the Goldwing catalog and hot stuff in *Grapevine*.

Star Safire, No Flaws

Singer SAFIRE's single *Made Up My Mind* from her latest album *I Wasn't Born Yesterday* is moving up the dance charts into the top ten. Safire's on the road, bringing her hits into your neighborhood. Maybe all that glitters will go gold.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Benson Needs No Hedges

In a cool summer move, starlet BARBARA BENSON lost the top of her bathing suit. Lucky us. Barbara's just getting started in showbiz with a Budweiser poster and a Toronto Sunshine Girl calendar. We can say we knew her when.

© WERNER W. POLLE/NER

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Colour Them Hot

It's a great story: Discovered by Mick Jagger, toured with the Stones; album *Time's Up* goes gold, wins a Grammy; and now LIVING COLOUR has found the mainstream without making any artistic compromises. Bravo!

Making Whoopi

In the months since former Oscar winner DENZEL WASHINGTON gave current Oscar winner WHOOPI GOLDBERG his best shot, they've both been working—Denzel on *Mississippi Masala* and *Malcolm X*, Whoopi on *Soapdish* and TV's *Star Trek*.

© PATTY BEAUDET

WET DREAM

Ever have a great idea in the shower and by the time you've dried yourself off, your brilliant thought for the day has gone down the drain? The next time this happens, jot it down on Wet Memo, an 8½"x11" slate that attaches to your shower stall via a suction-cup hook. (A .5mm mechanical pencil is held to Wet Memo by Velcro, ready for your smartest, most imaginative thoughts.) Of course, Wet Memo is washable (you can clean it with any liquid soap) and, yes, you can write on both sides of it. The price: just $21, postpaid, sent to Acme International Co., P.O. Box 72663, Roselle, Illinois 60172. Acme includes an extra suction-cup hook with each Wet Memo order so that your significant other can keep tabs on you. How thoughtful.

IN THE GROOVE

Old LPs never die, they just end up at Record Surplus, a warehouse store at 11609 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 90064, whose primary stock in trade is vintage (and contemporary) vinyl at yesteryear prices. Albums in excellent condition are $1.88 to $3.88. (Rare collector's items are somewhat higher.) And if you can't make it to the mother lode on West Pico, Record Surplus has three stores in the L.A. area and one in Las Vegas. Call 213-478-4217 for more information on locations.

MEALS ON KEELS

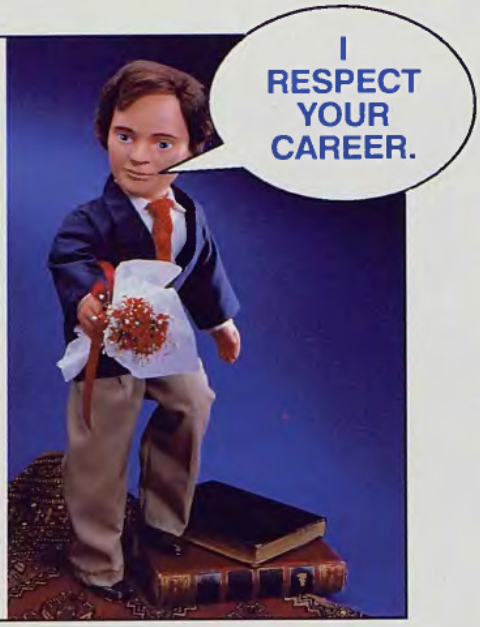
The Odyssey, the largest gourmet dining yacht on the Great Lakes, makes its nautical debut this summer in Chicago, and if all goes well, the parent company, Premier Yachts, will float similar ships in New York, Los Angeles and other ports of call. Elegant sit-down meals, not buffets, are served on the 175-foot-long Odyssey, which can carry as many as 800 passengers. During the cruise, on separate decks, guests can dance to either rock and roll or more romantic music. The price for a three-hour dinner cruise is $62 per person on a weekend (slightly less on week nights). A two-hour lunch cruise is $23 per person. The Odyssey will operate year round and 312-321-7600 is the number to call for reservations and information. *Bon voyage.*

CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

On the road to Yazoo City and have a hankering to hear the Judds? Turn your dial to WBKJ, the nearest country-and-western station in Mississippi. This and just about every other fact you'd want to know about audio on the go, from Key West to Tacoma, are listed in Berkley Publishing's $8.95 paperback *Radio on Wheels* ("A Traveler's Guide to Radio Stations Across the Nation"). Two editions are available, East and West, and the pages lie flat for easy reading.

MR. RIGHT, WE PRESUME?

Ladies, we have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that there *is* an Ideal Man who says all the right things, such as "Let me hold you. I need your warmth." The bad news is, he's just two feet tall, wears doll clothes and knows only seven sentences. Anatomical Chart Co., 8221 Kimball Avenue, Skokie, Illinois 60076, sells the Ideal Man for $39.95, plus shipping. He's great at small talk.



DEM BONES, DEM BONES

Prehistoric Journeys is not just another junk-to-go mail-order business. The owners, Barry James and April Rhodes-James, specialize in dinosaur skulls and skeletons, rare fossils and other ancient natural exotica exhumed from the earth. Prices range from five dollars for a dinosaur eggshell to $50,000 for the skeleton of a prehistoric cave bear. Prehistoric's address is P.O. Box 3376, Santa Barbara, California 93130. Phone: 805-685-7825.

WOW! IT'S WARD'S WORLD

Anyone familiar with pinups knows the name Bill Ward, an artist who began drawing busty ladies in the Forties and Fifties. Now some of Ward's early pinup work is collected in *Ward's W.O.W.*, an adult comic by Allied American Artists that sells for four dollars sent to A.A.A. at the Empire State Building, Suite 3304, New York 10118. Also in the issue is the pinup work of Jack Cole, a pioneering *Playboy* artist.

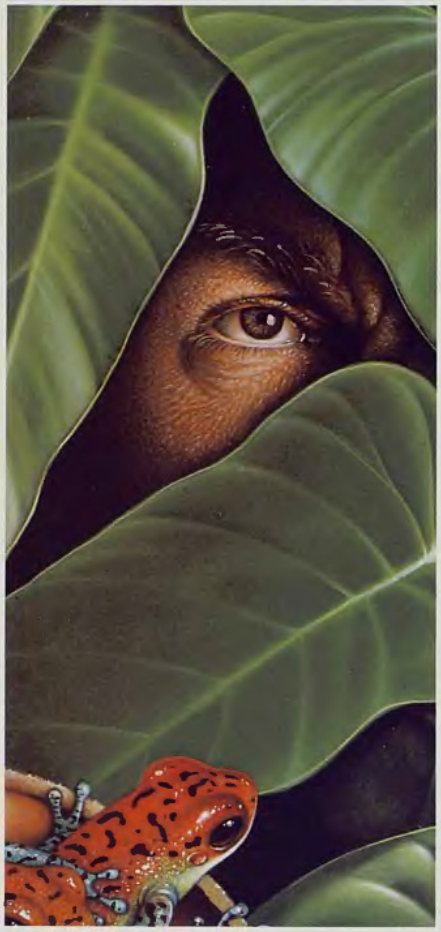
HERE COMES THE GROOM

Just in time for all those long, hot summer wedding nights comes *The Groom's Survival Manual*, by Michael R. Perry, a hip and informative $8.95 paperback published by Pocket Books, with chapters covering everything from picking out the right ring to making the transition from groom to husband. The latter chapter answers that key question on young men's minds: "Will my wife become a great cook, housekeeper and social maven now that we're married? Answer: No."

ACE OF VINTAGE CLUBS

If you're the kind of golfer who'd select a classic MacGregor/Tommy Armour 693 driver over the latest Taylor Metalwood when teeing off, then the *U.S. Golf Classics & Heritage Hickories* newsletter should be par for your course. A year's subscription is $30, and the 12 monthly mailings contain more than 1000 clubs for sale. (There are also "Clubs Wanted" and Q. & A. sections.) *U.S. Golf Classics*' address is 5407 Pennock Point Road, Jupiter, Florida 33458.

NEXT MONTH



JUNGLE FEVER

WORKING GIRLS

SOFTWARE WHIZ

SEEING DOUBLE

"THE SAFARI"—A SUBURBAN COUPLE SIGNS UP FOR A JUNGLE EXPEDITION IN ECUADOR AND HAS AN ENCOUNTER OF THE TERRIFYING KIND—FICTION BY **MALCOLM BOSSE**

"JUST LOOKING"—A LOVING TRIBUTE TO THE FINE ART OF OGLING—BY **DAVID HUDDLE**

DANNY GLOVER REVEALS ONE OF CO-STAR **MEL GIBSON'S** MOST INTIMATE LOVE SECRETS AND GIVES US THE RAP ON RAP MUSIC IN A LIVELY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

THEY'RE WHAT MAKES THIS COUNTRY GREAT—A TRIO OF GORGEOUS WOMEN WITH THEIR MINDS ON THEIR JOBS. WELL, MOSTLY. OUR PICTORIAL SALUTE TO AMERICA'S **"WORKING GIRLS"**

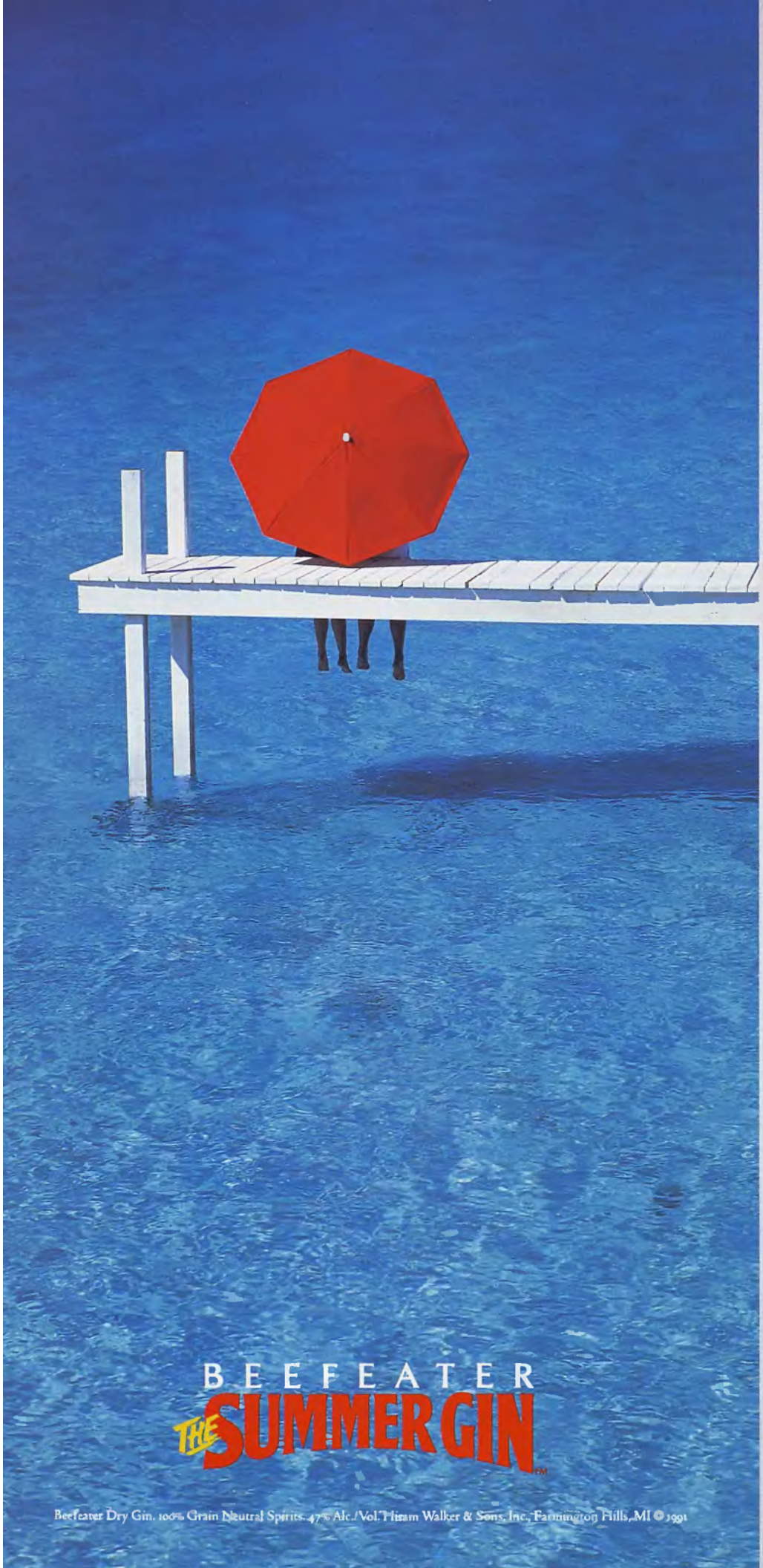
HE'S ONE PART **ALBERT EINSTEIN** AND ONE PART **GENERAL PATTON.** MEET **BILL GATES,** THE SOFTWARE WHIZ WHOSE MICROSOFT CORPORATION HAS COMPETITORS QUAKING WITH FEAR. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* OF THE MOST POWERFUL NERD IN AMERICA—BY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **DAVID RENSIN**

"SEEING DOUBLE"—THEY'RE BLONDE, THEY'RE SEXY AND THEY'RE AN L.A. STORY WE'VE UNCOVERED JUST FOR YOU. MEET THE **BARBI** TWINS—**SHANE** AND **SIA**—IN A SIZZLING *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL

DOUGLAS WILDER, THE NATION'S FIRST ELECTED BLACK GOVERNOR, TALKS ABOUT RACISM, WHAT NEEDS FIXING IN THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION AND HIS BID FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN A TIMELY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"QUAYLE HUNTING"—LIKE **WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, EUGENE C. PULLIAM** USED HIS NEWSPAPERS TO LAUNCH CRUSADES, SETTLE VENDETTAS AND BUILD A DYNASTY, AND NONE OF IT HURT GRANDSON **J. DANFORTH QUAYLE'S** POLITICAL CAREER. A HEART-STOPPING LOOK AT THE VEEP'S LEGACY—BY **PAMELA MARIN**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST," OUR ANNUAL PREVIEW OF THIS SEASON'S PRO GRIDIRON PROSPECTS, BY **GARY COLE;** TOP DESIGNERS SHOW US WHAT'S NEW IN **"FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** AND MUCH MORE



PERHAPS THE

MOST REFRESHING

THING ABOUT SUMMER

IS THE RENEWED

REALIZATION THAT

SOMETIMES THE BEST

THING YOU CAN

DO IS NOTHING

AT ALL.

BEEFEATER

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